The Saturday Evening
POST
August 11, 1956 — 15¢

AUG 20 '56
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

KING OF THE CAR THIEVES

By Beverly Smith

An American Girl Tells Why

She Loves Those Italian Men

LIBRARY BALDWIN-
WALLACE COLL
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25-56

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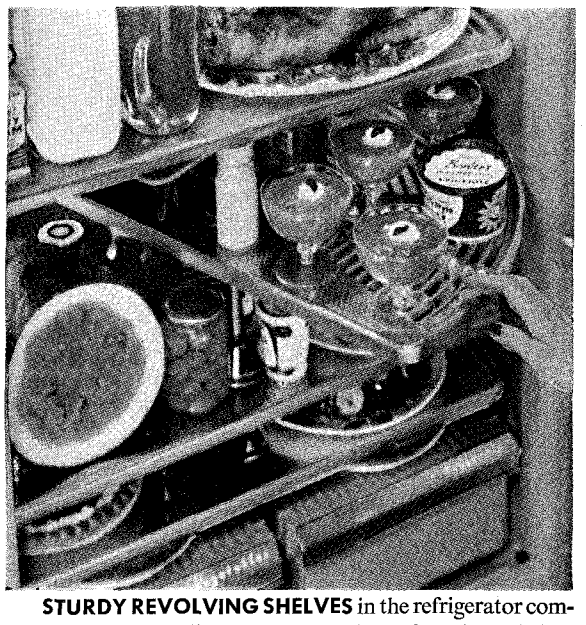
LH-14N. Available in Mix-or-Match Colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. Your choice of either right- or left-hand doors.

14-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer has Revolving Shelves . . . Magnetic Safety Door



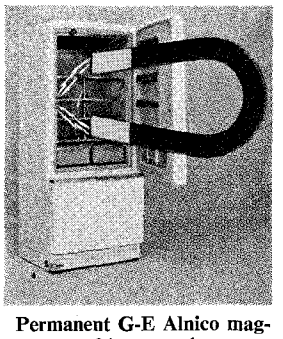
STURDY REVOLVING SHELVES in the refrigerator compartment put all foods at your fingertips. And shelves may be adjusted up or down to accommodate bulky foods—just press the button and turn the shelf.

Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips. Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, *automatically*. Latchless, too! A child cannot be locked inside

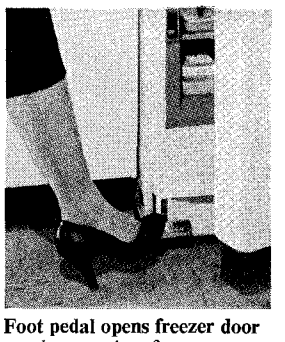
You actually get *two* extra-large appliances in one streamlined cabinet: A big automatic-defrost refrigerator compartment at *top* and a zero-degree freezer at *bottom* that holds up to 130 pounds.

The new magnetic refrigerator door swings shut automatically. Safe, too! Children can't be locked inside the refrigerator section because the door is *latchless* and can be opened easily from within!

Ask your G-E dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowances. See your nearest General Electric Dealer. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.



Permanent G-E Alnico magnet on refrigerator door provides silent, automatic closing . . . seals effectively.



Foot pedal opens freezer door at the touch of your toe. Leaves both hands free for carrying foods.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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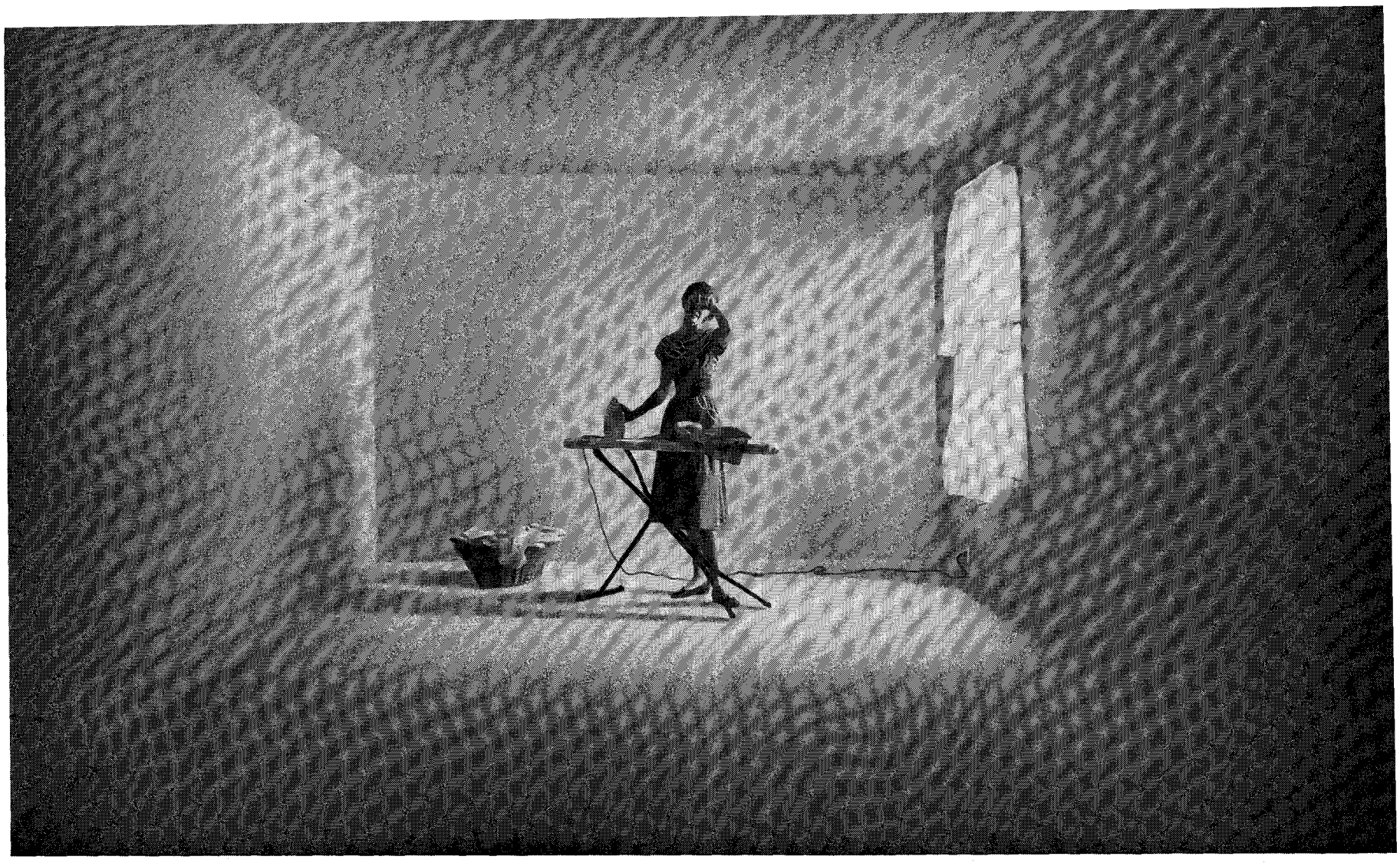
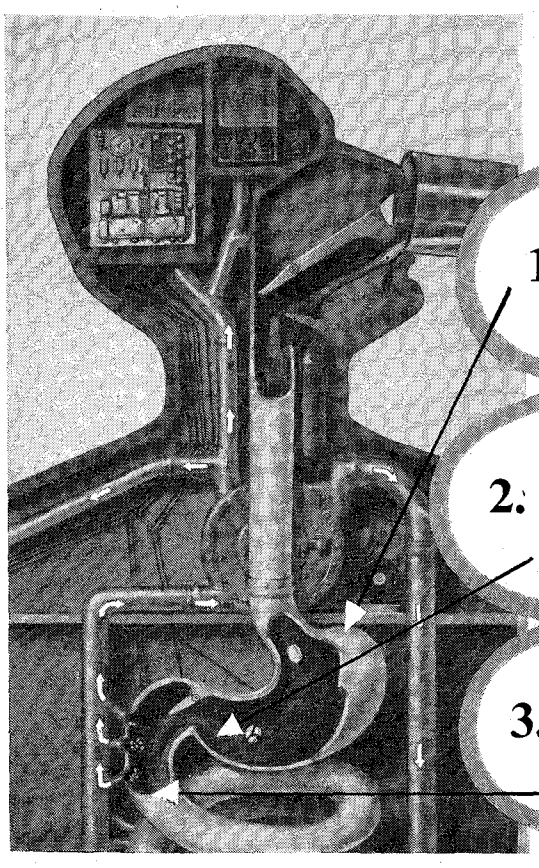


Pain? Headache? Cold Miseries? Muscular Aches?



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

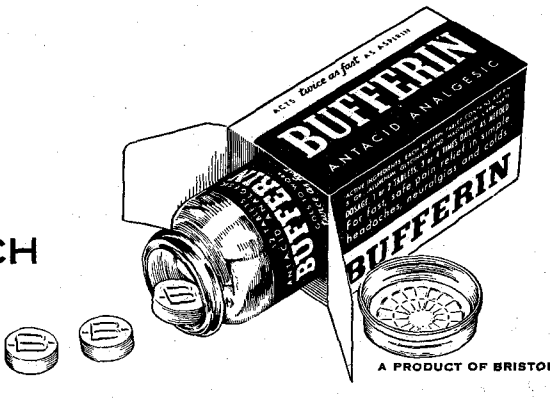
2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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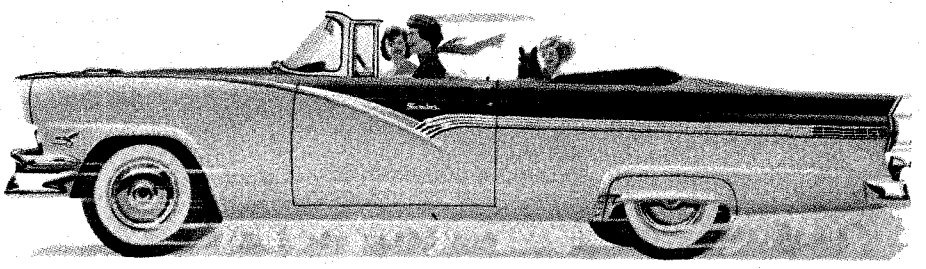
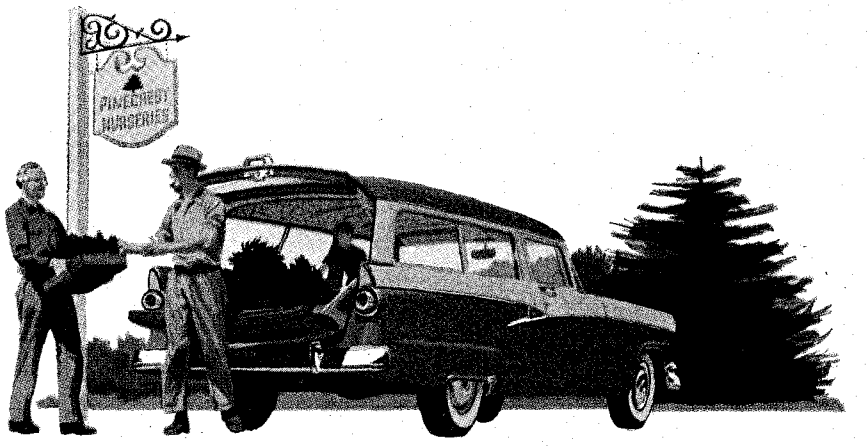
Twice the fun...



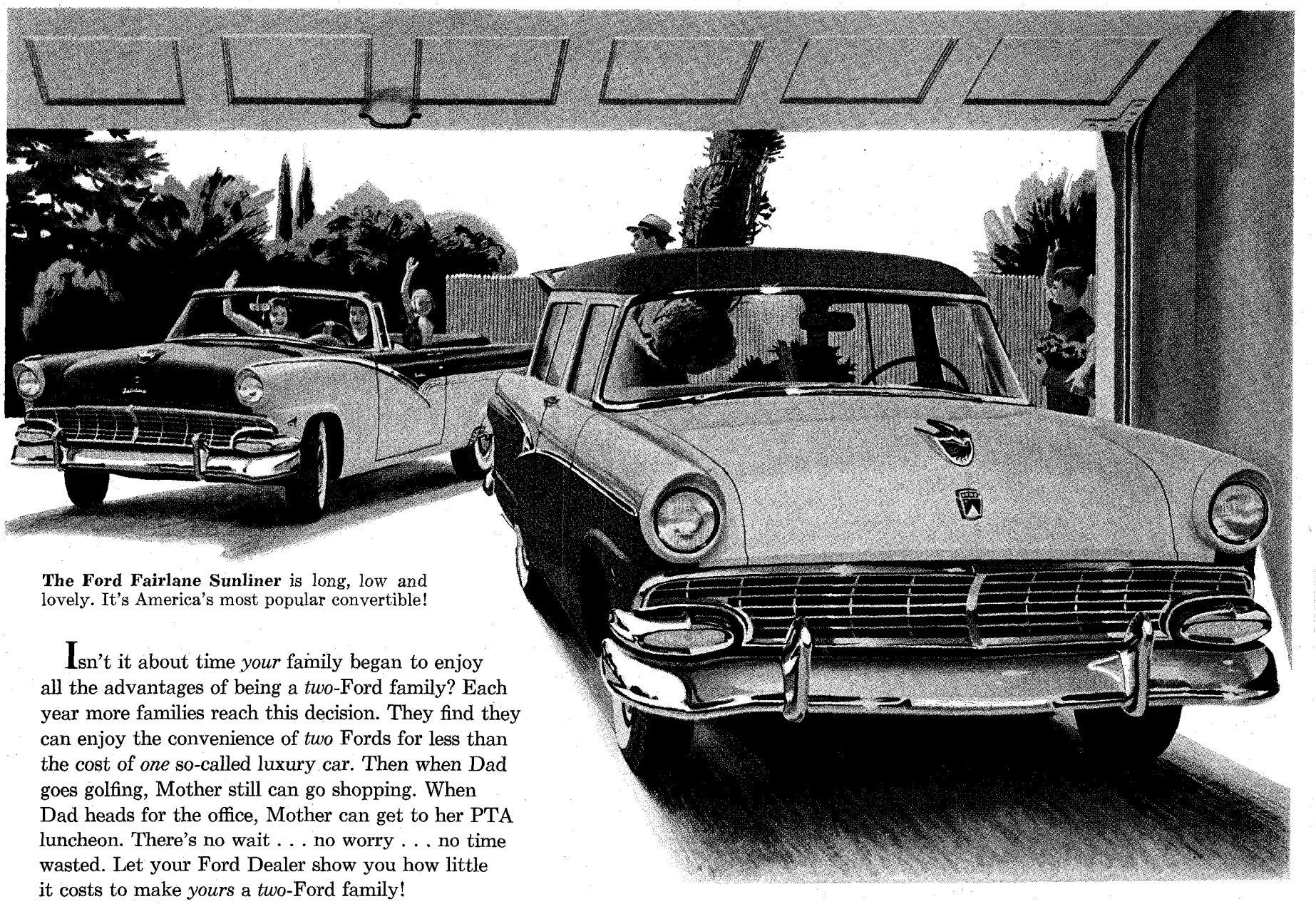
Over 300,000 families find that nothing can match the fun, freedom and convenience of owning 2 Fords!

Twice the work done



Mr. goes his way; Mrs. goes hers. Whether it's for hauling or calling, there's a Ford to fit every need—20 models to choose from!

Two fine cars for the price of one!



The Ford Fairlane Sunliner is long, low and lovely. It's America's most popular convertible!

The Ford Custom Ranch Wagon is a 2-door, six-passenger honey . . . one of six double-duty Fords!

Isn't it about time *your* family began to enjoy all the advantages of being a *two*-Ford family? Each year more families reach this decision. They find they can enjoy the convenience of *two* Fords for less than the cost of *one* so-called luxury car. Then when Dad goes golfing, Mother still can go shopping. When Dad heads for the office, Mother can get to her PTA luncheon. There's no wait . . . no worry . . . no time wasted. Let your Ford Dealer show you how little it costs to make *yours* a *two*-Ford family!

In over 300,000 2-car families **FORD** goes first

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

For 150 miles the little ones have been inquiring, "How many more miles?" Now, yeow!—last one in the ocean is a bow-legged snail. Isn't it odd that a child who requires thirty minutes to undress to get into a bathtub requires thirty seconds to undress to get into a sea? The size of that duneside palace, which *may* be large enough to draw a deep breath in after papa has inserted the luggage, evokes the axiom that, be it ever so humble, there's no place to spend a vacation like any place except home. What matter all the modern inconveniences while these folks have, for a back yard, horizon-wide sand and sea and sky? Besides, after two weeks' residence in a hatbox, home will seem sweeter. Query to George Hughes: Doesn't the name on that cottage make you shudder a little?

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 212

The greatest star of the screen!

It's a milestone in movies when you get a dream-team composed of Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, with the dynamite addition of Louis Armstrong and his Band.

★ ★ ★ ★

They're all in M-G-M's release "High Society," a standout stunner in Vista-Vision and Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the entertainment rarity, a wonderful love story, explosive with uproarious comedy, sparked with songs that belong to the action: Cole Porter's new score, nine great songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Included in the fast-paced story of swank Newport, Rhode Island, during its Jazz Festival are Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern and Sidney Blackmer.

Newport's lawns, pools and mansions are a perfect setting for the romantic pyrotechnics that start sputtering the day before the very glamorous Tracy Lord (Grace Kelly) is supposed to marry a local stuffed shirt.

★ ★ ★ ★

Her happy-go-lucky "ex" (Bing Crosby) arrives about the same time that an eye-roving reporter (Frank Sinatra) appears to cover the gala wedding.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a Rolls-Royce romp and a station-wagon load of laughs with Bing and Frank, together for the first time, reaching a new hilarity high.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll want to be there at the midnight Thawing Out Party when Miss Kelly, the girl they both think of as "Miss Frigid Air", lets down her lovely golden hair with devastating effects, as in the saucy swimming pool episode.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Bing-and-Frank "Well, Did You Evah?" duet is de most, but so are their solos and Satchmo's "High Society Calypso."

★ ★ ★ ★

The music was supervised and adapted by Johnny Green and Saul Chaplin.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is a Sol C. Siegel production and, as if the combination of Crosby & Kelly & Sinatra (each an Academy Awardee) were not dream-team enough, Producer Siegel had Pulitzer Prizer John Patrick write the funny script, based on a play by Philip Barry.

★ ★ ★ ★

And director Charles Walters, guiding light of "The Tender Trap", kept it hopping and jumping for joy.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be high on "High Society", the hilarious low-down on high life.

★ ★ ★ ★

P.S. Something to watch for: M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy" is on the way. It will be talked about as was the stage play, a long-run hit on Broadway and across the nation. Deborah Kerr, John Kerr and Leif Erickson play the roles they created in the original famed stage success. —*Leo*

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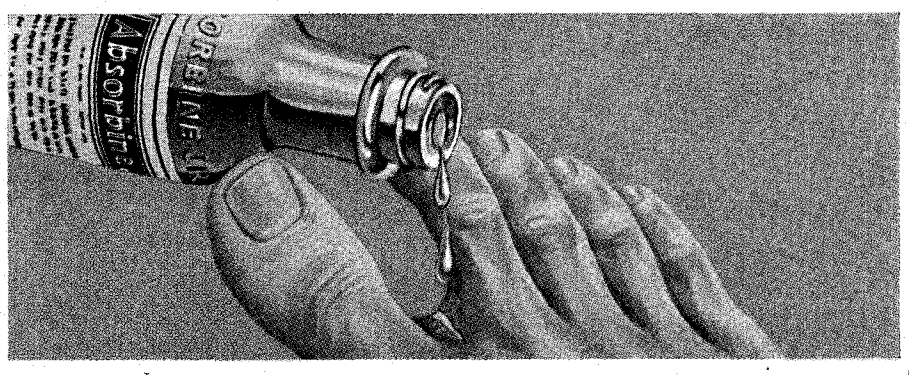
A recognized skin specialist treats Athlete's Foot this way—

Changes shoes

and socks daily. Boils socks to prevent reinfection

Dries toes

thoroughly after bathing. Fungi thrive on moist skin areas



Pours on Absorbine Jr.

full strength. Repeats daily. When asked how they treat Athlete's Foot, 52 skin specialists report they use or prescribe Absorbine Jr.

How to tell if you've got it

If you have itching, cracks or whitish patches between your toes, you probably have Athlete's Foot.

Left untreated, Athlete's Foot organisms burrow beneath the skin surface, attack nerve endings—may even get into the bloodstream and spread to other parts of the body. Severe disability can lay you up for weeks under doctor's care.

What to do if you have it

Relieve Athlete's Foot misery fast with Absorbine Jr. Drench the skin between toes with Absorbine Jr. Repeat daily morning and night, and after bathing.

Laboratory tests on test-tube cultures prove Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach, in less than five minutes.

And actual cases tested and carefully *checked by doctors* in clinics report the majority got quick relief. Get Absorbine Jr. today at your favorite drug counter.

What survey of skin specialists showed

Skin specialists were asked how they treat Athlete's Foot. Here are some of the things they say (from actual replies in our files, copies of which we will be glad to send you on request):

"Absorbine Jr. has worked very well for me and my patients. Even stubborn cases respond."

"There are many medications that could be used. But I find Absorbine Jr. is always unusually effective."

"Athlete's Foot is common here in the South. I have found Absorbine Jr. effective, inexpensive, easy to use."

Absorbine Jr. also relieves aches and pains of overexercised muscles, bites from non-poisonous insects, minor sunburn. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

America's No. 1 relief for Athlete's Foot

ABSORBINE JR.

Letters

Cancer Therapy

Dear Sirs:

Steven M. Spencer's informative article CAN CHEMICALS CONQUER CANCER?, June 30th, presented a complex story with thoroughness and accuracy.

It is interesting to note that most of the scientists whom Mr. Spencer mentioned are currently receiving support from the American Cancer Society for their research in chemotherapy.

M. R. RUNYON
Executive Vice President
American Cancer Society, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I think . . . Steven M. Spencer emphasized the optimistic side a bit too much. True, definite progress has been made, especially in the treatment of leukemia in children, and scientists believe that a major breakthrough in the fight against cancer is imminent—but meanwhile the annual death toll from cancer continues to rise.

G. MORLEY RICHARDS
Glenside, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

We have eagerly noted the strides made by Science in their search for the cure for leukemia. So much has been discovered since leukemia came to our house. . . . I cannot help but feel that this disease is going to be licked and the battle we are waging is but a delaying action until the cure is found. That can happen any day—maybe next month or perhaps even tomorrow!

MRS. MURIEL VAN WYE
Lansdale, Pa.

Japan and the Reds

Dear Sirs:

There is no "new Red peril in Japan," [article by Demaree Bess, July 14]. Japan always plays footsie with the power she thinks will eventually win. She was right in World War I. She was wrong in World War II. One of your great Americans, General Douglas MacArthur, in his position as Commanding General of the United Nations Forces, tried with all the persuasion he possessed to lead the Japanese into the life of a free people. What they do from here on out is not only their business but also the business of the free world. I am sure that the free world is watching them.

YOU CHAN YANG
Korean Ambassador
Washington, D.C.

Engineers and the Draft

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express my sincerest gratitude for your editorial WE ALSO NEED MORE TEACHERS OF SCIENCE!, June 30.

DENNIS ALEXANDER
Greencastle, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I agree that a teacher's salary is low but not to the extent your editorial implied. A good teacher will have a chance to make in the neighborhood of $300 per month without too much difficulty. I do not know of any industrial jobs for bachelor's degrees paying anywhere in the neighborhood of $600 per month. That's starting salary for a chemistry Ph.D.

DEAN SINCLAIR
Stillwater, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

As doctors and dentists graduate they're given a commission immediately—and put to work in their line. It seems to me in this day and age that engineers are equally important. How long will it be before the men in charge of the draft program realize this?

MRS. E. B. ELSTON
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I am one of the many so-called "Scientific and Professional" personnel in the Army today who are *theoretically* being used in their full technical capacity during their twenty-four months of active military service. As a matter of fact, most S&P personnel actually do perform some more or less technical functions for the Army, but the truth of the matter is that the Army insists on considering S&P personnel as soldiers first and as scientists and engineers only as an afterthought.

NAME WITHHELD
Huntsville, Ala.

Snappers

Dear Sirs:

WICKEDEST CRITTER IN THE WATER [by William Byron Mowery], July 7, was amusing, informative, and fairly accurate. A large adult snapper is a potentially dangerous adversary—but certainly not responsible for the ridiculous maneuverings and horrible boatmanship of Mr. Mowery. I have collected snapping turtles for about 20 years—and dramatic

episodes were few indeed. Enclosed is a photograph of two caught in Bear Lake, Maine. The specimen I am holding (left) weighed 51 pounds; that on the right, 37. . . . I have never seen anyone fall out of a boat catching a snapper—I should like to watch Mr. Mowery.

A few inaccuracies were noted: hatchlings are not particularly vicious—I am working on data obtained from a study of 3000 of them, and unless mild disposition is unique (Continued on Page 6)

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Every youngster wants to assert himself . . . to do things on his own. You want your boy to make good all through life . . . and you'd like to give him a head start in a realistic way.

Here is one thing you can do. Start him off toward a sound financial future with a Massachusetts Mutual *Progressive Protection* policy designed exclusively for youngsters.

This plan is so popular because it creates an immediate insurance estate which increases *five-fold* at age 21 . . . every $1,000 of insurance *jumps to $5,000* . . . but the premium *never* increases.

For full information about this remarkable policy, ask your Massachusetts Mutual man or call our General Agent listed under "Massachusetts Mutual" in your phone book.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

ORGANIZED 1851

Springfield, Massachusetts

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You, too, can "Point with Pride" to the wonderful pictures on your old TV

Replace your present picture tube with an RCA

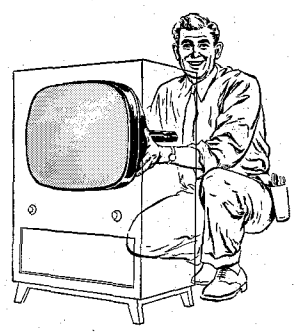
Silverama

super-aluminized for brighter, clearer pictures

RCA is *campaigning* for better TV pictures from your old TV. The *candidate*—RCA SILVERAMA Picture Tubes. The *platform*—the brightest, clearest, sharpest pictures your present TV set can give. So—*vote* for RCA SILVERAMA!

Unique in engineering concept...and using an "advanced technique" of super-aluminizing... RCA SILVERAMA gives new picture brilliance and "pin-point" detail that can actually make your present TV set *better than new!* Best of all, there's a SILVERAMA available to fit nearly every make and model of TV ever sold.

If you are tired of watching dim, hazy pictures, ask your TV service technician to replace your old tube with a brand new RCA SILVERAMA. Enjoy *your* TV all over again—as thousands are doing. RCA SILVERAMA costs no more than ordinary aluminized tubes—and they're backed by a full year warranty.



CALL YOUR TV SERVICEMAN NOW!

Your neighborhood TV serviceman holds the answer to new TV enjoyment. It's the RCA SILVERAMA Picture Tube for replacement in old TV sets. He knows it is "RCA-*engineered*" *for the finest performance possible from your set.*

RCA Picture Tubes

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, HARRISON, N. J.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

with Virginia specimens, Mowery is wrong. Turtles do not grow "steadily but slowly." The rate of growth is interrupted by hibernation in the northern half of the distribution of this chelonian, and growth is rapid in infancy, slow in adult life. The age guesses by the author are meaningless.

JOHN THORNTON WOOD, M.D.
Burkeville, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I have at the moment four snappers, including one alligator snapper, which have been raised from the hatchling stage. They have been hand-fed ever since they were no larger than a half dollar and the largest now weighs somewhere in the vicinity of fifteen to eighteen pounds. I still have all my fingers, too. Even the largest of them when held in my lap . . . has no more irascible tendencies than the most benign old box turtle.

MRS. M. B. TOWBIS
Millwood, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We catch soft-shell turtles with a bamboo pole. . . .

Mr. Mowery's right . . . hooking a turtle is as exciting and sporting as latching on to a big bass.

CONRAD J. RENNER
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Jet Record

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading TEST JUMP [by Frank Harvey] in the June 30th issue S.E.P. and was surprised to learn that the F-100 Super Sabre held the speed record at 822 m.p.h. I saw the British "Droop Snoot" when in England fairly recently. The speed record this plane held was over 300 m.p.h. faster—something like 1100 m.p.h. plus I think. Not a rocket either—just a jet. Am I right?

WILLIAM MEDWAY
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

● *Reader Medway refers to the Fairey Delta 2, which set a record of 1132 miles per hour last March over Southern England. The F-100 held the record at the time we bought the story. We should have brought it up to date.—ED.*

Exchange Students

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading OUR TONY [by Marian Mitchell, July 7] and found this article on youth exchange to be most interesting and enjoyable. I must, however, dispute one line which in effect stated that the American Field Service sponsors the *only* exchange program working exclusively with high-school boys and girls.

The Middletown, N.Y., Kiwanis Club has successfully sponsored an exchange program for high-school boys which is at this moment beginning its fifth year.

JAMES E. MUSGRAVE
Middletown, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Yale's recent honorary degree to Stephen Galatti is but one example of the current high esteem held for the father, mother, and promoter of the American Field Service. The mutual benefits of this program are worth the effort. Is not education of students the best place to begin improving international understanding?

WALLSON KNACK
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for the American Field Service and its "World Peace Insurance Policy."

JUDITH ANN MILLIGAN
Seattle, Wash.

Living History

Dear Sirs:

I am not much of a history student, but I feel that you have a very fine and comprehensive story about the American Revolution in your article THE BATTLE THAT SET US FREE by Samuel Eliot Morison (July 7, 1956) . . .

I wish that history books were written this way when I was taking history last year in my freshman year in high school.

PAUL FERRER
Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Samuel Eliot Morison, "Mr." Historian, has demonstrated again the exactness of his facts and his naval knowledge in "The Battle That Set Us Free". . . .

Please print more of these vivid articles about our "Founding Fathers" by America's great living historians who write a realistic re-appraisal of those stirring events.

MANUEL C. KITE
San Marino, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

The Morison article reads more like propaganda for the Navy than an impartial report of an important land-and-sea encounter during the Revolutionary period.

General Washington was fighting a war of attrition. His objective was to wear down the British, who were based three thousand miles away. The longer the war lasted, the more unpopular it became in England.

Washington would never have become involved at Yorktown if it were not for the support of the French fleet under Rear Admiral de Grasse. Also, America's Commander-in-Chief was too astute and experienced a leader to become so deeply enmeshed with Cornwallis, so that he could not withdraw with comparatively light losses, in the event de Grasse were defeated. . . .

JOHN A. WARD
New York, N.Y.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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For completely worry-free vacation driving ride on the tires with "built-in peace of mind"

Seashore or mountains, country lanes or modern highways, *under all conditions*, Firestone offers you and your family peace of mind in knowing your tires are the safest on the American road today.

Now from Firestone comes the automatic safety tire, the new Firestone Supreme. It provides protection never before offered in any tire at any price.

Blowout Safe! It's a tubeless tire. Cord body is all nylon—stronger than steel—pound for pound. Even in rare cases of sidewall rupture, an emergency life protector retains ⅔ of the air, lets you ride out a blowout without danger.

Puncture Safe! Special gummy rubber sealant seals any puncture the minute it occurs.

Skid Safe! New exclusive tread design makes all others old-fashioned. Wider and deeper, this efficient tread holds the road with a powerful grip never before possible. It won't skid, swerve or slide like ordinary tires. And it's silent—no humming on highways, no squealing on the turns.

Thousands of Extra Miles! The rugged all-nylon cord body, plus thicker tread, gives you up to 25% more mileage—the longest, safest mileage of any tire by far.

Is Peace of Mind in Your Vacation Plan? Have your car dealer put Firestone tires on your new car—or have your Firestone Dealer or Store put them on your present car. You'll get a liberal trade-in—convenient payment terms—and built-in peace of mind in the bargain.

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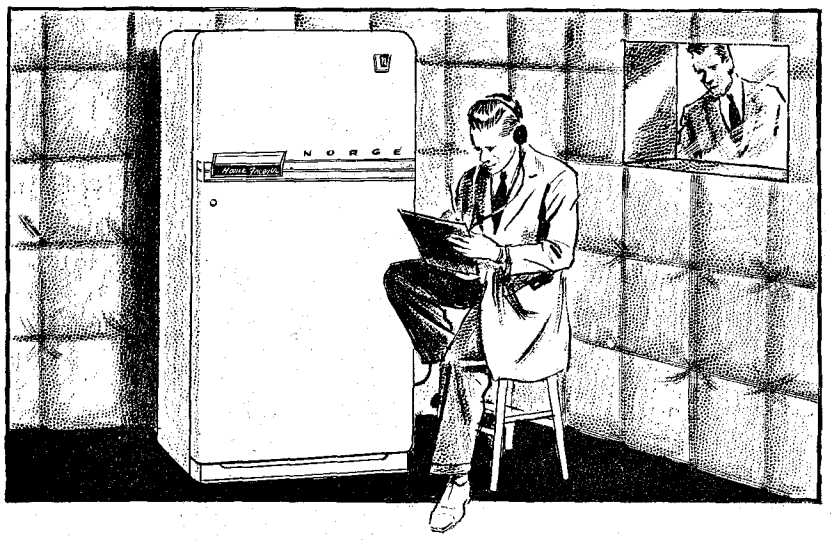
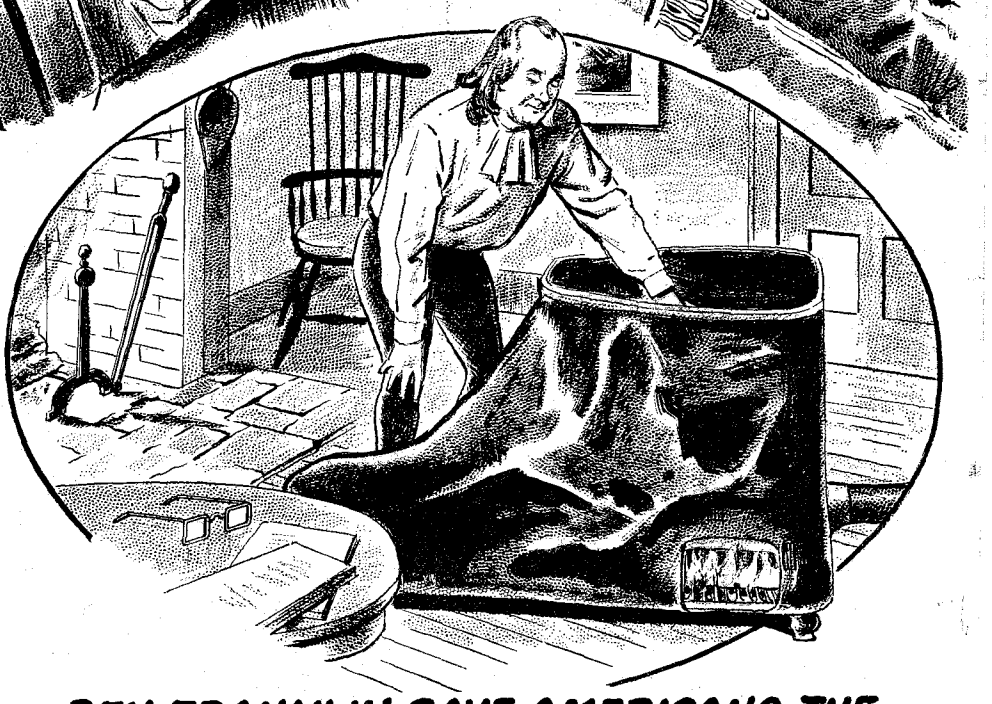
AIR-CONDITIONED BUSINESS SUIT FOR SPACE MEN!

RIPLEY'S—

NAVY PILOTS IN PRESSURIZED PLANES ARE FLYING EVER HIGHER... IN AIR SO THIN LOSS OF COCKPIT PRESSURE IS INSTANTLY FATAL. FOR FULL PROTECTION THEY NOW DEPEND ON A NEW-TYPE SPACE SUIT. SO AIRTIGHT IS THIS SUIT IT MUST BE "AIR-CONDITIONED" OR IT WOULD BE TOO HOT TO WEAR. A COOLING UNIT, SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY **B-W'S PESCO**, DOES THE JOB... COOLS AND PUMPS AIR INTO THE SUIT IN A MEASURED FLOW. IT PERMITS THE SUIT TO SEAL AUTOMATICALLY IF COCKPIT PRESSURE FAILS, ENABLING THE PILOT TO REACH SAFE LOWER ALTITUDES.





PADDED CELL TEST ASSURES FREEZERS THE QUIET CHILLS! IN A SPECIAL ROOM WITH THICK, PADDED WALLS THAT SHUT OUT SOUND, **B-W NORGE** FREEZERS ARE TESTED FOR QUIET OPERATION. HERE, IN DEAD SILENCE FEW PEOPLE CAN STAND, SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS ARE USED TO LISTEN FOR NOISES BEYOND HUMAN HEARING. PASSING THIS QUIET TEST INDICATES THE FREEZER'S COLD-MAKING UNIT IS WORKING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY TO KEEP FOOD PROPERLY FROZEN.

BEN FRANKLIN GAVE AMERICANS THE HOT-SEAT BATHTUB! THIS EARLY FRANKLIN BATHTUB HAD A FIREBOX UNDER THE SEAT FOR HEATING THE WATER. TREACHEROUS, CLUMSY, HARD TO CLEAN, IT WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE BATHTUBS PRODUCED TODAY BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL PRODUCTS**. MADE LIGHTWEIGHT OF RIGID STEEL, THESE MODERN TUBS ARE EASILY INSTALLED. THEIR FLINT-HARD PORCELAIN FINISH DEFIES CHIPPING, AND EVEN AFTER YEARS OF USE THE FINISH REMAINS GLOSSY, EASY TO CLEAN.

185 PRODUCTS IN ALL ARE MADE BY BORG-WARNER

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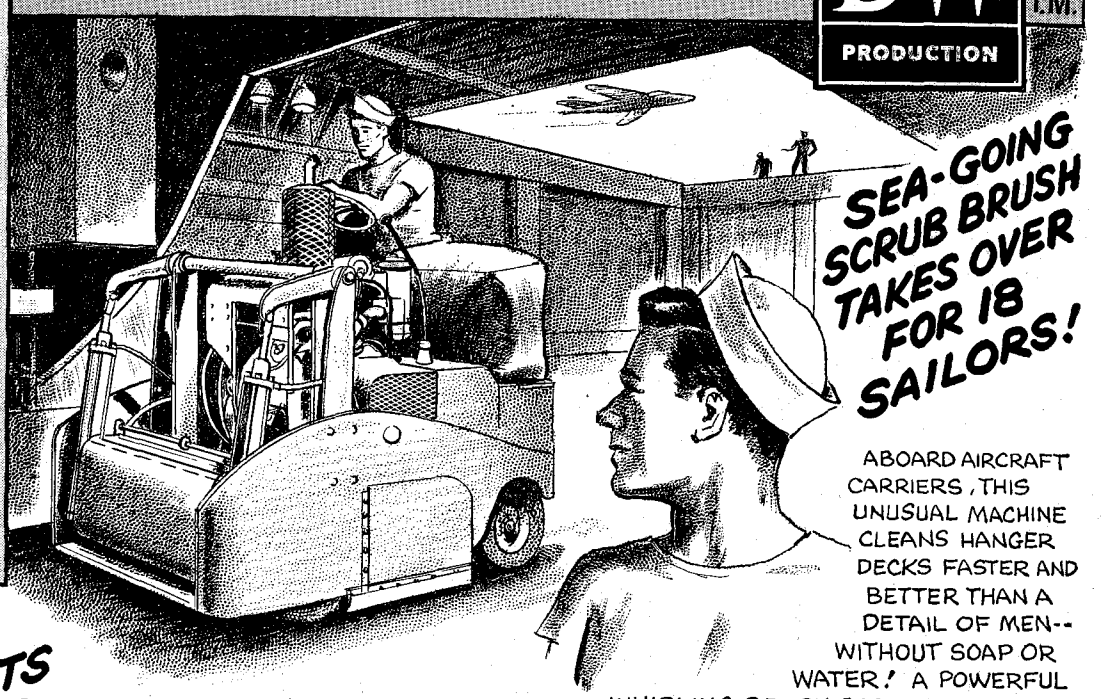
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** T.M. PRODUCTION

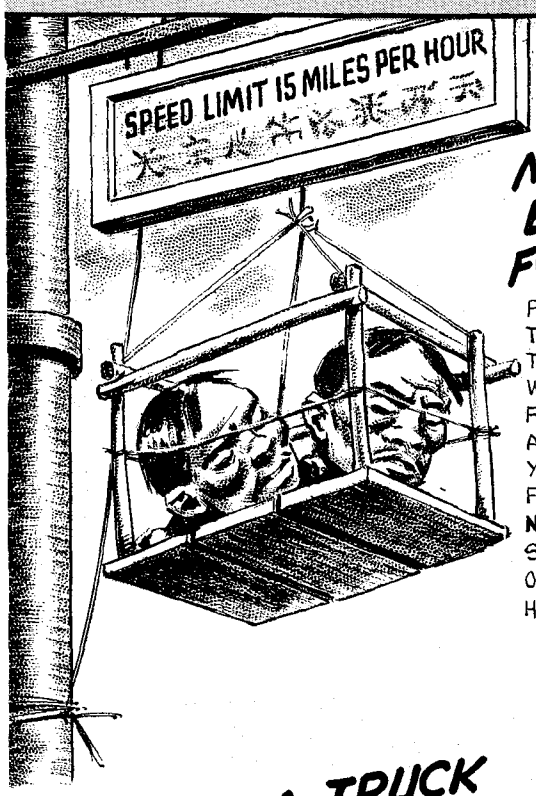
BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

19 OUT OF THE *20* MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL ***B-W*** PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL ***B-W*** COMPONENTS. *9* OUT OF *10* FARMS USE ***B-W*** EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES ***B-W*** EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE ***B-W*** BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.



SEA-GOING SCRUB BRUSH TAKES OVER FOR 18 SAILORS!

ABOARD AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, THIS UNUSUAL MACHINE CLEANS HANGER DECKS FASTER AND BETTER THAN A DETAIL OF MEN--WITHOUT SOAP OR WATER! A POWERFUL WHIRLING BRUSH SCRUBS OFF GRIME, OIL, RUST, AND SUCKS IT UP. THE MACHINE'S "INSPECTION-PROOF" WORK DEPENDS IMPORTANTLY ON A 4-SPEED TRANSMISSION FROM **B-W'S WARNER GEAR** TO ADJUST SCRUBBING SPEED AND INTENSITY TO DECK CONDITIONS.



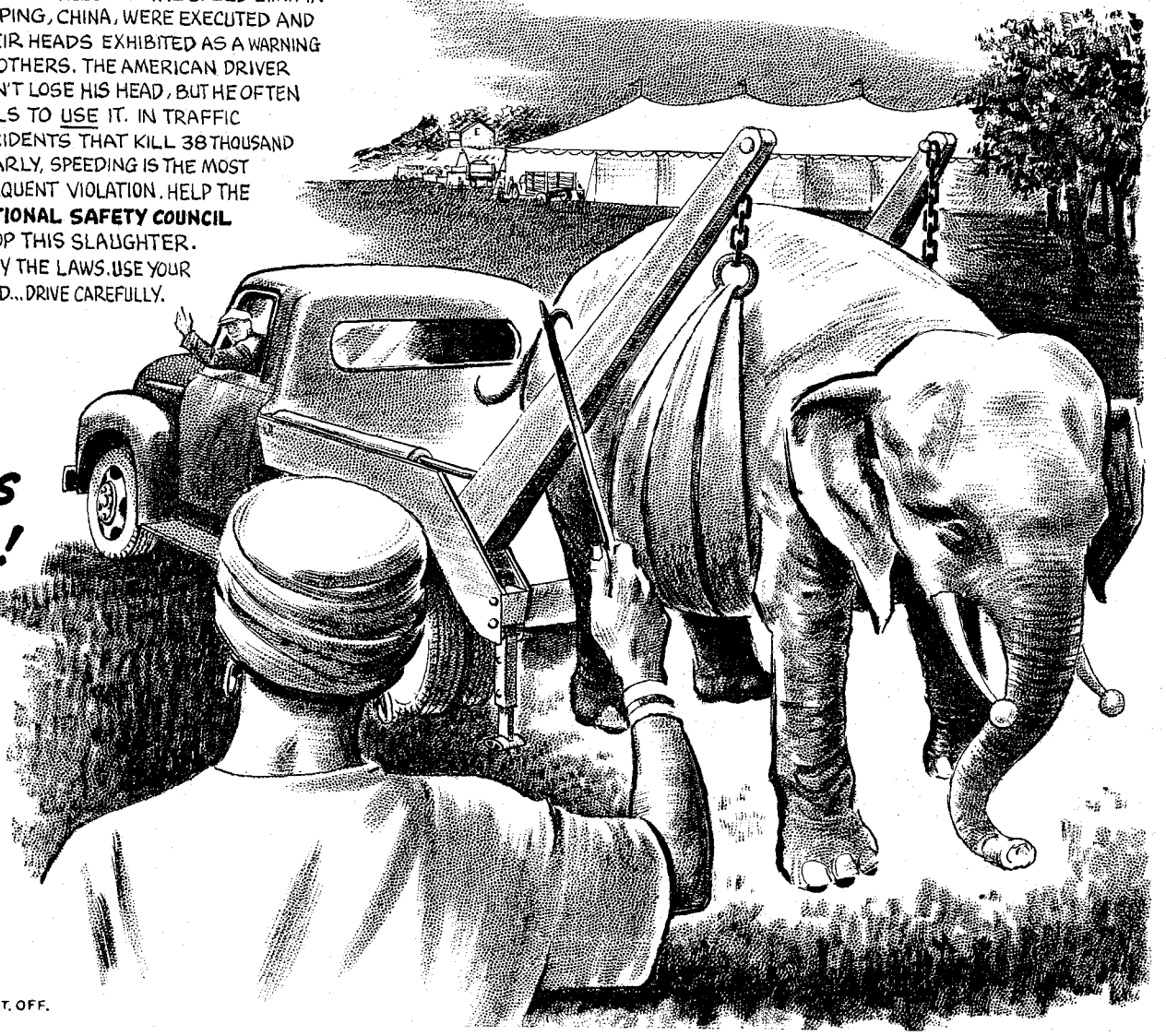
MOTORISTS BEHEADED FOR SPEEDING!

AS RECENTLY AS 1927, DRIVERS WHO EXCEEDED THE SPEED LIMIT IN PEIPING, CHINA, WERE EXECUTED AND THEIR HEADS EXHIBITED AS A WARNING TO OTHERS. THE AMERICAN DRIVER WON'T LOSE HIS HEAD, BUT HE OFTEN FAILS TO USE IT. IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS THAT KILL 38 THOUSAND YEARLY, SPEEDING IS THE MOST FREQUENT VIOLATION. HELP THE **NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL** STOP THIS SLAUGHTER. OBEY THE LAWS. USE YOUR HEAD... DRIVE CAREFULLY.

SHOWING A TRUCK HOW TO TOSS ELEPHANTS UP ON ITS SHOULDERS!

EVEN AN ELEPHANT IS EASY HANDLING FOR TRUCKS EQUIPPED WITH THIS SELF-LOADING DEVICE CALLED THE LOAD LUGGER*. IN MERE SECONDS THE HYDRAULIC ARMS CAN LIFT ABOARD UP TO 9 TONS. MADE BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL-KALAMAZOO**, THE LOAD LUGGER HANDLES ALL TYPES OF MATERIALS. SPECIAL "CONTAINER BODIES" THAT LIFT ON AND OFF LET TRUCKS HAUL WHILE THE NEXT LOAD IS BEING READIED. THIS SPEEDS WORK, CUTS COSTS.

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



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Editorials

There's No Demand for a G.O.P. New Deal

Although President Eisenhower is regarded as belonging to the progressive wing of the Republican Party, he is not progressive enough for the Democrats and their newspaper-columnist allies. To them he represents a conspiracy to give away the country's resources, destroy labor unions and hand us over to the "reactionaries."

The question now arises what should be the Republican response to this kind of attack. Some Republicans apparently feel that the party should attempt to represent itself as more liberal than the Democrats, while others are in favor of holding to the middle-of-the-road, relatively conservative position which the administration has taken. The argument in favor of competing for liberal elements is that President Eisenhower was elected by "independents," and that he cannot hope to be re-elected unless the independents are still for him.

It is true that a good many Democrats left their party to vote for President Eisenhower, but the G.O.P. leaders should not forget that by no means all of these independents were on the so-called liberal side. Certainly that can hardly be said of the Democrats in Southern states who left the Democratic Party to vote for Eisenhower. Nor can it be said of the considerable body of Northern Democrats who left their party because they were disgusted with the Truman Administration's record of scandals, truckling to labor bosses and ineptitude in foreign policy. It would be foolish to go so far to tempt New Dealers to vote for a Republican candidate that anti-New-Deal Democrats and conservative Republicans were alienated.

On this point, William H. Grimes, the discerning editor of the Wall Street Journal, recently raised this question: "If the Democrats must always be more liberal, and if the Republicans must always be trying to win Democratic votes by following the Democrats, where do we end up? Apparently, we can only end up with two major parties each tending toward a socialist form of government."

Furthermore, if one accepts the implications of some researches recently completed by the Dunn Survey, which has had some conspicuous successes in political prognostication, efforts to buy the voters by various semisocialist devices have not paid off in votes. The Dunn Survey shows that, despite sixteen years of liberal benefits and a growing population, the total vote cast for Democratic candidates between 1936 and 1952 declined—not only in the number of votes but in the percentage share of the total vote won by the Democrats. This was true, not only for the country as a whole but for a group of labor and farm districts plucked from various parts of the country.

And, of course, we have the classic example of Ohio, where the late Senator Taft, certainly a conservative, won overwhelmingly despite almost unanimous predictions of his defeat by New-Dealish columnists. In the same state the Democratic Governor Lausche still prevails despite his hostility to labor bosses and Federal handouts.

One thing is certain. Whatever concessions the G.O.P. makes to win "liberals" to its side, the President and his administration will still be denounced and lampooned as "reactionary," stupid and unfit to govern.

Why Let United Nations Bureaucrats Dole Out American Foreign Aid?

By SPRUILLE BRADEN

Since 1946 the United States has given away some $55,000,000,000 as "foreign aid." As to the merits of this policy and its benefits to the United States and the countries receiving our aid, there is wide difference of opinion.

However, what I am concerned about in this editorial is a proposal not merely that foreign aid be continued but that a larger share or perhaps all of our aid be channeled through the United Nations and thus be administered "without strings attached" by a bevy of international bureaucrats.

The usual argument for this scheme is that administration of aid by a United Nations agency would relieve this country of the embarrassments which arise when we have to decide which countries need aid. We could junk the huge bureaucracy which administers our aid programs abroad, and inasmuch as the money would not come directly from us, we could hand out as many billions as we like without being disliked for doing it!

However, these arguments in favor of making the U.S.A. the biggest contributor to an international Community Fund directed largely by the relief cases themselves collapse when confronted with analysis of the agencies which would hand out the money.

The outfit which would carry out the program is an agency called SUNFED—Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development. It would be administered by representatives of the relevant agencies set up under the Economic and Social Council of the U.N. It is pertinent to ask: Who would handle the funds made available to SUNFED, whose sponsors suggest $250,000,000 "as a starter"? The long-term aim is a ten-year, $50,000,000,000 program, with the United States contributing "the major share," or $3,500,000,000 per year, representing about 10 per cent of what we all pay in personal income tax.

The Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC) sets basic policy for economic aid and technical assistance to underdeveloped nations. The heads of the various U.N. Secretariat departments and committees set up under ECOSOC would all have a say in distributing the funds made available to SUNFED. Chief of the regional-commissions section is Wladyslaw R. Malinowski, a Polish communist.

Central control over and co-ordination of aid projects and allocation of funds are mainly exercised by the U.N. Technical Assistance Board, whose executive chairman is David A. D. K. Owen, a British Socialist. In 1953 the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee reported that a heavy concentration of Fifth Amendment American citizens removed from the U.N. staff after the "purge" was in David Owen's Department of Economic Affairs.

The Special Adviser to the U.N. Department of Economic Affairs and the man who now represents the Secretary General on SUNFED is Dr. Hans W. Singer, a British subject who in 1950 advised the government of Pakistan that the brutal and disastrous collectivization of agriculture in Russia in the 1920's was an example of "very successful development planning."

The United States has long opposed a central spending plan for postwar economic aid. Early in the game we refused to go along with a proposed International Development Fund. Now we are being urged by foreigners and some prominent Americans to become the largest contributor to an internationally administered fund which is the child of a whole series of U.N.-hatched proposals, which have one thing in common: the U.S.A. is to supply the money; the U.N.'s most socialistic agencies are to spend it.

On this general subject I particularly like what Mr. H. W. Balgooyen, executive vice-president of the American and Foreign Power Company, Inc., had to say in a recent address:

"We need only ask how any program of foreign aid—largely with our money—can win us friends if others disburse it; how it can confound our enemies if our enemies benefit from it; how it can bring maximum benefits to the American people if the American people have no control over it."

American taxpayers must decide whether they wish to promote legitimate American interests in foreign lands through private capital investment and loans, or to promote global socialism by permitting the vast sums contributed by American taxpayers to be administered by United Nations bureaucrats. It is difficult to believe that our people have so far forgotten the maxims of prudence as to favor handing over billions of their money to an international organization whose ideas on how to use it are unlikely to resemble ours.

Editors' Note: Mr. Braden has served as Ambassador to Argentina, Assistant Secretary of State and in other diplomatic posts.

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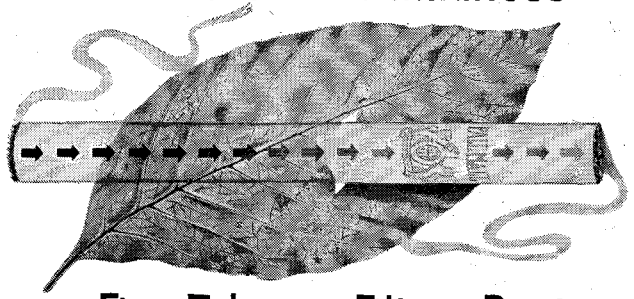
DONT MISS THE *FUN* OF SMOKING

Mildness is a Pleasure with Pall Mall

For Flavor and Mildness



Fine Tobacco Filters Best

● Don't miss the *fun* of smoking. Mildness is something you enjoy . . . it's a *pleasure* with PALL MALL, because PALL MALL's natural filter—greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos—travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

● So—get more *fun* out of smoking! Enjoy smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today!

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

Outstanding...and they are mild!

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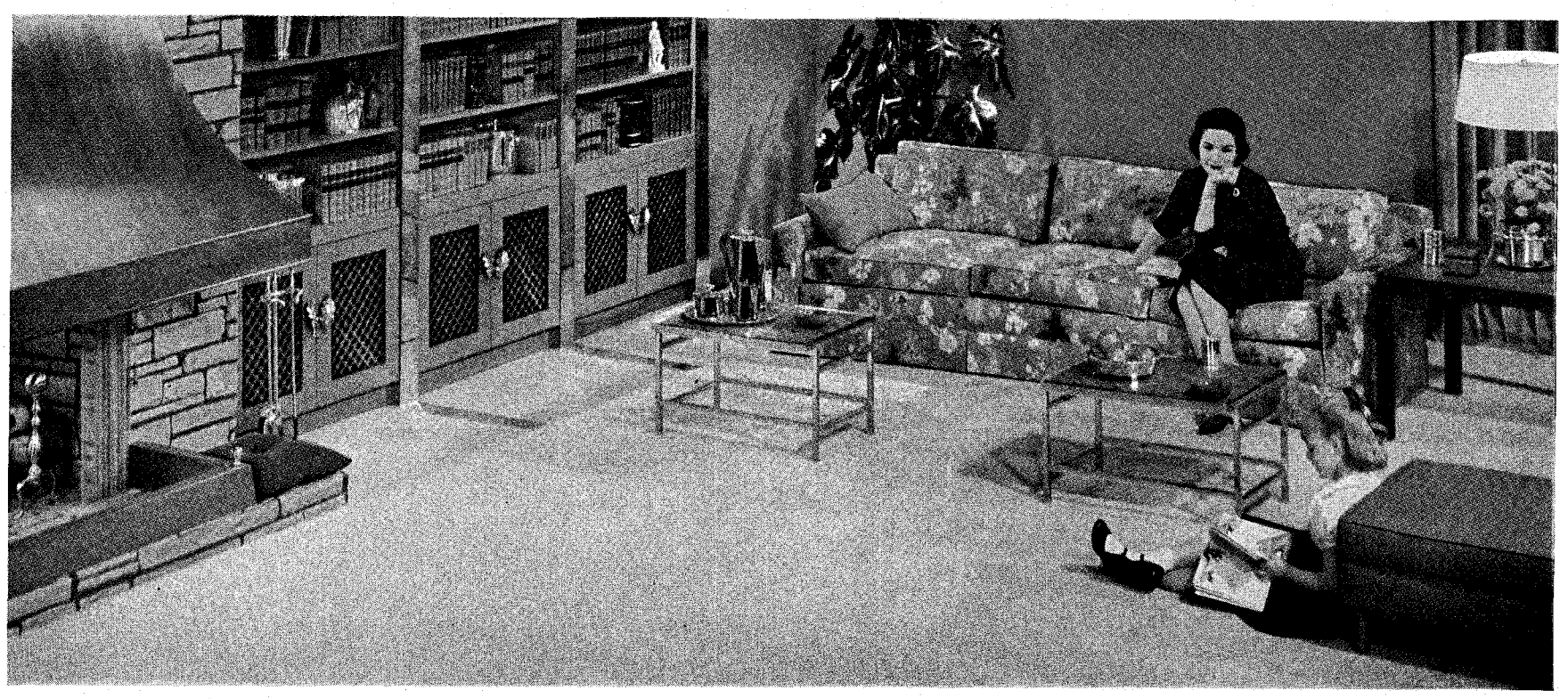
Solid comfort begins here



Accessories of copper and brass, too, add rich warmth and glow to any room!

Chase® Copper Tube Radiant Heating

The man in the top picture is starting the most comfortable, clean and care-free of heating systems. It's modern radiant heating with Chase copper tube!

The floor of the completed room will have a warmth as pleasant as that of a mild summer sun falling on its surface. Throughout the room, temperatures will be healthier, more uniform than possible with any other system of heating. The room, itself, will be free from drafts... free, too, from unsightly and dust-catching radiators or grilles!

For the *best* of heating in your home, consider radiant heating—in your floors or ceilings. For the *most efficient* of radiant heating, insist on Chase copper tube. It gives you all of copper's unmatched heat conductivity. With solidly-soldered joints, it remains tight, free from leaks under pressure. And you can be sure that Chase copper tube will *never* clog with rust!

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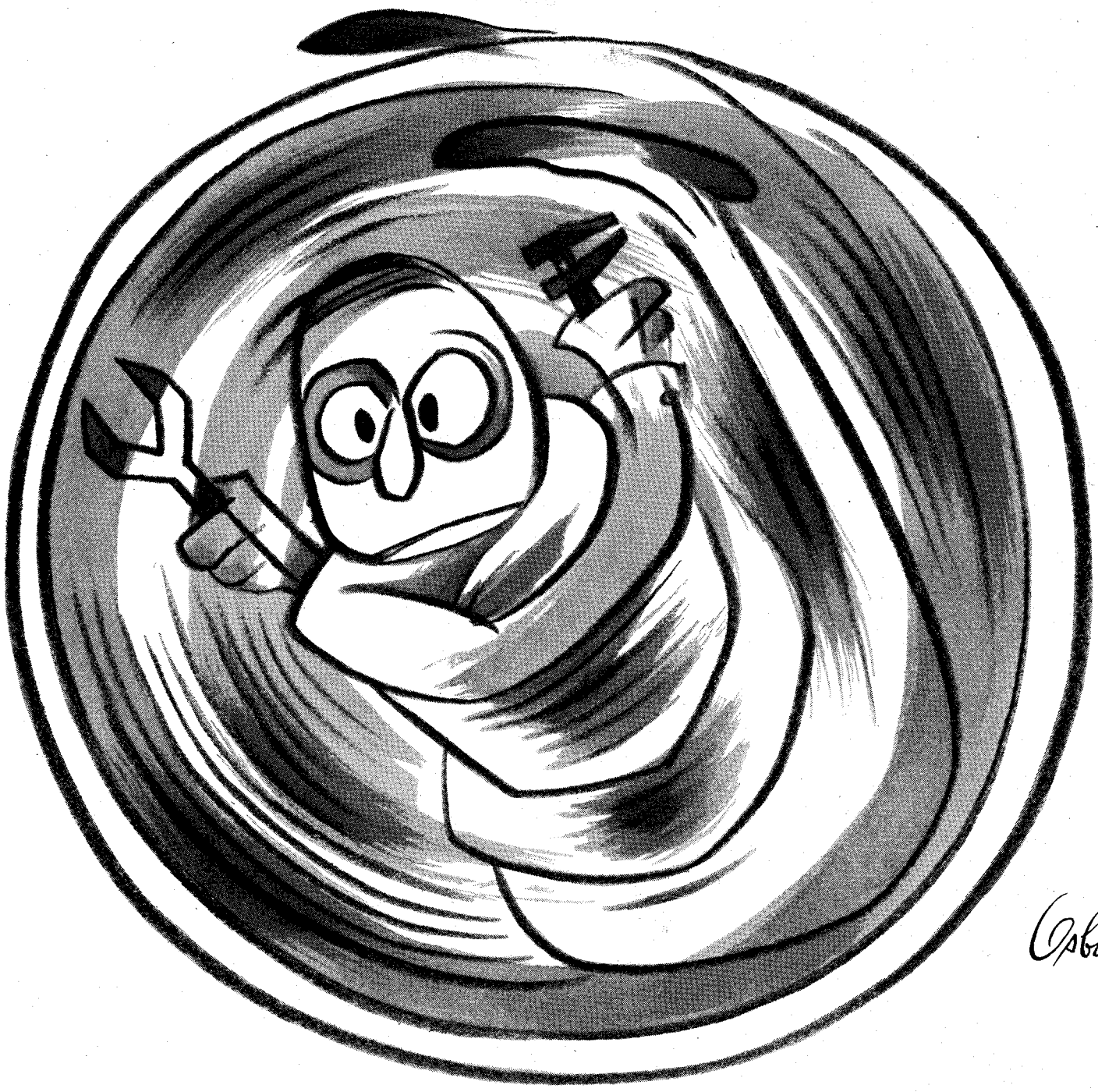


Poor appliance service got you in a whirl?

Right here and now we will say that even the best of appliances—*anything with moving parts*—needs attention once in a while . . .

. . . even General Electric appliances.

But don't you fall into a trap.

Don't let "any" mechanic play with your appliance. Don't let *poor* appliance service get you in a whirl.

Play it smart and safe.

If your appliance is ever in need of repair, leave it to the experts. Put the burden on *them*.

Just reach for your phone and call your local authorized G-E Appliance Service Technician.

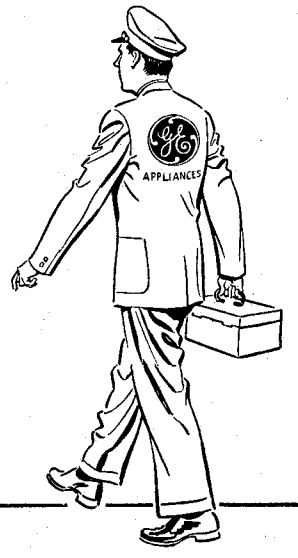
He is a fully trained professional who *knows* your appliances . . . refrigerator, dryer, room air conditioner or freezer.

He has the expert skills, the genuine G-E parts to place your appliance in fine working order—in the shortest possible time. Service costs are moderate, too. Your appliance is repaired right, at a reasonable price.

For the name and address of your local authorized General Electric Service organization, look in the classified telephone directory.

General Electric Company, Product Service, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

G-E Authorized Appliance Service is friendly, swift, nearby



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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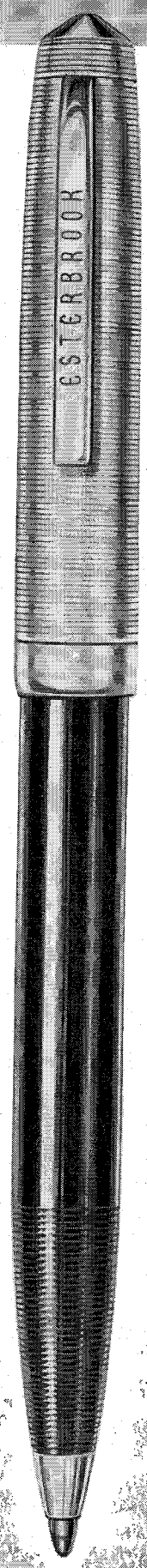
NOW a NEW Companion for the Esterbrook Fountain Pen

A NEW DEPENDABLE BALL POINT!

WITH INSTANT STARTING!

SMOOTH, NON-SMEAR WRITING!

4½-MILE INK CAPACITY!



FLOATING BALL
construction assures constant, reliable performance . . . perfect writing. Ink acts as a lubricant to reduce wear to a minimum.

NEW RETRACTABLE MECHANISM
Repeater-type — push the top to extend or retract point. Million-time-tested to last 50 years, even if used 50 times a day.

NEW "CST" INK
—an Esterbrook exclusive formula. Controlled Surface Tension delivers a smooth, even line. Water-resistant on paper—yet easily washable from fabrics in your favorite soap or detergent.

KING-SIZE REFILL
with 4½-mile writing capacity—for months and months of normal wear. Most consistent "write-out" performance available today.

Whether you have *ever* tried a Ball Point, or *never* tried a Ball Point, Esterbrook offers you a new writing experience in Ball Point dependability. It's been nine years in the making. Those years of experimentation and research are your guarantee that the Esterbrook Ball Point measures up to the Esterbrook tradition of *the very best at a sensible price.* Truly, here is a worthy companion to the Esterbrook Fountain Pen—the pen that offers you just the right point for the way you write.

Choice of line-Medium or Extra-Fine

GET THE BEST—AND THE NEWEST!

Nearly a century of experience stands behind every fine Esterbrook writing instrument . . . your assurance of quality and satisfaction. Ask for a new Esterbrook Ball Point at any pen counter. Get the best, and the newest, from America's oldest pen maker.

NEW from Esterbrook®

AMERICA'S OLDEST PEN MAKER

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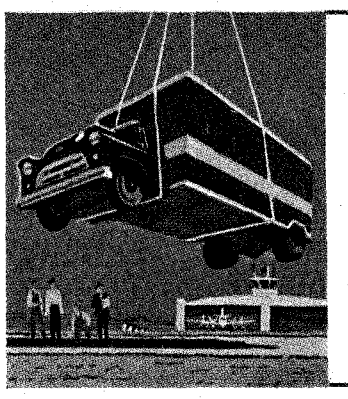
For safety in emergencies...Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord...

Most emergency trucks rely on rayon tires for tough driving under all conditions—proof that you can depend on rayon!

A flooded manhole...a faulty electric cable... a quick call and an emergency truck is out on the job, driving hard in all kinds of weather. If Rayon Hi-Test Tires are safe for emergency vehicles, you should know they're *safer* for you. This year 20% stronger than ever, Rayon is the only cord that actually grows stronger as tires run hotter at high road speeds. No wonder 9 out of 10 cars ride on Rayon. For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on RAYON HI-TEST tires. They're standard equipment on every car manufacturer's new '56 models. American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., New York.



The Rayon Cord from only one tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck . . . safely! Pound for pound, Rayon Tire Cord is as strong as steel.

Be sure you ride on RAYON—world's leading tire cord

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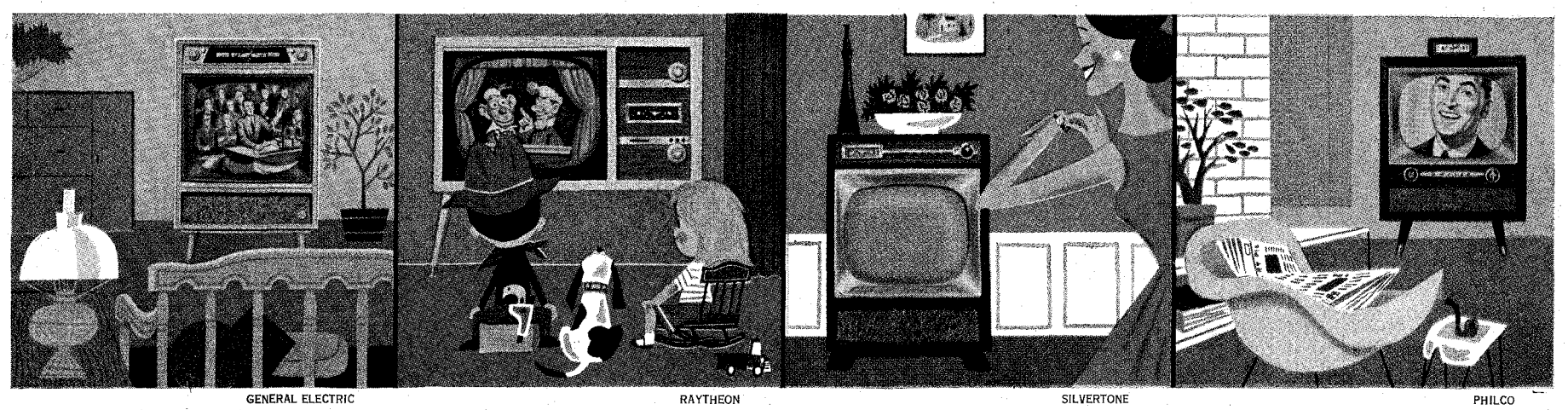
See them pick the next President at the Conventions.
New TV sets with Electric Memories remember the program for you

TURN TV ON AND OFF automatically



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Don't miss the nomination of your favorite candidate. Let the timer remember for you.

RAYTHEON

Regulates children's TV viewing easily. Timer turns off TV automatically at time selected.

SILVERTONE

Built-in timer clock gives you accurate electric time. Whether set is "on" or "off."

PHILCO

Pick your Convention programs in advance. Timer turns them on automatically...right on time.

EMERSON

Like to lie abed and look at late Convention doings? Timer will switch off set later.

MOTOROLA

Makes a TV set in the kitchen a pleasure. Operates TV for you while you're busy.

RCA

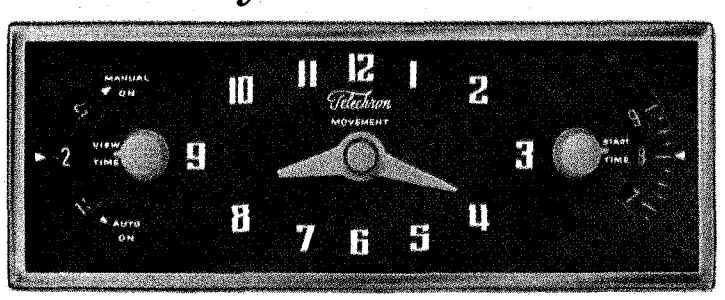
Wake up to early-morning TV news. Timer turns on TV at any hour you choose.

Telechron is a trademark for Telechron Timers and Motors, General Electric Company; Ashland, Mass.

TELECHRON TIMERS

make life easy—automatically

As easy to set as a clock



Set the viewing time here

Set the turn-on time here

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Florence tried to scream out to Cassidy, but all she could do was point at the killer. Then the elevator doors slid shut.

Reservation for Murder

Two killers prowled the hotel, with one victim already dead. Now Detective Cassidy had to keep them from claiming victim number two.

Beginning a thrilling new serial by THOMAS WALSH

They were all in Walter Duval's private office when Cassidy got there, at ten minutes of six; and they were all, one after another, not so much questioning Charlie Mueller about the money as accusing him with the most evident and outspoken directness. There were three of them—Duval first, the night manager of the Hotel Imperial; then a young, tall, negligent and extremely good-looking precinct detective named Michael (Mickey the Man) Hannegan; and last of all a Mr. George V. McCollum, from Room Eighteen-Something-or-Other on the Park Avenue side.

"—— because we know," Walter Duval was announcing at this moment, just as Cassidy closed the door after himself, "that no one else could possibly have got in or out of that room." In appearance the full-fledged executive type—big, lively, well barbered and properly aggressive—he had always one manner on call for the Imperial guests, and another, much different, for the Imperial employees; and now he was displaying the second to fine advantage by leaning forward across his desk on clenched fists, and being grimly authorita-

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tive in tone and manner. "We want the truth here; don't forget that; and we intend to get it. Now, then! Did you go upstairs with Mr. McCollum last night? Did you open his room door? And did you help him undress?"

Cassidy had stopped behind them, hat off, overcoat on arm. He was a stocky young man with red hair, a deep chest and rugged but rather quiet-looking features; and he was also, as night security officer of the Hotel Imperial, Charlie Mueller's immediate superior. Now he did not say anything, but after he had put his hat and coat on one of the chairs, he moved carefully around Walter Duval's desk, and took his place over in that exposed corner, facing them all, beside the frightened little man with the white lips, the pince-nez trembling in one hand, and the jumpy and rather desperate gray eyes.

"Of course," Mueller said; but badly flurried here, his head jerking around from Duval to Mr. George V. McCollum, who kept his lips pursed and his gaze lowered a bit, stonily. "He came in pretty late last night, Mr. Duval, around half past four, and Ray tells me to go upstairs with him and get him in bed. So I do. I just ——" He turned to Cassidy, his mouth twitching. "Ray!" he said. "Is that right? Is that exactly the way it happened?"

"Twenty after four," Cassidy said, moving stolidly inexpressive blue eyes, under fiery red eyebrows, at Hannegan, at Duval and at Mr. George V. McCollum. "Sure it is, Charlie. Don't get excited about anything; you don't have to. Just go on. I was right there."

"Now were you?" Mr. George V. McCollum demanded, raising his head suddenly. A stout man with a florid complexion, a bald head, puffy features and badly hung-over dark eyes, he must have felt for Cassidy the instinctive and immediate dislike that Cassidy had felt for him. His voice rose somewhat. He began blustering, "Then why didn't I see you? Where were you keeping yourself?"

"Maybe," Cassidy said, looking down at him, but putting a big hand on Mueller's shoulder and clamping it there—"maybe there was a lot that you wouldn't have happened to notice, Mr. McCollum. Not at that time."

"All right," McCollum said, raising his voice arrogantly, and conceding that point as if it were altogether unimportant just now. "So I'd taken a drink or two. Well, I'm not denying it, am I? But I had a wallet with over four hundred dollars in it when I went to bed here last night, and when this man was in the room with me—and I didn't have it when I woke up a couple of hours ago. You seem to know him pretty well, whoever you are. Then maybe you'd better give him some straight talk. Understand that much, do you?"

"I guess so," Cassidy said, still using no inflection of any kind. "And I know him, all right. I know him a lot better than I know you, Mr. McCollum. I work with him."

"Oh," McCollum said. He grinned slowly, with a kind of ugly significance, at Hannegan, and then at Walter Duval. "So you work with him! Just how, though? Fifty-fifty, is it, so that everything you pick up in these little affairs is split right down the middle between you?"

There was an abrupt stillness; then Walter Duval smiled foolishly. "Now," he said. "Now, really, Mr. McCollum, sir ——"

Hannegan had glanced up at Cassidy with a quick, wary and then obviously puzzled expression, but Cassidy, although becoming quite pale, did not say anything, and did not make even the least physical movement.

"Let's take it easy," Hannegan said, still frowning at him. "Let's just watch our step, hah? How it is, Ray—he claims he put on his night chain up there, after Charlie Mueller left him; which means that no one got in after that and no one got out, either. Now I'm not accusing anybody because it isn't my job, but you've got a head on your shoulders, kiddo. O.K., then, use it. What's your answer?"

"Oh, he'll have one," McCollum said. "Of course. This is something they probably cooked up between them. Why not?"

"Why don't you keep quiet?" Hannegan demanded, his voice softening dangerously.

"I'd watch my tone," McCollum declared grimly. "I'm not someone you push around, mister. I've got business connections in this city that could teach you some manners."

"Gee!" Hannegan said, looking him up and down with casually unimpressed insolence. "Oh, boy! A real big shot. But then, I'm always putting my foot in it, Ray. Know what I took him for? A guy who went out on the town last night and hit every gin mill from here to Harlem. How wrong can you get? Just tell me."

"That's all right," McCollum said. But he flushed slightly, and his eyes lowered there from Hannegan, as they had not from Cassidy.

"Maybe we could try to figure it out now," Cassidy put in, that rugged face of his still quiet and rather strained looking. "If you'd like to think back a little, Mr. McCollum. What you did when you went to bed, say. Whether you got up afterward. Did you?"

"Of course, I got up," McCollum said, his lips curling contemptuously. "And I suppose I took the wallet out of my pants pocket, didn't I? I suppose I hid it on myself."

Then his expression changed. It wasn't much of a change, and it was concealed instantly again, but Cassidy was watching for it, and he understood what it was.

"I was just thinking that we get a guest in here sometimes," Cassidy said, feeling a certain dryness and effort in his throat at getting the words out properly. "Usually a single man, Mr. McCollum, like yourself. Well, he goes out and has a big time for himself, and comes back to his room afterward, and counts his dough, and gets worried about how much he spent out of it. He gets a little too foxy then. He does just what you said. He hides it on himself. That's happened in here, too, and I've seen it. You think maybe it happened last night?"

"What?" McCollum said. He got up quickly, beet red. "Of course not!"

But now Hannegan had grinned openly, and then chuckled aloud.

"Sure," Hannegan said, while Walter Duval blinked at him. "Of course not! But I could still tell you two dandy places to look, Mr. McCollum, sir. Behind one of the pictures, maybe, or up over the bathroom cabinet."

"I'm—I'm really ——" McCollum said, still deeply flushed. "All this—I do wish——" Glancing at Charlie Mueller, he felt nervously in his vest pocket, found a couple of crumpled ones there, hesitated, made up his mind and dropped them on Walter Duval's desk blotter.

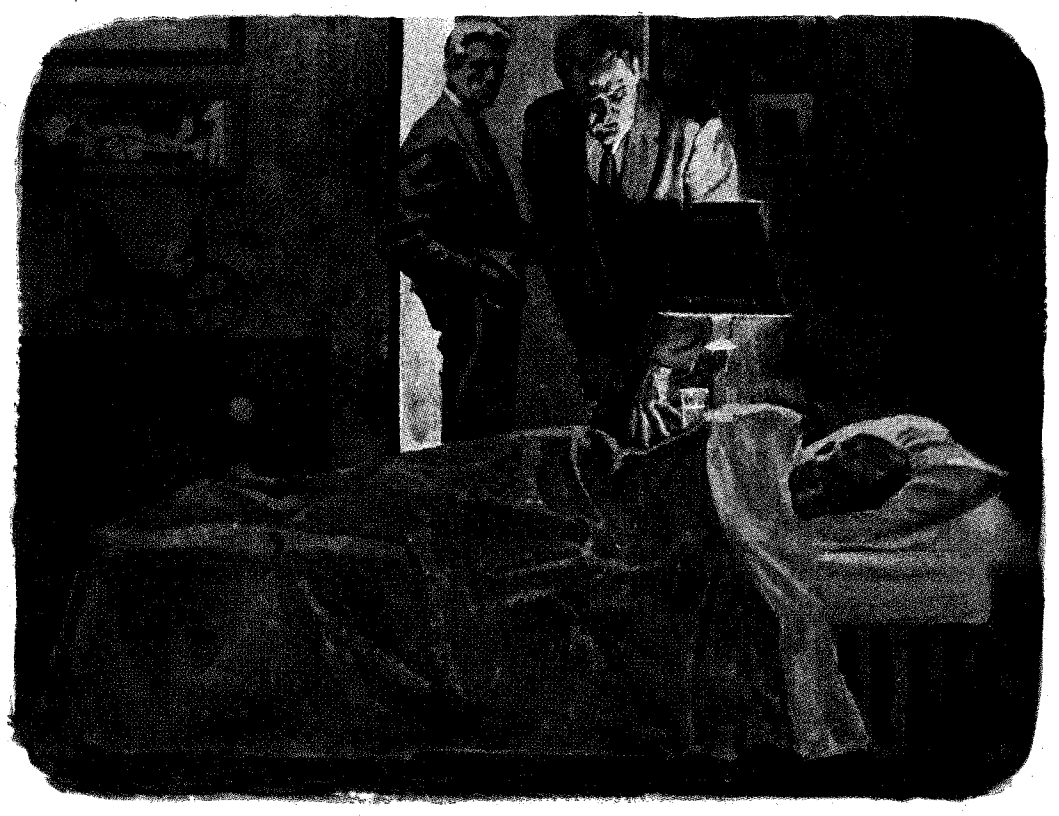
"Wow!" Hannegan said, touching them with an elegantly manicured forefinger. "Two whole bucks! A real sport, Charlie. Know what I mean? Puts you through all this hell, blames you for everything; and then ——"

Mr. McCollum went out then, Duval trailing him anxiously.

The door closed and Hannegan got up.

"Mr. McCollum, sir," he repeated dryly, as if to himself, but while watching Cassidy with the same rather intent puzzlement he had shown earlier. "Cripes, Ray! What was the matter with you? When he made that crack right in your teeth about you and Charlie whacking up on the deal, I'd have thought

Illustrated by William A. Smith



Janisek leaned forward to inspect the motionless gray head on the pillow. He seemed satisfied with what he saw.

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As the hotel detective rushed him, Emil raised the heavy brass smoking stand and smashed it down.

you'd tell him a few things that ——" Then he touched Cassidy's arm. "What is it?" he asked, looking genuinely concerned. "Where's the old zip, kiddo? I've been noticing how you act lately, and you don't seem to be the Red Cassidy I knew. Not when we worked that radio car together up in East Harlem. Hah?"

"Yeah," Cassidy said, moistening his lips, something heavy and oppressive inside him. "That's it; that's the thing, Mickey. I guess maybe I'm not."

He was upstairs ten minutes later—a loud radio—and after he had attended to it quite as usual, with the deferential Imperial technique, he stood at the corridor window for a few minutes, thinking about what Mickey the Man Hannegan had said to him. It seemed valid enough, he decided quietly. Not too long ago, in that Harlem police car, there had been another and much different Ray Cassidy; one who would have been sized up just as sharply and quickly, perhaps, by Mr. George V. McCollum, but not in the same way.

Behind him was the long Imperial corridor—all paneled dark wood; chaste, modernistic ceiling lights; green-and-gold-carpeted restfulness; but, of course, it was not very restful to Cassidy at just that moment. He had already begun to suspect that the McCollum business and Mickey Hannegan had started him off on one of his really bad nights; and he was sure of it now, positive, when the door to Suite 2234 opened, and a girl came out of it carrying a stenographer's notebook and a bunch of pencils. (Continued on Page 72)

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The author (center) with Italian friends in New York. "In Italy," she says wistfully, "a man is a male and a woman is terribly female and glad of it. It's that wonderful *tensione* between the two sexes that makes the Italian wheels go around."

I Love Those Italian Men

By LETITIA BALDRIGE

When it comes to the art of charming the ladies, Americans could learn a lot from the Latins, says this Nebraska girl who spent three years in Rome.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Letitia Baldrige grew up in Omaha, Nebraska, a process which brought her to an even six feet. After taking a degree at Vassar, she went on to the University of Geneva, in Switzerland, where she excelled at tennis and took up skiing (two broken legs). She also became fluent in French, which, with a cram course in stenography and typing, won her a secretarial job at the American Embassy in Paris. Gay Paris lasted three years, followed by an assignment in Washington, but this life proved a letdown. Miss Baldrige hopefully studied Italian: objective, Rome. Her wish was splendidly fulfilled. After three years of Roman high life, "Tish" Baldrige has brought home a hilarious manuscript, which Houghton Mifflin will publish as a book this fall. We present here a chapter on the courting habits of Italian males. Another chapter will appear in an early issue.

The Editors.

The spring of 1953 was a wonderful time for me. Clare Boothe Luce had just become our ambassador to Italy, and I tagged along to Rome as her social secretary. I was supposed to be fluent in Italian—that's what my job application said—but in mastering verb conjugations I had neglected vocabulary. I had to learn the words in Rome, and quickly. For one thing, there was the immediate but pleasant problem of coping with Italian gallantry.

My first few days in Rome taught me that there are two types of the male species of Homo sapiens—men and Italian men. Of course, I am hopelessly romantic. But the *uomini Italiani* have something and, whatever it is, I wish it could be transmitted to the male population of America.

Everyone says that American men have made their women the most spoiled females in the world, but I have news for you. It's the Italian women who are pampered. In Italy, a woman needn't be beautiful to be put on a pedestal. If she's female, that's enough.

For example: every American girl brings back from her tourist trip to Italy stories of being followed in the streets by murmuring men. She may tell of being confronted by a stranger who stares at her with X-ray eyes, and breaks into exclamations which obviously would translate into "Wow, what a dish!" She may think that her good looks have earned special attention, but she's wrong. Any female in Italy will receive murmured compliments from the men.

If she could understand Italian perfectly, she would find amusement in sitting at a sidewalk table at Doney's Café on the Via Veneto, sipping orange juice and tuning in the conversation of a

(Continued on Page 69)

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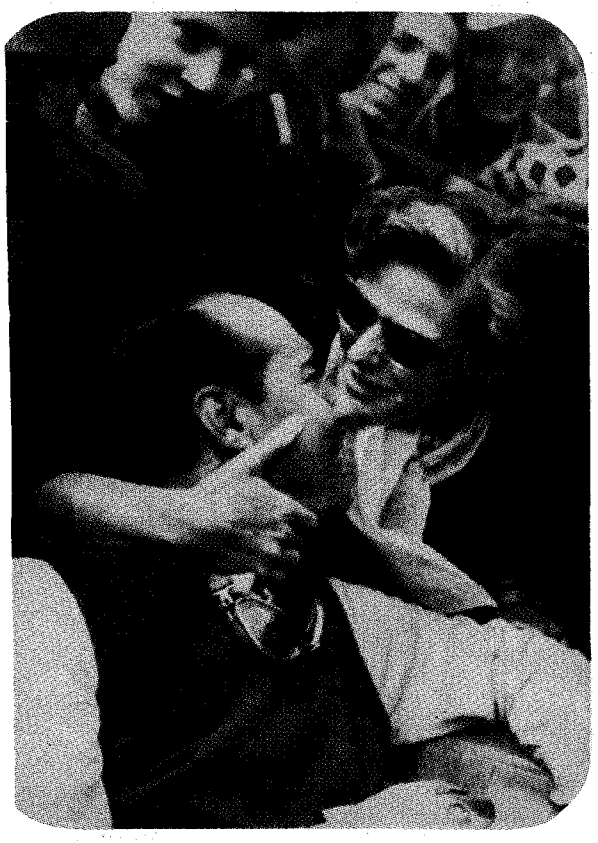
THEY HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN

The passionate Italian Rudolph Valentino (with Nita Naldi in Cobra) set female hearts afire in the 1920's.

The wealthy widow of John Jacob Astor with her young husband, boxer Enzo Fiermonte, in 1934.



Ingrid Bergman ran out on her home and husband to be with film director Roberto Rossellini.

Happy moment in the stormy married life of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman.

Operatic basso Ezio Pinza became a matinee idol in his fifties (here with Mary Martin).

Actor-director Vittorio De Sica showers *complimenti Italiani* upon Anna Magnani. Myrna Loy, left, waits her turn.

Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt (1725–1798) made the name Casanova synonymous with lover. His twelve-volume autobiography remains an outstanding commentary on the libertine Europe of the 18th century.

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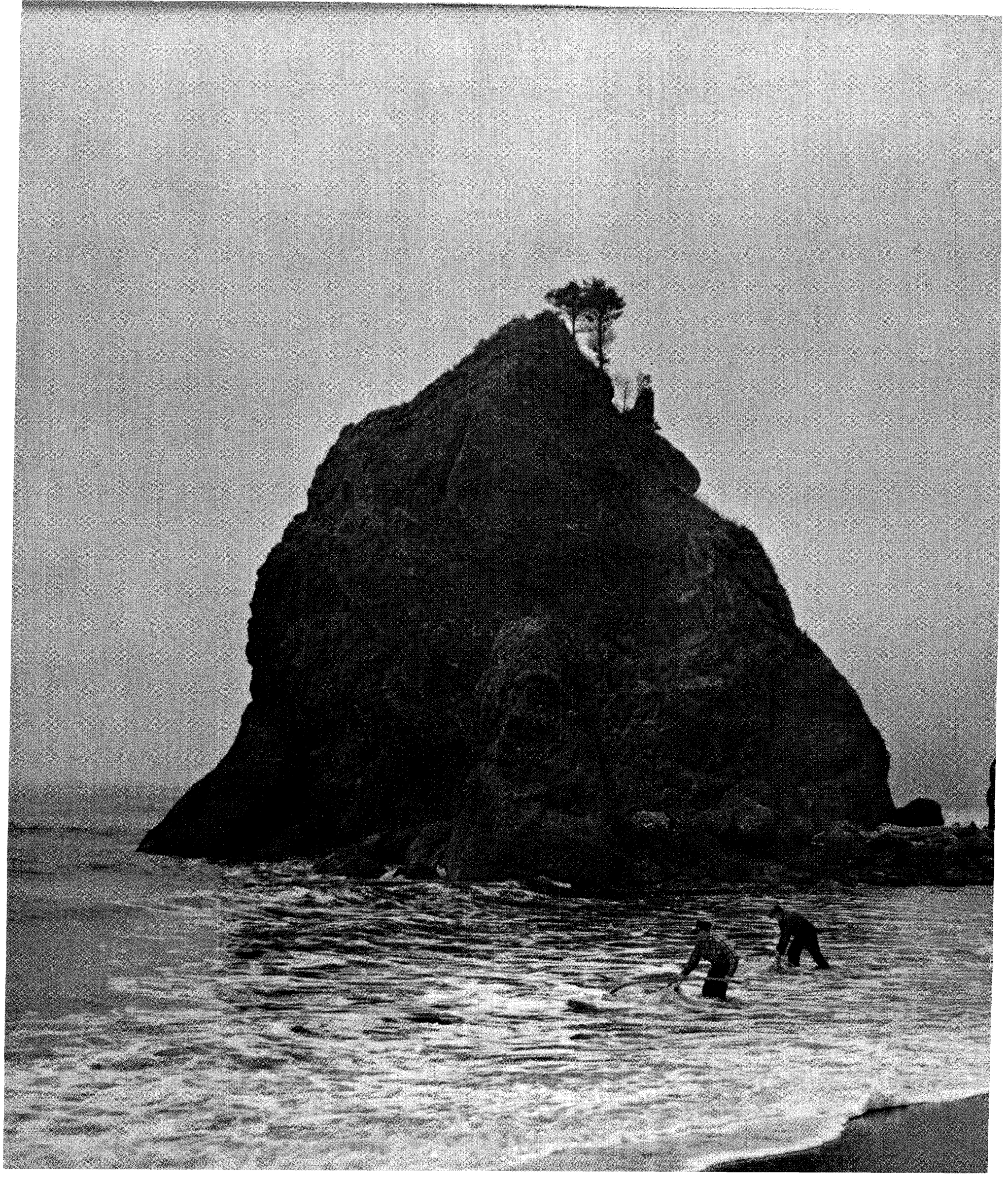

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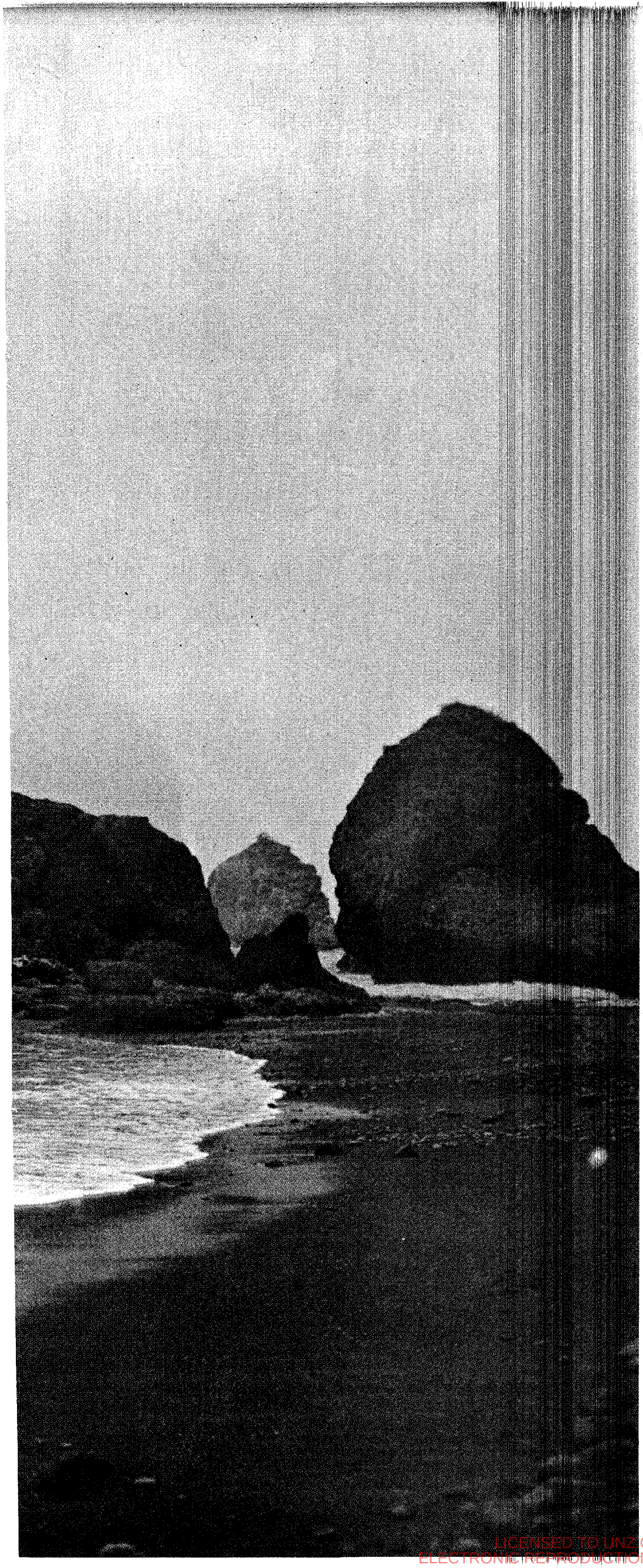

The Face of AMERICA

Shrouded Shore

The surf-whipped rocks of Ruby Beach characterize the rugged Ocean Strip of Olympic National Park in the state of Washington. These forbidding formations extend far out into the pastel mist that often rises when inland temperatures are high. Many an incautious tourist has been stranded on the rocks at high tide. But these smelt fishermen know the tides well. Dipping for the succulent little silver fish has been a basic occupation here since before the white man came. Even today, most of the commercial fishing is done by Indians of the nearby Hoh, Quinault, Makah and Quillayute tribes. Their proved techniques and implements are used by the white man too. Likewise, the land and the wildlife here remain unspoiled and unyielding: Bald eagles, black bears and Roosevelt elk still venture shoreward for occasional sea-food dinners. In an average year, this area is soaked by ten to twelve feet of rainfall, a climatic condition which has created the luxuriant rain forests just inland of Ruby Beach. Beyond the forests, in the center of Olympic National Park, are the sparkling glaciers of Mt. Olympus. It doesn't take much imagination to see why this shrouded corner of the great Northwest was named after the mythical home of the Greek gods. ● Photograph by Art Riley

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Mr. Travers was not so old that he couldn't appreciate Helen's riding habit.

BOB HILBERT

Prize Wife

By HERBERT DEPEW

Helen had her faults—but she knew how to handle her husband's boss.

Mason answered the phone, looked faintly annoyed and handed the receiver to Bob Greer. "A lady," he said, as though he didn't know it was Bob's wife. "Make it short. Tell her you're in a committee meeting."

Bob excused himself to the four committee members and withdrew the length of the cord. He said hello in a soft voice.

"Bob, I'm back." "Delectable" was the word for Bob's wife, and he couldn't be short with her.

"That's great, Helen," he whispered cautiously, not recalling that she had been anywhere. "You're back, then?"

"Yes, and stop hissing like a wild horse. I can hardly hear you."

"Wild horses," Bob enunciated softly, "don't hiss. You say you're back from ——" He waited.

"This one does. And speaking of horses, I'm so excited! I can hardly wait until you get home. Could you leave early?"

"Afraid not. Have to leave town. What's the excitement?"

"Well, Bob, nothing. But you'd never guess what I won at the livestock fair."

"A horse," Bob said casually. "I'll have to hang up now. Call you back."

"You're right, Bob! It cost only twenty-five cents. It was a door prize or something. Now, Bob, pay attention to me. What are we going to do for another horse?"

"Another what?"

"Another horse—one for you to ride. This one's just my color. It has that lovely goldish hair, parted in the middle, and I've phoned the riding academy for some lessons."

"Good Lord!" Bob said in a cascade of quiet desperation. The (Continued on Page 42)

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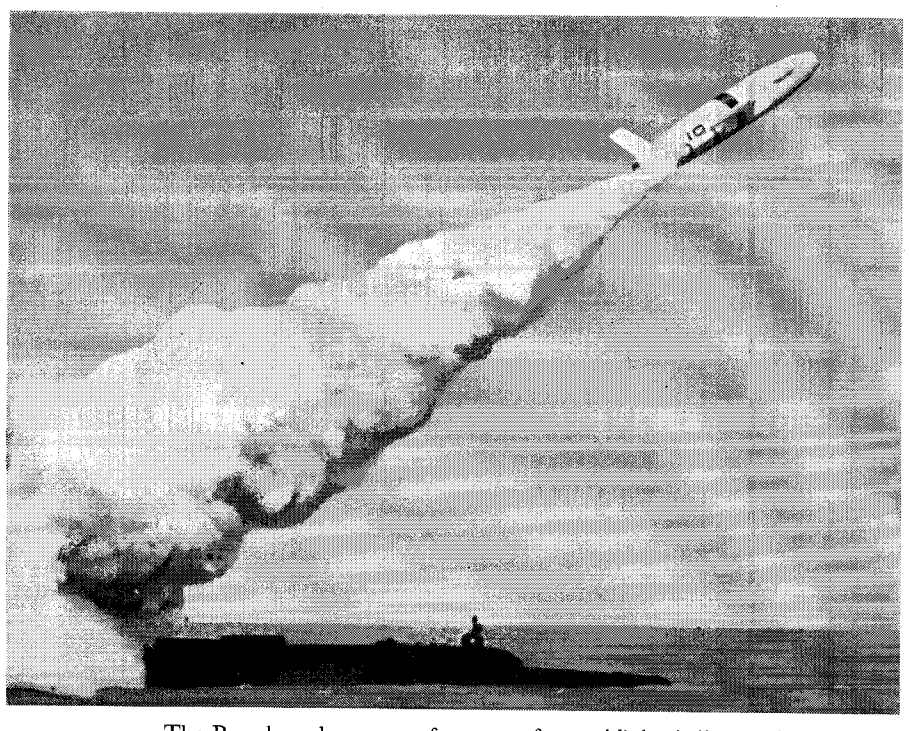
Four carrier-based F9F-8 Cougars patrol the skies above Gibraltar. The Navy's job of controlling the seas, says the author, cannot be accomplished without attacking the land.

IS THE NAVY OBSOLETE?

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

The answer is no,
says this famous military expert,
who tells the inside story of
our atomic-age fleet and its scientific
marvels . . . which World War II
sailors wouldn't recognize.



The Regulus, above, a surface-to-surface guided missile, can be launched by a submarine hundreds of miles from her target.

An old Army man stood up for the Navy recently. Like the man-bites-dog formula, this made news. But it attracted world-wide attention because the old Army man was the President of the United States, and he said, in effect, that the Air Force was not the whole show—not even in the atomic age.

When the President, at a public press conference, emphasized the importance of today's sea power, he stressed the Navy's comeback from its low point in the Louis Johnson era. The 1956 Navy of 1000 ships, 17,000 planes, 871,000 sailors and marines—the largest Navy in the world—this is a far call from the days when the fleet was fighting for its life.

"Why raise your boy to be a soldier?"

"What's the use of a navy; Russia hasn't got any."

Those were the questioning attitudes prior to Korea, in the days when the economy ax was cutting down our armed forces, and some Air Force enthusiasts used to say ten men in a bomber could do the whole job with an A-bomb.

Korea, which again emphasized, as all wars do, the need for flexible strategy and the

(Continued on Page 59)

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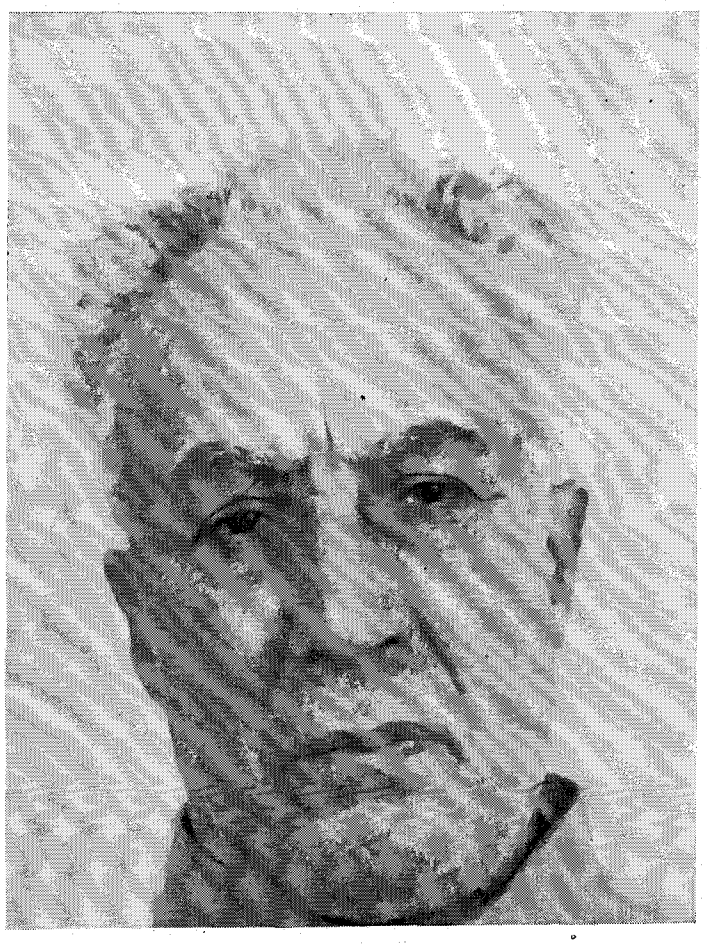
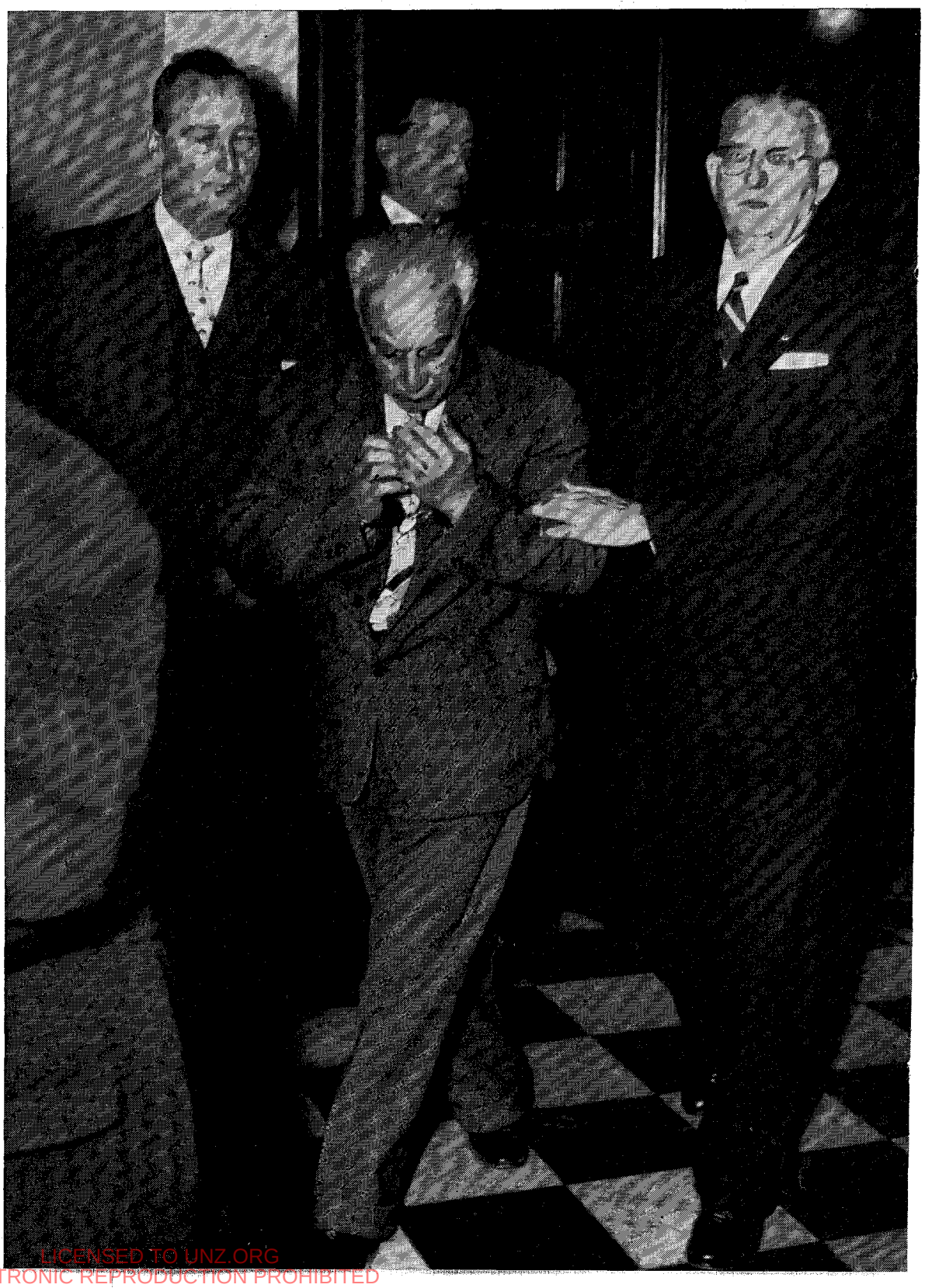
King of the Car Thieves

By BEVERLY SMITH

Since the invention of the horseless carriage, no other man has stolen as many cars as Bla-Bla Vigorito, head of the slickest international auto ring ever to heist a car.

(First of two parts)





Gabriel (Bla-Bla the Black Man) Vigorito: a thirty-year veteran of the auto-theft business. The police finally forced him into retirement just a few months ago. Right: Bla-Bla after his arraignment in Brooklyn last December.

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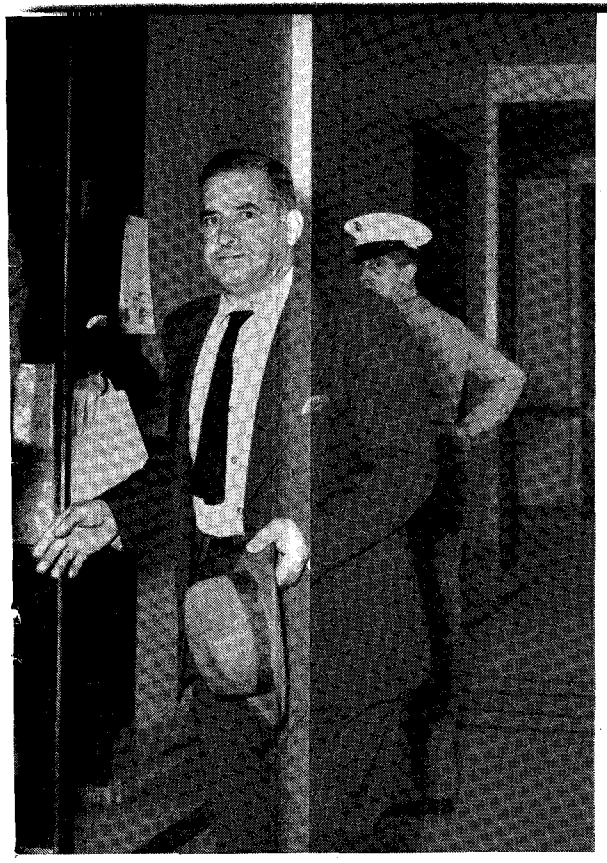
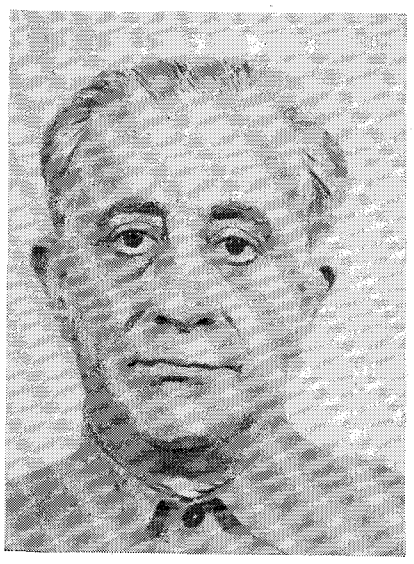
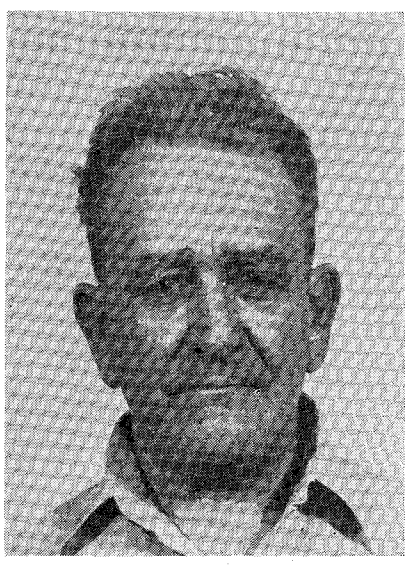


Joseph (the Professor) Fiscina specialized in altering motor and serial numbers on hot cars.



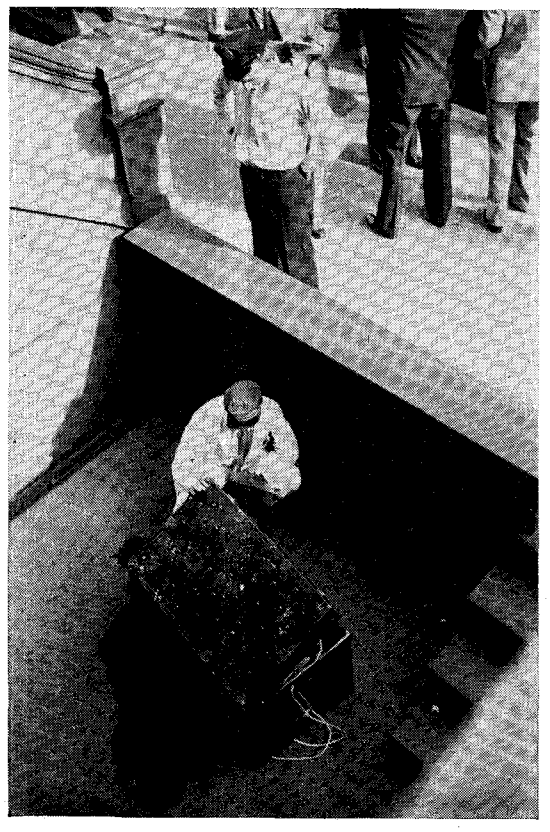
Joseph (the Frog) Riccitelli, paymaster to underlings of the ring.

Big Al Plakstis, the swiftest auto snatcher in the business.



Guinea Buck Murray, Bla-Bla's right-hand man and bodyguard.

Bernard (Bennie the Bum) McMahon put the finger on Bla-Bla in the '30's. Later, Bennie's mutilated corpse was found in a trunk (below).



America has long led the world in the production and ownership of automobiles. As an unfortunate corollary to this, we have spawned the world's slickest car thieves. Slickest of all, by general agreement of the authorities, has been a small man called Gabriel (Bla-Bla the Black Man) Vigorito. For more than thirty years, with time out for prison sentences, he has been the kingpin and mastermind of the most formidable auto-theft ring ever known. It is something of an event in automotive history, then, that the Vigorito gang seems to be smashed at last. Three months ago (May, '56) the sixty-two-year-old Bla-Bla and eighteen of his co-conspirators, rounded up by the FBI, were convicted and sentenced in Federal Court, Brooklyn.

Actually, professional thieves like Bla-Bla do not steal as many cars as the "amateurs." Of the 227,150 cars stolen in 1955, the great majority were taken by speed-crazy teen-agers—many of them boys of fifteen or younger. They swipe unlocked cars for a joy ride, and usually abandon them—if they are lucky enough not to land in jail or in hospital—when the gas runs out. The mastermind—or rather master bird brain—of amateur car theft is the thoughtless citizen who leaves the keys in the ignition, an open invitation to juvenile delinquency.

Auto thievery in the Vigorito style, however, is no game for boys. The men who handle stolen cars for alteration and sale in the market are experienced operators, above the criminal average in ingenuity and organizing ability. They work in gangs, because many skills are required—those of the mechanic, the locksmith, the metalworker, the counterfeiter, the crooked salesman. Also necessary is a knowledge of the used-car business and the laws applying to it. The actual theft of the cars is the simplest part of the operation.

While the professionals take a smaller toll than the "amateurs," numerically, they represent a more (Continued on Page 62)

In New York, Patrolman Donald McWeeney inspects a car to see whether the engine number has been changed. Bla-Bla's men used to alter numbers so neatly that not even a trained expert could readily spot the difference.

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When Sergeant Pulaski returned with Lieutenant Bienstock, they found Coby stretched out on his bed.

Happy Was The Soldier!

By LEO ROSTEN

How can the Army punish a man who considers it a privilege to be in the guardhouse?

Coby was an Alabama lad, six feet five tall; with blue eyes and a smile that spilled over from some inner reservoir of delight. He walked around in his private cloud, always grinning, humming, chuckling, telling himself stories, slapping his thighs in gratitude for his own inexhaustible good company. "Man, oh, man," he would chortle, "that's mighty fine stuff. Yes, suh, yes, suh, that's mighty fine stuff." He was entirely at home with himself—his body, his history, his reveries. He was the happiest man I ever knew. His moods ran an exceptionally narrow gamut, being bounded at the lower end by pleasure and at the upper range by bliss. The only thing he was sensitive about was his height, which he unfailingly gave, in rueful confession, as "five *foot seventeen*."

On the post we always knew when Coby was about to materialize; you could hear, in advance, the humming or whistling or chuckling of his unremittent dialogue with himself. Hear

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it? No. Overhear it. For his contact with any of us—with the universe beyond his own fantasies—was fragmentary, and oddly compassionate. I think he felt sorry for everyone who did not live with him in the remembered past with which he chose to replace the present.

Coby was an exceedingly co-operative soldier, but he was most oddly co-ordinated. His limbs seemed to live a life independent of his torso. When Coby drew himself to attention, he did it in pieces, as it were—as if his brain were obliged to send messages to the outlying provinces of his bodily empire; naturally it took more time for a foot to respond than, say, a hand, since the one was so much farther away from headquarters than the other.

Coby looked strong—very strong—but he did not *feel* strong. And a man who does not feel strong simply is not able to lift certain loads, or move certain objects, or heave, haul, toss or carry things which much weaker men manage to do because they want to be strong. This was an illusion Coby had never seriously entertained. He did not give a damn about physical strength; he wanted harmony, not power. He found himself in a world where men competed—for jobs, for women, for money, for promotions. Coby never competed for anything. He was content with himself, encouraged himself, enjoyed himself and admired himself. "His ego," the post psychiatrist later remarked in a special report to the C.O., "is inaccessible to conventional appeals."

It certainly was. Coby was the only private in the United States Army who never made his bed; his sergeant made his bed for him, each and every morning. I think he is the only private in military history whom neither sergeants nor lieutenants nor captains nor majors nor colonels could prevail upon. They tried—all of them. Lord knows they tried. They tried command and cajolery, threats and bluster and reprisals, but Coby would not make his bed. He would (Continued on Page 77)

The three devoted men moved lazily across the ground they had been assigned to make bereft of trash.

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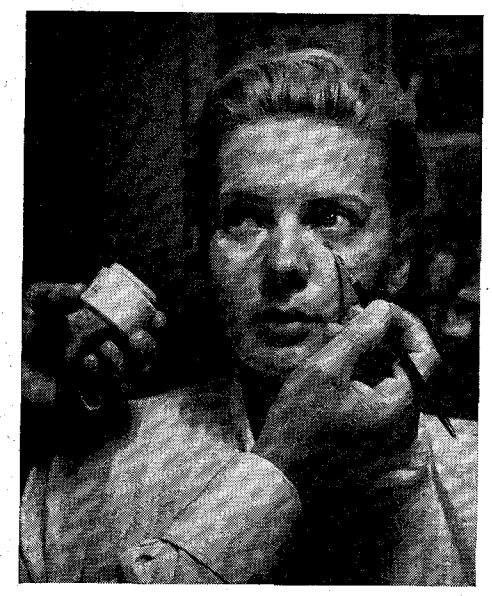


Elaine Aiken gets the Westmore treatment. A white cream erases shadows under the eye.

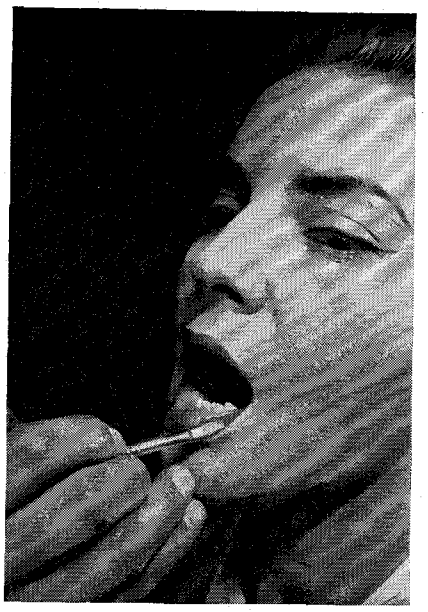
Wally uses powder to hide slight blemishes which the camera would ruthlessly magnify.

Black pencil is applied to outline the base of the upper eyelid. The line is drawn beyond the lid to give the eye a longer look.

I Make Up Hollywood

By WALLY WESTMORE, as told to Pete Martin

The author reveals the tricks he's used on Bob Hope's nose, Grace Kelly's jaw and Jack Benny's polar bear to put them in shape for the cameras.



The make-up man's final step: applying lip rouge to sharpen the lip outline.

Conclusion

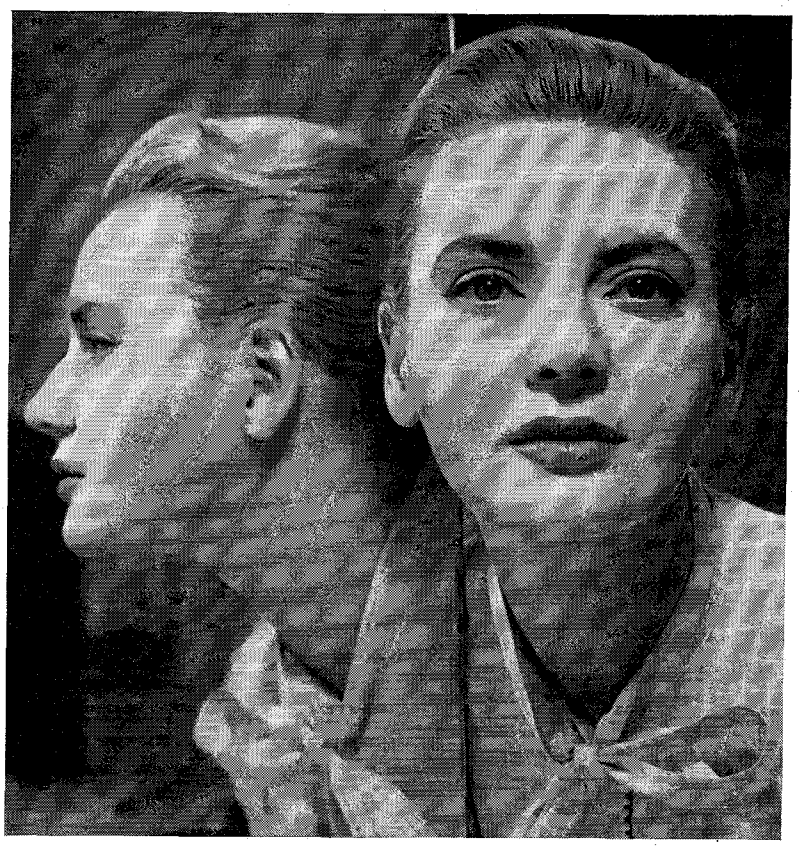
Last Christmas I got a card from the English actor, David Niven, who played Mitzi Gaynor's father in The Birds and the Bees. His card was addressed merely to: The Bag and Sag Department, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California, but I got it. It flew into my office like a homing pigeon with a stamp in its bill.

In my thirty-four years as a make-up artist, I have yet to find a face that doesn't need some correction. Everybody's face has a feature or features that unbalance it. Nevertheless, it can be made presentable by the right application of make-up. Hollywood stars can be wonderfully attractive off the screen—and most of them are—but they would be nowhere nearly so attractive on screen if a professional make-up artist didn't work on them.

Realizing that they are public property, movie stars learn to put their best face forward while they're making personal appearances, dining out or flying from here to there. But looking good on a motion-picture screen is a problem of another color. And quite often that color is grease paint. Movie screens have got to be so huge and the lighting on a set has become so intense—especially for color photography, and these days most pictures are filmed in color—that being set down before a motion-picture camera is like being placed under a microscope. Any little imperfections are magnified hundreds of times.

This really puts it up to Hollywood's flat fixers. They've got to accentuate an actor's or an actress' good features and correct any physical shortcomings. And they must do this so subtly that the star on the screen has a natural, unmade-up look.

A short catalogue of some of the problems one Hollywood make-up artist finds in the (Continued on Page 83)



The completed job. Note that some wrinkles still show. This is done intentionally to avoid giving the face the appearance of being overly made up.

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No one guessed how she felt about him—until her secret was revealed in an extraordinary way.

Portrait of Love

By BURNHAM CARTER

Sensing the loneliness in Bascom, she felt at ease with him.

Seth Cole was helping Bascom Rudd select a mackinaw in his New Hampshire store when he saw his cousin, Prue Bailey, enter. She was about forty—so shy that no one ever had a chance to notice that she was really rather pretty—a graceful, slim figure and a flowerlike face with blue eyes and fine-spun hair. She had a room with her sister and her sister's husband, Walt Jenkins, both of whom worked; and to pay for her board and keep, she did the housework. She had almost no social life, and her only relaxation was painting pictures.

Afraid that someone might look at her, Prue immediately started to examine the stack of clothing nearest the door; and then, apprehending that it consisted of men's long woolen underwear, she blushed and moved hastily to the work shoes and hunting boots, ranked sturdily on a table.

"Looks like you got company," Bascom Rudd said audibly and genially to Seth.

"Got to take care of my big customers first," Seth answered. "She don't buy much."

Prue Bailey knew they were teasing her, and her smile flickered like a loose electric-light bulb. She was acquainted with Bascom Rudd. He was a lean man of about her age, with warm eyes, and a kindly humor about the mouth, but his face in repose now wore a haunted look. He had been a farmer for twenty years, and then his wife died and his only son moved away to Detroit, lured by the high pay and benefits of factory employment. The farm became too lonely for him, so he sold it, and now drove trucks for the state highway department. But his heart yearned for the farm.

"Well, it's agin my nature to keep a lady waitin'," Bascom Rudd declared. "I'll take that green-and-blue one."

"Ought to be becomin' to you," Seth said, with a wink at Prue.

Bascom paid for his purchase, and turned to speak to Prue directly. "It's a nice autumn day," he said.

"Yes, it really is."

"I was noticing that hill opposite your house as I drove by. It's sure full of color."

"Yes, it's a pretty sight," she said, brightening gratefully.

Bascom Rudd departed.

"Well, how are you, Prue?" Seth inquired. He had a broad, shrewd face, lightened occasionally by a twinkling eye.

"I'm fine, Seth," she replied. Her eyes glanced at him and away, and her hands moved nervously from the hunting boots to the belt of her dress.

"Goin' to try a pair of hunting boots?"

"No—oh, no." She gave a little embarrassed laugh. "I wasn't going to buy any of those." She made an essay at humor, "My goodness, I guess people would think I was hunting for a husband, wouldn't they?"

Seth chuckled. "Don't know as husbands is worth doin' much huntin' for—not many of 'em, anyway."

There was a pause.

Apparently, Prue wasn't yet ready to come to her point, so Seth continued, "Been having some trouble gettin' my winter stock. Some things is scarce this year."

"Yes, I suppose so." (Continued on Page 52)

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Shoppers can shed their cares and rest their feet amidst the greenery outside the Kroger supermarket in Northland, a spectacular new shopping center at Detroit.

They're Putting Glamour in the Groceries

By HAROLD MEHLING

Soft lights, sweet music, gentle colors: Supermarkets are adding some fancy trimmings to put you in a buying mood when you go shopping.

Designers Lippincott and Margulies plan the layout of a new market.

Intimate décor tempers the impersonal efficiency of a cavernous Penn Fruit store near Philadelphia.

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Early last year, in a town in the suburbs of New York City, a lady named Harriet returned from her Saturday-morning shopping with an armload of groceries, and addressed her husband crossly. "Walter," she said, "from now on, you go to the supermarket. No more for me!"

Walter Margulies, an industrial designer who spends much of his working time investigating consumers' complaints, asked his wife to list hers.

"My mouth used to water when I went shopping," she said. "I'd look at the food, walk around it, enjoy it a little. I could almost smell a pie in the oven. Nowadays I'm in a factory. I march up one aisle and down the next. All I see are long rows of metal racks or shelves stacked so high I can't reach the top. The whole thing is too mechanized. Click-click, like an assembly line."

Some markets serve midmorning coffee, courtesy of the house, to make customers feel "glowing and neighborly."

Margulies held out for more facts, as he does when criticisms of products reach his design offices.

"Supermarkets have become efficient, my dear," he said. "Are you against efficiency?"

"No," Harriet fumed. "I'm all for it, but I don't want efficiency to ruin my shopping. Don't you men know food is romantic?"

That afternoon Margulies phoned his partner, Gordon Lippincott, and repeated Harriet's complaints. Lippincott interviewed his own wife, Edith, and on Monday morning the pair decided to investigate.

After inspecting supermarkets and questioning scores of merchants across the country, the designers concluded that most stores needed a face lifting. In their phenomenal spurt into a twenty-billion-dollars-a-year industry, they had grown steadily bigger, more mechanized and colder. They were well ordered to the point of monotony. Everything had been considered, it seemed, except the emotions of the cart-trundling woman.

Shortly afterward, Margulies and Lippincott sat in the Philadelphia offices of a supermarket firm that had given considerable thought of its own to this problem.

Vice-President James Cooke, of the forty-store Penn Fruit chain, said, "People spend twenty or thirty dollars in department stores and do it in pleasant surroundings. They spend at least that much with us, and we certainly would like to find more ways of making them feel relaxed and cheerful."

But then Cooke ran up a warning flag. "We'll work with you to create more friendliness and charm,"

(Continued on Page 56)

Los Angeles: The stores—and what women wear to them—have changed since Grandma went a-marketing.

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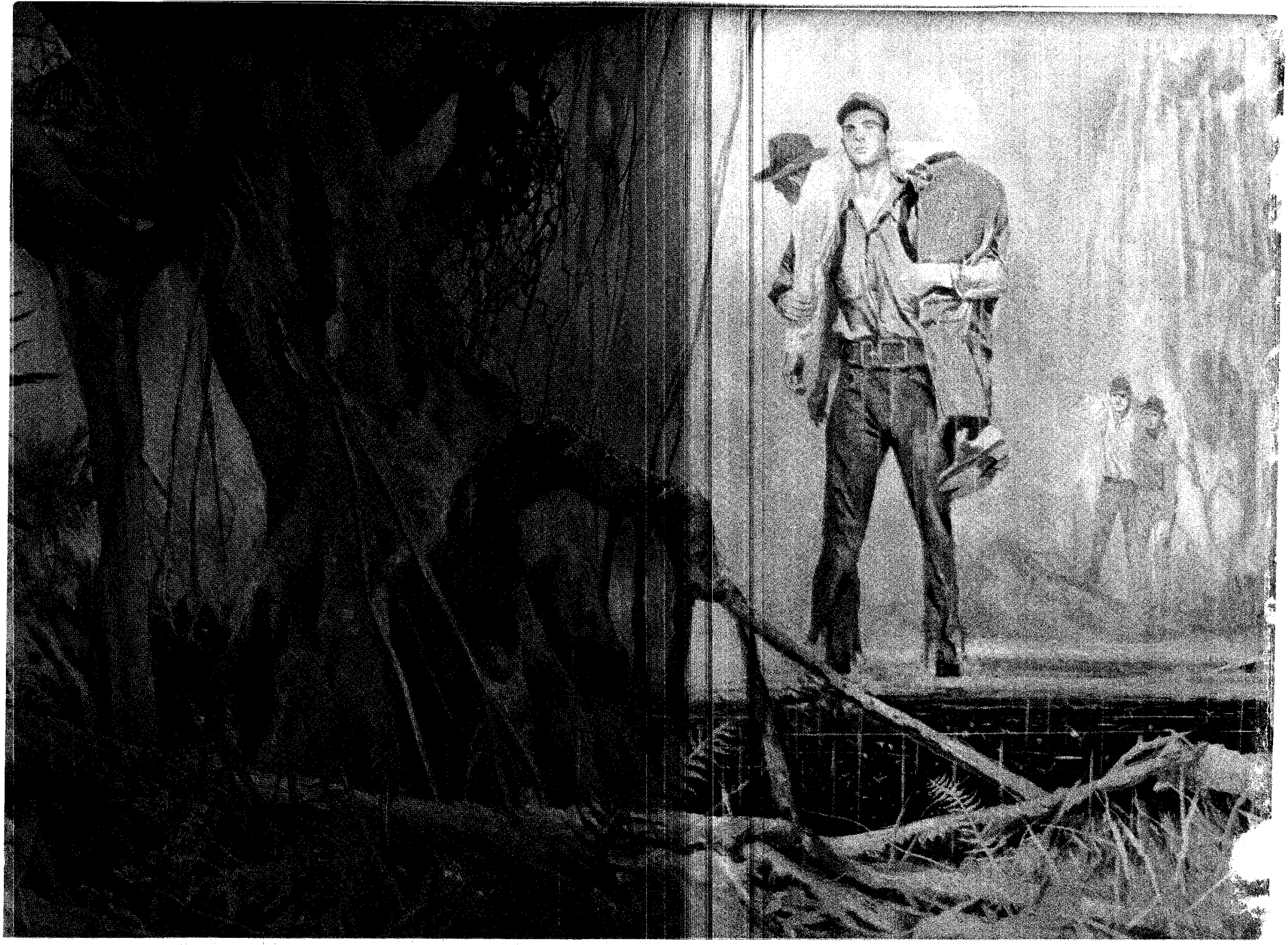

Yucca headed out of the pool with Mason slung over his shoulders. Uncle John and Mr. Matthews were behind him.

POOL OF LOST MEN

They were trapped in a weird land of cottonmouths and alligators, with quicksands lying in wait.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

Troubles, Yucca Owen thought, seemed to arrive like bananas. Right now, the stem was overbearing. So Yucca sat and meditated at what he liked to call his "thinking ground." He didn't worry—merely thought. Because worrying, his pop had told him, was as bad as being afraid.

He sat on soft pine needles that had drifted beneath a handsome, glossy-leafed camphor tree. That was another thing his pop had taught him. Camphor trees are one of nature's best insect repellents. He felt a dryness in his nose and he knew this meant a hot day.

Through the clearing to the west he could see his three-room pine-and-cypress cabin. Northward lay a brown, sinister sea of saw grass, curling in the breeze like lazy waves. The saw grass carpeted a land of fiddler crabs, spindle-legged white herons, gators, gulls and possums, and paved the way to Big Cypress, the largest jungle-swampland in North Florida.

Yucca's eyes roamed toward Pablo Creek. It looked the same as usual, flowing between hammocks of jack pine and yucca and cabbage palms. The fast outgoing tide made a pleasing susurrus. All very peaceful, Yucca thought. Yet this was where his banana bunch of troubles had sprouted yesterday.

Yucca had been rounding Lamento Bend in his pop's old shrimp trawler, the Hush Puppy. It was a small boat, as modern trawlers go, but it had a good engine. Yucca was going full speed when he saw the helicopter land on the west bank of Pablo Creek. Two men climbed out.

The taller of the two men motioned to Yucca. Between cupped hands he yelled, "Bring her over here!"

Yucca pretended he didn't see them, but he was never much good at pretending. So, when

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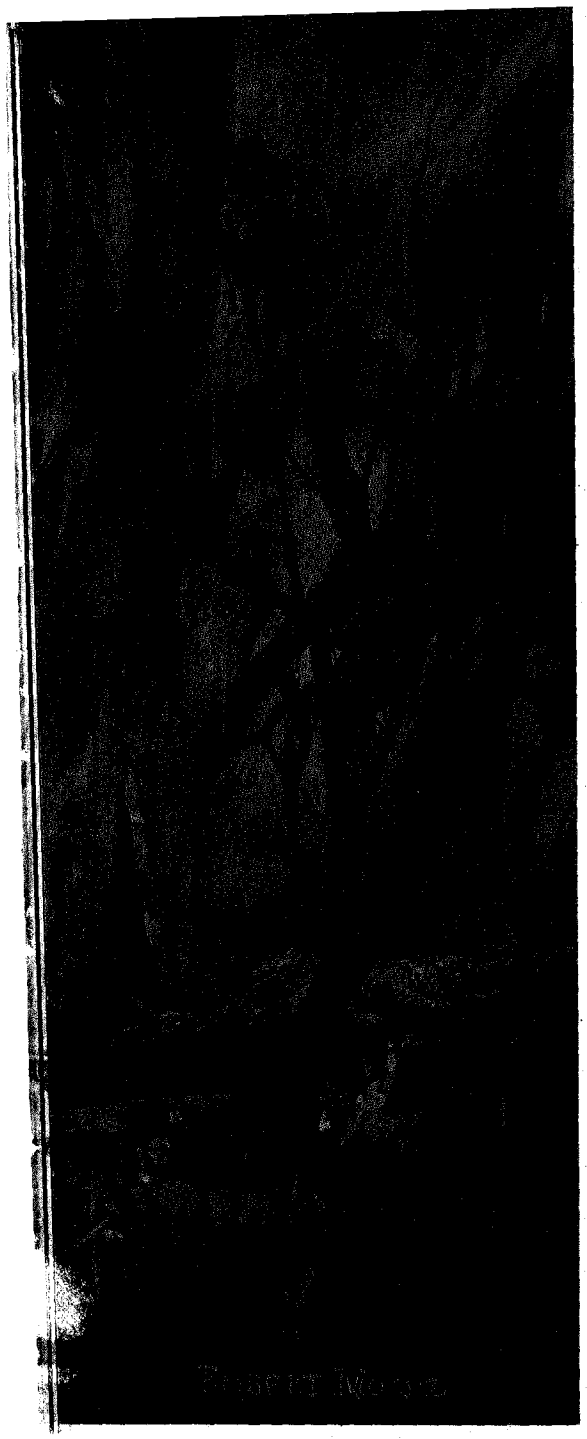

he saw the second man, who looked like an overgrown possum, raise a shotgun, Yucca cut his motor. The Hush Puppy drifted over to the bank. Her keel scraped against sand and oyster shells.

"What you doing with all those cabbage palms aboard?" the tall man asked Yucca. Yucca knew him. His name was Matthews and he worked for the State Beverage Board.

"They're yucca palms, not cabbage," said Yucca.

The possumish man who held the shotgun spoke up, and his voice cut like a razor, "Answer his question. Or do you want some lead in your tail?"

Yucca thought he recognized him. He looked like a Mr. Mason, who lived down St. Augustine way. He was so mean he used the lash on kids who trespassed on his property, and a shotgun on the birds and squirrels that used his trees.

"I sell the palms up to the Atlantic Nursery," Yucca said. He didn't feel scared; just madder than a bass on a hook.

"Start unloading," Mason said, raising the gun a trifle.

Mr. Matthews pushed the gun barrel toward the ground and said, "Take it easy, Fred."

Yucca had tossed about thirty of the yucca palms onto the bank of the creek when the two men saw the shining gallon cans.

"All right," said Mr. Matthews. "Take your boat up the Waterway to Jansen's Dock. You're under arrest. We'll be covering you."

At Jansen's Dock, they hauled twenty gallon cans of 'shine out of his boat and transferred them to a Coast Guard cutter. Mr. Matthews took Yucca aside.

"You're young Owen, aren't you?" he said, looking up, because Yucca was six-feet-five-inches tall and built like a loblolly pine.

"That's right," Yucca said.

"I knew your pop," Mr. Matthews said, lighting a pipe. "He was an honest man. A good shrimper too. I'm sorry about this, Yucca. Is it your 'shine?"

"No," said Yucca honestly. He brushed away some gnats from his face and wished this business was over.

"Tell you what," Mr. Matthews said, and paused. "I think Fred Mason, who's assistant director of the beverage department, will go along with this. You tell us who made the 'shine and show us where the still is, and I believe we can drop charges." He frowned. "Illegal transportation is a mighty serious charge, too, you know."

Yucca thought about this for a moment, and wondered what his pop would do in a fix like this. It came to him, sort of suddenly, what his pop had said three years ago when Yucca became eighteen years old. His pop had said, "You're pretty much of a man now. From here on, you get yourself in deep trouble, just you do what you think is right by your fellow man. That's most important."

Fred Mason came up and joined Mr. Matthews while Yucca was considering, and finally Mason said, "Yeah, we'll give you a break, kid." But he said it sullenly, and he added, "You take us to the still and we'll let you off with a fine."

Yucca shook his head. "I can't do that."

"Now look here, son," Mr. Matthews said. "We can make things tough for you if you don't co-operate. Illegal possession and transportation of untaxed liquor. Possibly manufacture. We can't prove that you made it, but you can't prove that you didn't, unless you co-operate with us."

Yucca just shook his head.

"Come on," Fred Mason said, grabbing Yucca's shoulder. "You're heading for ninety days on the prison farm, maybe more."

Yucca spent the night in jail at Jacksonville. In the morning, Judge Yerkes held him under three hundred dollars' bail for a further hearing in two weeks. Yucca told Mr. Matthews that if he had a way of getting home to Diego Plains, he might be able to raise the bond money. So Mr. Matthews drove him back to his cabin.

On the bookshelf, hidden between the covers of a book entitled Florida's Shrimp Industry, Yucca dug up a little over a hundred dollars. The book was one Cheryl Chancey had lent him. Someday he'd finish it. The money represented a month's savings, after expenses, from the sale of shrimp, red snapper, trout, red bass, coon pelts, coquina shells and cypress knees. It was all he could raise of his own.

Yucca and Mr. Matthews made several calls, and finally Jim Chancey, who ran the general store at Diego Plains, lent him the two hundred dollars he lacked.

"You sign over your boat to me as security and I'll get you out of trouble this time," Mr. Chancey had said. "But, listen, boy. I catch you seein' Cheryl again, I'll lower the boom." Cheryl was Mr. Chancey's daughter.

Yucca had signed some papers which transferred ownership of his beloved Hush Puppy to Mr. Chancey unless the two hundred dollars was repaid in three months. Mr. Matthews took the money to hand in as bail.

"You've got time to think it over before I serve the summons, Yucca," Mr. Matthews said. "If you take my advice, you'll tell us where that still is. Judge Yerkes has been throwing the book at moonshiners lately. He might send you up for a couple of years."

Yucca looked Mr. Matthews squarely in the eyes and said, "I'm sure much obliged to you—ridin' me around. I'm fixin' to return the favor someday."

Yucca waited half an hour at Chancey's Dock to make sure Mr. Matthews had gone back to Jacksonville. Then he thumbed a ride on a Navy tug which was hauling a barge up Mayport way. The tug passed his cabin. There was a battered sign, painted on a slab of pecky cypress, hanging from the end of his little dock:

S. Owen
Fish Bate
Watermellons in Season

The sign had been painted by his pop, Sebastian. That had been a couple of years ago, just before Sebastian had left in a chartered boat for the Campeche beds, off the Yucatan Peninsula, to drag shrimp. The season's last hurricane reached Campeche about the same time as Captain Owen and his two-man crew. No trace of trawler or men had ever been found. Yucca didn't remember his mother. She had died of swamp fever when he was five. His pop had raised him.

They reached a sharp bend in the creek, and Yucca said to (Continued on Page 49)

Cheryl Chancey was wild, in the sense that a fawn is wild.

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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A 54-float parade opened Oberlin's 1956 convention. The pro-Johnson Nevada float featured "dance-hall girl" Jean Miller.

Delegates demonstrate realistically as the name of Michigan's Gov. G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams is placed in nomination.

PREVIEW OF NEXT WEEK'S CONVENTION

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

The Democratic presidential nominee for '56 already has been named—by the students of Oberlin College, at the biggest, oldest and loudest mock convention in the country.

Congressman James Roosevelt (above) was one of the Democrats who spoke to the students' convention. Others were Sen. Richard Neuberger and Gov. Robert Meyner.

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The winner's supporters on the march. At Oberlin, national issues don't always dictate the nomination. Who is going steady with whom frequently has a lot to do with it.

Three springtimes out of every four the students of Oberlin College greet the burgeoning year with a decorum that is almost stuffy. Lovers stroll hand in hand over the new-sprung grass, as they trudged glove in glove through the winter snows, but no howling panty raiders riot round the women's dormitories by night, and no spring-dazed sophomore swallows a live goldfish. At scholarly, sober-sided Oberlin, where by tradition the emotions are subordinated to the intellect, such activities would be looked upon as moronic.

Once every four years, though, when warm spring winds are blowing across the flat plains of Northern Ohio, and the forsythias are in bloom, and the old elms on the campus are bursting into leaf, Oberlin, in her own peculiar way, cuts loose. In a joyous whing-ding that lasts two days, 2000 students march in parades with bands and banners, shout until their larynges are paralyzed, and from Friday noon to dawn on Sunday rend the springtime air with some of the most fervid oratory heard since William Jennings Bryan's day.

The revel takes the form of a mock political convention, at which a platform is hammered out in an atmosphere of acrimony, and candidates for President and Vice-President are named amid scenes of mass hysteria. In mood and spirit, therefore, the political coon shout conforms very closely to the tribal powwows put on every four years by the Democrats and the Republicans. Thus, as a realistic facsimile of a genuine convention, it has the blessing of President William E. Stevenson and the college administrators. They view it as an educational activity, designed to stimulate the undergraduates' interest in politics and to instruct them in the inner workings of the democratic process. There are curmudgeons on the faculty, however, who view the fanfare and the pageantry as merely an ancient spring rite dressed up in political clothing. It is, they growl, a pagan overflowing of winter-pent emotions—a vast hoax the students have been perpetrating on the professors for ninety-six years, in order to obtain for themselves two happy days and nights of freedom from the intellectual grind.

Whatever may be their deeper motives, one thing is clear to the visitor from afar: The potential preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors and tycoons who make up the Oberlin student body pour into their mock convention the same fervent enthusiasm which is manifested on other campuses only on big weekends when ancient football rivals meet. At Oberlin, where mind is honored over muscle, and a Phi Beta Kappa key is more to be treasured than a varsity letter, a touchdown run against Case or Denison may (Continued on Page 66)

PHOTOGRAPHS by BILL SHROUT

Judy Bavis parades one of the Abyssinian asses that were used in the absence of a certified Democratic donkey.

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Post Scripts

Tales Mein Grossfader Told: Jack und der Beanstalkers

Jack und der mamma ben poorisch folkers mitout ein pfennig, und der mamma ist keepen ein droopisch cow. Ist das cow ben outgaben der milch? Nein! Das cow ist ein swaybacker mit outpoken ribbers. Finaller, der mamma ist senden Jack insiden der town mit sellen das schtunken cow und offkeepen der hungers.

Jack ben ein stupischer, und sooner mit reachen der town ist traden das cow und getten ein stewpotten upfullen mit beans. Ach, der beans ben dry und shrivelisch!

Der mamma ist oberfumen und schnorten mit angers und tossen der beans outsiden der window! Mit nightfallen, ein gentlisch rain ist gecomen, und in der mornen, der warmisch sun ist outgleamen. Ein week ben passen, und der beans ben sprouten. Ach du lieber! Der growen ist outlandisch, und finaller der stalkers ist reachen der cloudenfluffers! In der meantimers, Jack und der mamma ben starven.

DAVE MORRAH

Midnight Lament

When I lay me down to sleep
It's tough to count my millionth sheep
While thoughts keep teeming, cares keep
churning
To my ceaseless toss-and-turning,
Specially when my mate lies prone,
Inert, oblivious, a stone,
Though worlds collide and heavens crack,
The minute that he hits the sack.

ETHEL JACOBSON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And we think we got troubles."

Conversations I Know Take Place Next Door

"Pssst! Eddie! Eddie! Come here a minute! Hurry!"

"What is it, mommy?"

"That man—the one who lives next door—is out in the hammock asleep. Quick. Where's your saxophone?"

"Right here in the case, mommy. What do you want me to do?"

"Well, play that song—you know, the one you don't know very well—Twelfth Street Rag—good and loud. Here, I'll open the window. Ready? One and—two and ——"

"What time do you expect the Kennicotts to be here?"

"I told them to come about seven o'clock. And I remembered to tell them to be sure to park their car right smack in front of the driveway next door."

"Good! I heard the guy telling his wife that he had an important appointment early this evening and that he would have to be leaving the house about seven-fifteen. It ought to work out just about right."

"Really gets himself into a dither, doesn't he?"

"It's a riot! I mean, the way he waves his arms and rants and raves to his wife that people ought to be horsewhipped."

"And I always get a big boot out of watching him tear frantically around the neighborhood trying to find out whose car it is."

"If you think that's amusing, have you ever noticed the look he gets on his face when he rips into that business about that he's going to have the cops tow the ——"

"Now, look, you guys; the only way we can carry this thing off right is to be absolutely certain of our timing."

"You're right."

"The man next door never misses this TV show called the Giant Payoff Question, so here's what we'll do: I'll stand here, where I can see the TV and where all of you can see my signal."

"Right!"

"Now, then, just as the emcee asks the contestant the payoff question, I'll do like this with my hand. That's the signal for you, Hector, to start to cut the board with the power saw, and for you, Jason, to start to hit the clothesline pole with the baseball bat just as hard as you possibly can, and for you, George, to ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

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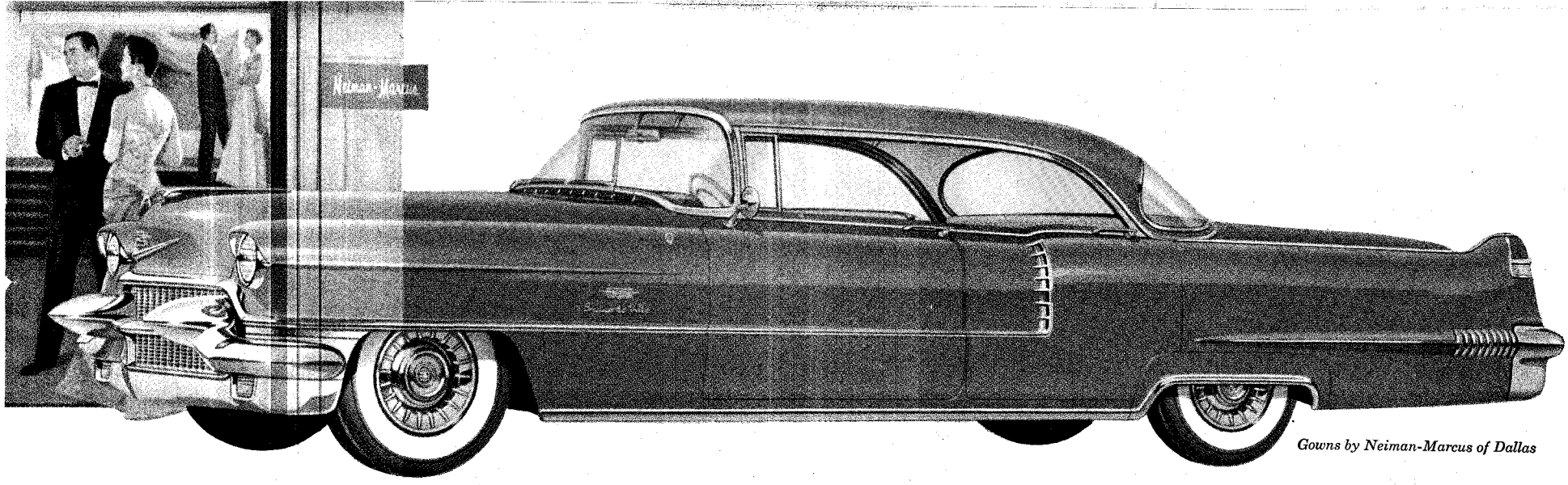
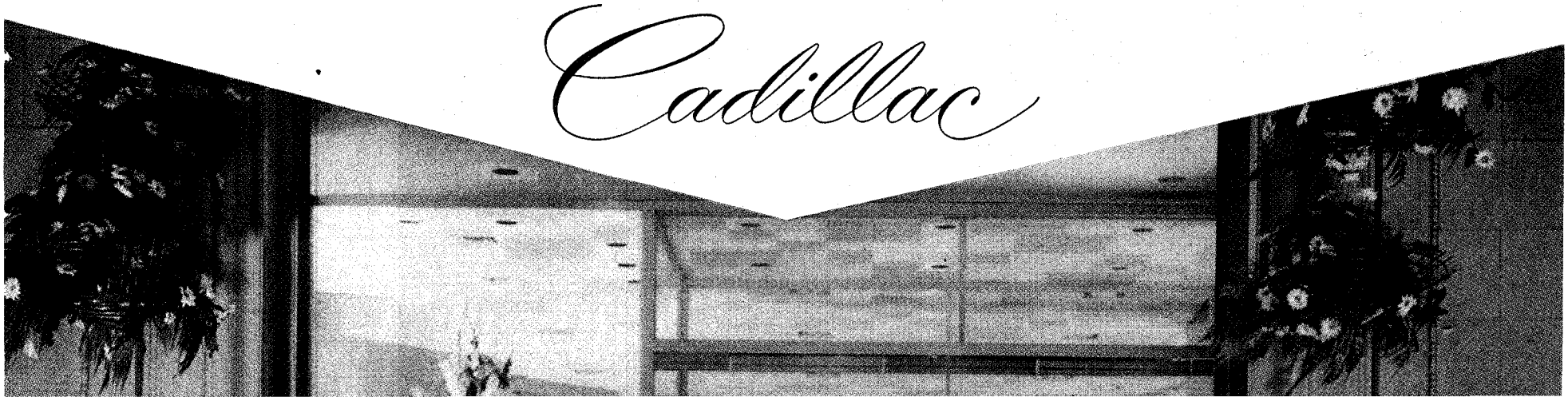


Gowns by Neiman-Marcus of Dallas

When the average motorist sees a new Cadillac car on the highway, he almost instinctively steals a glance at the gentleman in the driver's seat. One reason for this, of course, is that Cadillac counts among its owners so many fine and wonderful people whom he might know or recognize. This, to be sure, does not mean that it is necessary to be *prominent* in order to own and drive the "car of cars". In fact, you need only be *practical*. For Cadillac's remarkably low cost—its exceptional economy of operation—and its extraordinary resale value—make it one of the soundest of all motor car purchases. We suggest, therefore, that you visit your dealer and learn why this is such a marvelous time to make the move both for economy *and* delivery. Why not make it today?
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac



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CIGARETTE LIGHTER BY CARTIER—TENNIS ACCESSORIES BY SPALDING

"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

If you smoke a lot...CHANGE TO KENT...CHANGE TO KENT

If smoking's another one of your favorite sports, it's probably time you changed to Kent.

It's the cigarette designed for people who smoke a lot. You see, Kent's Micronite Filter gives you high filtration to help you keep your smoking moderate. And the Micronite Filter means smoother flavor, too, more enjoyable taste from Kent's custom-blended tobacco.

So if you smoke a lot, change to Kent to help you keep your smoking moderate.

KENT The only cigarette with the Micronite Filter

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The plane came at them out of the sun, like a bird of prey, and they had no place to hide. . .

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

By CHRISTOPHER LANDON

"GMX . . . GMX . . . GMX . . ." Zimmerman's radio made a faint clicking as the call sign went out into the darkness. This was the most dangerous part of his mission—the nightly testing of his radio set.

Zimmerman was a German agent, posing as a South African officer. He had thumbed a ride in an ambulance with a stranded British party escaping across German-held territory between besieged Tobruk and Alexandria. Capt. George Anson was in command, and the driver was Sgt. Maj. Tom Pugh. A nursing sister, Diana Murdoch, was the third passenger.

Anson's weakness for liquor was exploited by Zimmerman. When Tom Pugh saw what was happening, he smashed the pack containing Zimmerman's liquor supply. Zimmerman carried another pack, which never left his sight. Tom and Anson suspected it contained a radio, but they had no real evidence.

Twice Zimmerman won the party's release from German Panzer units. He said the Germans had believed his story that the ambulance contained medical personnel only.

The party just had crossed into Egypt when the ambulance broke a spring. The three men jacked up one side of the vehicle and set it on a pile of stones. But the stones gave way, and the whole weight of the ambulance came down on Zimmerman. Miraculously, Zimmerman supported the weight until the jack could be put back into place, thus protecting the axle casing.

For those unbearable seconds, Zimmerman forgot the war and his mission. Had his strength given way, the party would have faced a common enemy: the desert.

IV

It took them another hour to complete the job. They worked carefully, double-checking each move, but there was a furious urgency behind it all. Time and time again, Anson would stop and get the glasses, looking to the north and west, trying to pierce the dancing curtain of the mirage. Diana knew that all the time both of them were listening. There was no thought of eating, though she did persuade Tom to light a fire and she then made some tea. When she took a mug round to Zimmerman he was asleep.

"He looks better," she reported to Anson. "Breathing easier, and a much better color. I don't think there's any serious damage." She hesitated for a moment. "I want to talk to you about him, though."

He turned from tightening a shackle. "And so does Mr. Pugh, he tells me—I imagine on the same subject. I think it will keep. Listen." He held up his hand and the sound she had almost forgotten came back suddenly. The plop . . . plop . . . plop of water into the tin under the radiator. It was much faster. "That—and other things"—his eyes flicked round to the north for a (Continued on Page 79)

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Prize Wife (Continued from Page 24)

committee looked at him in alarm. He got a grip on himself and said, "Helen, this horse. Collect yourself. You say you have a horse. Exactly, now, Helen, where is this horse?"

"In the garage, silly. I've ordered a quart of oats and a pound of hay. I've telephoned a carpenter to make over the garage into two horse dormitories. He thinks I mean stalls. Isn't it lucky we live right on the edge of the park, where everyone rides? At last, you're going to get somewhere in business."

"Get somewhere in business," Bob whispered.

"You're hissing again. Yes, in business. You know very well that your top brass, Travers, rides all the time, and when he sees that you're a horse fancier, too, pfut! And high time too. Why, for eight years you've carried that whole organization on your shoulders, and who gets the big money and the praise? Your boss, Mason. And why? Because he rides with Travers."

Bob had a fascinating vision of himself carrying the gigantic Allied Agricultural Implement Corporation on his shoulders. But he knew what Helen meant. His early climb had been rapid, but he'd remained on his present plateau for years. The gap between Bob's salary and Mason's was enormous, yet they seemed to be doing substantially the same work and wrestled with the same problems. Mason, of course, had the responsibility for the Sales Research Department. He accepted the responsibility adequately enough, except when something went wrong; then, he was deft at side-stepping the onus.

"Helen," Bob said, "I can't talk any more now. I'm leaving for Kansas City. Please taxi to the airport with some clothes, and meet me in an hour. You can drive the car home."

"But you won't see Stephen!"

"And who is Stephen?"

"The horse, silly."

"Talk to you at the airport. We'll have dinner there. 'By."

As Bob hung up, Mason asked, "Trouble?"

"Nothing that a couple of drinks wouldn't fix."

A tall girl willowed in and gave Bob airplane tickets. Mason said, "You'll need only a day at Kansas City. You'll find out that what I've been telling Travers all along is the whole story. The drop-off in binder-twine sales doesn't mean a thing. Our farm-implement sales haven't declined more than the national average, and as soon as the steel shortage is relieved, we'll rebound."

"Why," asked a committee member named Jones, "does an executive vice-president like Travers worry about binder-twine sales? Twine amounts to a hundredth of one per cent of a drop in our bucket. If it were tractors or combines ——" He took a slide rule from his pocket, manipulated it, peered at it closely and said, "Yep, a hundredth of one per cent of one drop."

"Travers knows that," Mason answered, "but you all know Travers when he gets a hunch." The men didn't know. Mason never let them get near Travers. True, a month before, when Mason had been ill, Bob Greer had been in daily contact with Travers—short, crisp visits, in which he supplied information called for, with no relaxed opportunity to get acquainted with the man. "I'd go to Kansas City myself on this thing," Mason went on, "but I've done it twice before, and anyway, I'm riding with Travers tomorrow." The four committee men looked envious.

"Policy stuff," Mason explained with parched loftiness.

Mason turned to Bob. "Let Tredway at Kansas City show you his records. You'll find his implement sales holding up, with a reasonable backlog. Twine sales off, yes. But what the hell? Twine, for heaven's sake! Of course, your report, which I'll rewrite for Travers, should touch on the high morale at the Kansas City branch. Get Tredway to give you plenty of dope on the national agricultural picture and the farmers' attitudes on price supports, land banks and all that broad-gauge stuff. Tredway can reel it off by the mile, and Travers eats it up." He paused, watching Bob. "Funny," he said, "why Travers picked you to go. You must have made plenty of time with him while I was out sick."

"None whatever," Bob said. "Why don't we simply have Tredway send the whole thing to us here at Youngstown and save time?"

"Because"—Mason's eyelids carefully damped off a dirty look at Bob—"Travers told me to send you out there to find out, once and for all, what's been hitting our twine sales. That's why. A lousy two per cent! He knows that Eastern Cordage is selling more binder twine than ever. Well, let 'em. Their whole business is rope and twine, while to us it's a hundredth of one per cent of a drop in the bucket."

"Yes," Bob said.

"Get right back. I want to work over your report."

"Yes," Bob answered.

Bob muttered his way back to his office, "Another strait-jacket report. I could write it without leaving this room. Just take one of Mason's earlier reports, change the words around, and it's done. But just because you have to 'yes' Mason to keep your job, don't get thinking he's a dope. You can't earn forty thousand a year and be a dope. But then, when a man of Travers' breadth and culture starts messing around with twine, there's meaning in it somewhere."

Bob drove to the airport. He saw Helen's slender figure standing by his luggage near the reservation desk, and got the usual catch in his breath. Helen was a doll. She'd had a brilliant college career, but was too healthy and good-natured to exude any part of it.

Bob kissed her and said, "We have over an hour to eat dinner."

"Yes. I got here in thirty-one minutes as the crow flies. You're not really angry about the horse," she said.

"No."

Her eyes took on more shine. "I know you're going to love him. And the other horse, when we get it, I think we'll name Arthur, so we'll have two horses like my two brothers, Stephen and Arthur. I'd thought you would be madder than the hinges of hell."

"You mean hotter."

"Madder. Stephen was upset after his ride from the fairgrounds in that horse-mobile gadget, so I gave him some candy to settle his stomach. I've talked to the little man at the riding academy and he'll get us a set of those straps you steer by, and the headpieces, and some saddles. I'll pay it out of my allowance, although it means sailing with my nose close to the wind for a while. You'll have to pay for Arthur."

"Any idea how much Arthur will cost?"

"Not yet." They took a table in the restaurant. "I'll have to ask the little man. He has a few people with horses who've moved away and they want him to put in a good word for them, in a case like ours. He's going to give me riding lessons, so by the time you get back —— How long will you be gone?"

"Less than two days," Bob said. "Mason wants my report by Thursday so he can fix it up for Travers by Monday."

"Fix it up? I like that!" She frowned.

But her demeanor changed as her eyes danced over the menu. She settled on a mutton chop, "simply because you so seldom see an English muffin chop these days, if any, and a baked potato. . . . Bob, I've just had a perfectly natural idea."

"Let's have it, honey," Bob said.

"While you're gone, I'll rehearse with Stephen, which is very one-sided as far as you're concerned. But you'll be in Kansas, which must be crawling with horses, so why don't you ride some out there, and when you come back you'll be horse-broke and ——"

"I'd guess," Bob said, "there are more horses here in Youngstown than in the entire state of Kansas. I'm in the non-horse business, don't forget, and we've pretty well reduced the horse to a family friend. But don't worry. I used to ride some, and I'll horse-break quickly."

"Good, Bob. I feel that a friendly horse is like a good book." She didn't explain why. "You can't trust that Stephen with hay, so I've had to order more from the little man. I just know your whole future is wrapped up in Arthur, because I see Mr. Travers riding out the window, and when he sees that you're getting horse-conscious, he ——"

"We'll keep as far away from Travers as we can. . . . Here comes your mutton chop. . . . Promise me, Helen, that you won't encounter Travers while I'm gone."

"Well, I'll promise, unless I run into him come willy-nilly. And even then"—she expanded on this because of Bob's look of concern—"he wouldn't know who I am, or your wife, or anything. But I don't see," she added, "how you expect to get anywhere in Allied if you persist in sowing seeds of oblivion the way you do."

Bob struggled with "seeds of oblivion" briefly and gave it up. "Helen, one more promise. Make good friends with that little man at the stables. Have him ride with you until you know Stephen thoroughly. There's an enormous lot to learning how to ride a particular horse. I'll telephone you from Kansas to find out if you have any mishap. Promise?"

"You're a hypochondriac, Bob, and can't leave being well enough alone. May I buy a riding habit?"

"You'll have to."

"That will get us out of the doldrums, with my shape and all. Tell me what you're going to do in Kansas."

Bob told her about the binder twine. She listened, her eyes probing his features. Bob concluded, "I don't quite get it. We don't seem worried about implement sales being down a little, but we get all beefed up about string. I—don't get it."

"Bob, of course, you get it. It's a perfectly natural idea."

"Uh," Bob's unction was a conditioned reflex.

"It's like this: Mr. Travers, you tell me, looks years ahead, like the tail wagging the dog."

"I bite," Bob said; "why is looking years ahead like ——"

"Because farmers don't like Allied because of something you've done to them, so they're shopping someplace else for their twine, and next it'll be thrashing machines. Mr. Travers sees all that out of the corner of his mind, or anyway he has a hunch that the twine is wagging the thrashing machine."

"Threshing machine," Bob corrected. "I wonder if I dare trust the notion that your mind runs in the same path as Travers'."

"You don't have to trust it. You can find out in Kansas. Get out in the back country and see the farmers."

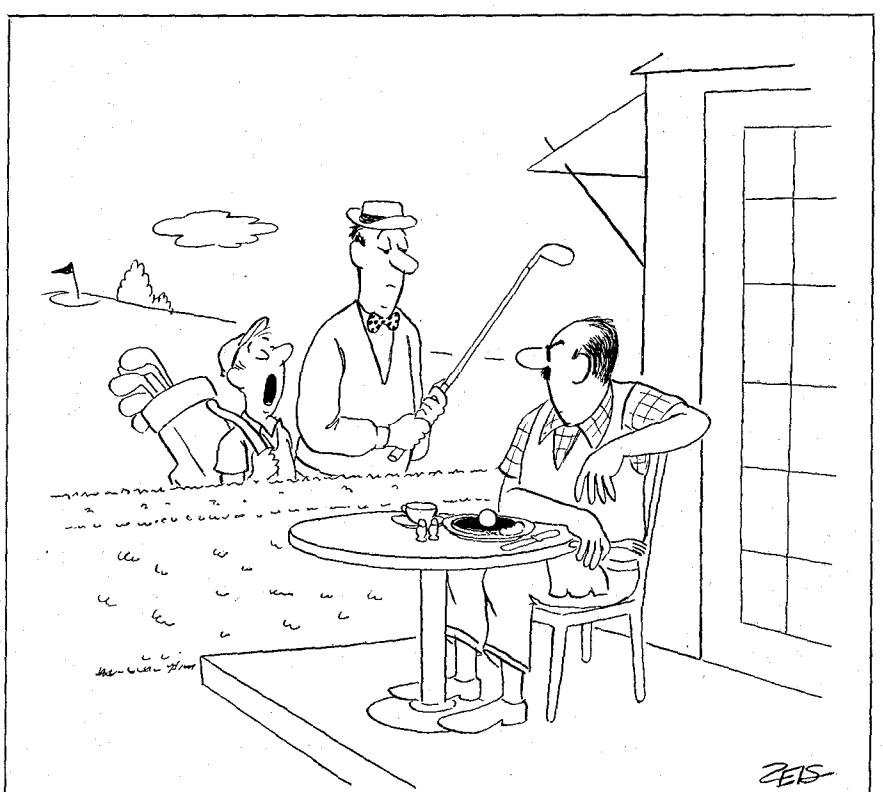
"Who, me? This is early spring, and Kansas is all over mud."

"So's your old man's name," Helen said. "Mason should have seen through this, if he didn't believe statistics grew on every hickory limb."

"Mason's a good man."

"Oh, I can believe he has room in his mind where some big ideas might fit if they were stuffed in by forced draft, but not from all I've heard about him. It's near plane time, so we'd better finish."

Tredway, sales manager at the Kansas City branch, was a large pink man. His manner combined the huge confidence of a successful sales manager with a thinly veiled we-make-it-you-spend-it attitude toward the Youngstown headquarters. He needed only a half day to give Bob the facts on binder twine, plus an almost complete set of clichés on the national agricultural (*Continued on Page 46*)



"I doubt if you'll be able to play it from there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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. . . your next channel is there, picture and sound perfectly tuned!

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Motorola's new, small, pocket-size remote control, the "Transi-tuner," is wireless, nothing to string across the room or under the rug, and is the first all-transistor tuner ever developed for TV. No tubes to replace. With it, you can sit comfortably in your chair and change channels across the room—instantly, silently, perfectly.

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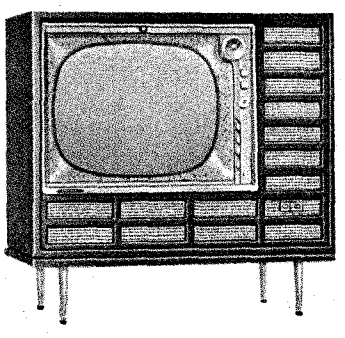

Long, low contemporary console is all-automatic. Push-button On-Off Switch, pushbutton "Station Selector," "Channel Spotlite," Aluminized Picture Tube, 21″ over-all diagonal, *263 sq. in. viewable area.* Champagne Mahogany or Walnut finish. Model A21K61.

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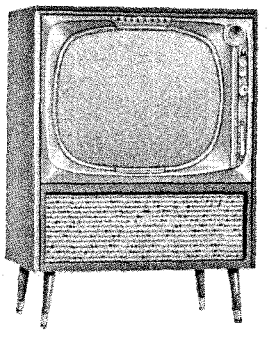
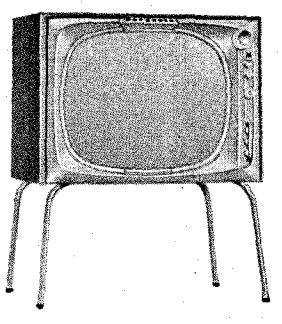


All-new modern console, all-automatic. Aluminized Picture Tube, 21″ over-all diagonal, *263 sq. in. viewable area.* Mahogany or Blond grain finish. *Left,* Model A21K54.

Distinctively different table TV! All-automatic. Aluminized Picture Tube, 21″ over-all diagonal, *263 sq. in. viewable area.* Mahogany or Blond grain finish. *Right,* Model A21T35.



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really self

A tap of the button and

e next one instantly, silently,

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(*Continued from Page 42*) situation. With profundity, he laid end to end most of the items of newspaper misinformation Bob had recently read, seasoning them with unarguable conviction. He concluded, "And that's that. I've told Mason all this stuff twice before. You flying back this afternoon?"

"No. I want to visit some of your dealerships in the country."

"Good Lord, man, what for?"

"I want to hear what they think."

"Well, for —— Listen here! I know what they think."

"Then," Bob said evenly, "you haven't told me what they think. I've got to find out."

Tredway made an irritated turn around his office. "Sorry to say this, old man, but I'll have to check with Mason before I can let you loose among my dealers."

"Go ahead," Bob said, "but I think Mason is out somewhere with Travers. Policy stuff," he added darkly.

Tredway called his operator, "Get me Mason in Youngstown on the direct line." After a few words, he said to Bob, "You're right. Mason is out riding with Travers. I'll get him in the morning and phone you at your hotel."

"Don't do that," Bob said quietly. "I'll hire a car and make an early start. I'll call you from the first Allied stop I make." He put on his topcoat.

"You're doing this on your own responsibility," Tredway warned bitingly. "Strictly. I'll mark a map with the best route and give you a list of the right dealers to call on."

Tredway drew red lines on a road map and listed a dozen dealers, all within a day's drive of Kansas City. Something in Tredway's manner told Bob that the dealers would be primed with the right answers before he arrived. He took the map and left. He ate lunch, checked out of the hotel, rented a car, and by late afternoon he was in Manhattan, Kansas, far north of the route marked by Tredway. He went to a hotel, took a bath, got dinner and telephoned Helen.

"Helen! I'm in Manhattan, Kansas. You all right?"

"Yes, and spoiling for a sight of you. So is Stephen. He has the dearest whinny, like two off-key factory whistles blowing at once. You know what? He almost followed me into the house when I gave him some of those dainty cheese-lined crackers. But he tosses his head at codfish cakes and part of an onion. And he doesn't think straw is very delicious."

"Horses," Bob said, "eat hay, not straw."

"Then no wonder! . . . Bob, you're doing the right thing."

"How do you know?"

"Because you're not staying in Kansas City. Do you know what this country needs?"

"Well, I suppose it needs a good ——"

"Wrong. It needs a good five-dollar riding habit. I had to pay two hundred and forty dollars for a ready-made one, and the saddles are going to cost ——"

"Helen, better buy only one saddle until we're sure we dare get that second horse. I've got the shakes about this jaunt of mine. Something tells me it's not going to be popular with Mason. Tredway didn't like it and phoned Mason, but Mason was out riding with Travers."

"Indeed," Helen said, and Bob caught a note of insincerity.

"You knew they were out riding together?"

"I was out taking my riding lesson, and there they were."

"Helen, you didn't talk with them!"

"Not a stitch. But after, in the stables, I heard them talking. Travers has a Tennessee walking horse—he's against reckless driving, I guess. Anyway, he's importing two Arabian horses that will arrive this week, is about all that was said."

"All, Helen?"

"All, except I'm sure he took a fancy to my riding habit even if he is too old, but you never can tell. Mr. Mason said he prefers a quarter horse, but I looked ——"

"And it was an entire horse," Bob said quickly.

"It certainly was. Mr. Travers is the most cultured thing, and he knows even more than the groom does about horsemeat."

"Horseflesh, Helen. Please stay away from Travers and Mason. You'd better have the groom send over a lot of the right kind of feed, and cut out the candy and cheese. I'll phone you day after tomorrow. I love you."

We Gathered in the Yard

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

We gathered in the yard and
watched;
The clouds came up behind
the wood;
My father dared to hope
for rain;
We children, near him,
understood.

The corn reached up, the
wind came down;
The moment neared, the
weather cock
Swung nervously on its one
leg,
The barnyard gate broke
from its lock.

A hollow din of withered
leaves
Moved in a wall of
stinging air;
The promise came, the
promise stood,
The promise passed and left
us there:

The clouds fell rottenly
apart;
The empty wind went down
the sky;
And when the sun came
burning through,
My father turned his back
to cry.

In the morning, Bob's road map showed several towns far off the highway, with populations reaching up into the dozens. But first, remembering his promise to Tredway, he called on the Manhattan Allied implement dealer, who had a large, spread-out establishment on Route 40, a mile or so outside the city. He went inside, where two countrymen in overalls were examining a new ensilage cutter painted bright green and yellow. Bob went to the counter and asked permission to use the telephone. He placed a call for Tredway in Kansas City.

"Mr. Tredway, this is Bob Greer. I'm phoning from my first stop."

"Mighty glad you did, Greer. Are you in Ottawa?"

"No, I'm in the dealership in Manhattan."

"Manhattan! You're nowhere near where you should be."

"I decided on a different route. Have you talked with Mason?"

"Yes. Just hung up. Told him I'd given you all the dope, but that you insisted on barging off into the hinterlands on your own survey. He says it's utterly pointless, and for you to stay away from our dealers, and not pester them with questions about a trivial thing like binder twine. He wants you to fly back today."

Bob said, "Please phone Mason and tell him I'll stay away from your dealers, and I'll be back in Youngstown Friday." He hung up, thanked the dealer and went out. At the next turnoff he left Route 40 and drove for miles on a narrow hardtop lane between vast farms, with their reaches of wet, pungent earth, littered with the rubble of last year's dead cornstalks. The farmhouses were miles apart. Snow had left the land only short days before, and plowing time had not arrived. He saw no one around the farm buildings. Lanes leading from the road into the spacious fields were mud, with glistening tractor ruts a foot deep. After twenty miles or so, Bob came to a little collection of buildings—a general store, a barbershop, a machine shop and garage, and a one-room schoolhouse. He counted four dwellings and a religious meeting house. Bob parked and went into the barbershop, whose proprietor also dispensed cigarettes, repaired locks and handled a line of stationery and school supplies. Bob saw bags of colored burlap containing three large balls of binder twine—Eastern Cordage twine. No Allied twine was in sight.

"Do for you?" asked the proprietor. "Haircut?"

"Thanks, no." Bob fished out a business card. "I'm looking into the binder-twine business, and want to ask a question."

"Binder twine ain't much right now. Pick up later, when the hayin' starts. Some farmers stock up earlier, acourse. Ask your question, mister."

"It's this: Do you handle Allied binder twine?"

"Nah."

"Why not?"

"Because Allied handles their own in their big dealership near town, about thirty miles from here. Farmers like to go into town now and then, sure, but they don't like to stop hayin' and drive sixty miles when they run out of twine. They send their little girl in here for it." The man turned away.

"If Allied offered to sell their twine through you, would you handle it?"

"Mister, you said you had one question. You've asked three."

"Then let me make a statement. I would like to have you handle Allied twine."

"The answer is no."

"Why?"

"Allied is too unpopular. After the war, when the farmers were beggin' for machines, Allied forced 'em to take a big supply of binder twine with every hay baler. Worked great for Allied. Left a bad taste in the farmers' mouth."

"But Allied hasn't done that for several years."

"Bad taste still there. That all the questions?"

"Thanks, yes."

There was the answer. True, it was an isolated instance. Bob drove, stopping at every little collection of buildings he encountered in the back country. Eastern Cordage twine was sold in general stores, filling stations, garages, barbershops and, in one instance, in a restaurant. Almost everywhere Bob found overt dislike of Allied Agricultural Implement Corporation, and he puzzled about why implement sales had held up. Finally, in a store near Pawnee City, beyond the Nebraska border, he got his answer.

"Sure, your sales been holdin' up. Steel's still short, ain't it, except for a spell in Fifty-four? Farmers have to buy your stuff if they can't get equipment anywheres else. Couple years more, and you'll see. Farmer is an elephant for memory." The store proprietor looked challengingly at Bob. "Now I suppose you'll go back where you come from and make a report, and first thing we know, Allied'll be spending a few million advertising to the farmers that they love 'em. Go ahead. It's your money."

Bob stayed overnight in Falls City. In the morning, he repeated his tactics of the day before, and included a number of calls on individual farmers and on several Grange headquarters. He reached St. Joseph, Missouri, late in the day.

After a bath, he telephoned Helen. "Helen! Guess where I am."

"St. Joseph. I heard the operator. I bet you've been finding out what I told you."

"Helen, you're a doll. I don't know how you do it. With that tricky little mind that can't frame a connected sentence, you can still think like Travers and like the farmers too. What's the answer?"

"Simple. Travers and the farmers and me are not hidebound like birds of a feather, and we know that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gardener."

"Gander, Helen. I'm flying back in the morning. I'll go to the office first and see you tomorrow night."

"All right, Bob. I'm a pretty good horseman already, except for a blister, and Stephen loves me like a brother. Nobody can ride him but me."

"Can't I ride him?"

"No. Yours will be much bigger, like a Tennessee walking horse."

"Helen, listen now. Have you bought another horse?"

"Not one. Not a solitary horse."

"Have you been talking to Travers?"

"Not one word. He did stop me and ask where I got the fine-looking palomino, and he said he'd been watching me learn riding, and, of course, I had to reply as nicely as I could, and he said never mind, Rome must have been built at night or something like that, which made very little sense, but he seemed quite gay about it. Bob, I'm hanging up now. Stephen is whistling for something. I love you. Good night."

Up early, Bob drove to Kansas City and checked in his rented car at the airport. He slept all the way to Chicago, where he caught a plane for Youngstown. On the Youngstown plane he wrote his report. It was brief, simple and direct. In Youngstown he taxied to the twenty-story Allied Implement building and went to his office. He found several notes from Mason. The first said:

Mr. Greer: Expected you back today, Wednesday. See me as soon as you arrive Thursday about format of your report and inclusion of latest Government moves on farm price supports, to amplify the information given you by Tredway. GEORGE MASON.

The second note was dated on Thursday.

Mr. Greer: Since you did not return Wednesday per my instructions relayed through Tredway, I assume you became ill on your trip, in which event you should have got word to me. I promised your report to Mr. Travers Monday. I don't like to fail on such a promise, nor does Mr. Travers like it.

GEORGE MASON

The third note was dated Friday at ten A.M. (*Continued on Page 48*)

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Vacation tip:

Make your plans by telephone

This summer let the telephone help you relax and enjoy a carefree vacation. Wherever you're bound, call ahead for reservations. You'll add peace of mind to every mile of your trip.

Be sure to telephone out-of-town family and friends you plan to visit. That way you know they'll be there.

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City State

(*Continued from Page 46*)

Greer: Tredway tells me he gave you my instructions, but thought you had chosen to disregard them. Thinking he had misunderstood, I telephoned Mrs. Greer. I was surprised to have her say you were quite well and would be back "Friday or one of these days." Your non-return and disregard of instructions is a serious matter. See me the moment you get back. MASON

Bob telephoned Helen. "Helen, I'm back! Mason phoned you?"

"He did, Bob, and he's as sore as a thumb. Have you seen him?"

"No. I called you first. It looks—well, serious. I have three notes from him complaining about my disobedience."

"Hah. If Mason hasn't enough vision to wrap around your little finger ——"

"Where there is no vision," Bob said fondly, "we sink or swim. See you later."

Bob took his report to Mason's large, handsome office. He nodded to the willowy secretary, who jerked a thumb skyward and slightly toward Mason's office. Bob went in.

Mason was penciling a document, triple-spaced, formally organized, with headings, Roman numerals and indented paragraphs. His heavy concentration apparently could tolerate no interruption at that weighty moment. Bob finally took a chair with enough clatter to force Mason to look up.

"Greer!" The word was like the solitary bark of a dog. "For the moment we won't discuss your actions. I've had to write your report. I got Tredway's data by phone, a costly waste of my time and his, but it must be ready Monday."

"My report," Bob said, "is ready."

Mason's eyes went hot. "You know and I know," he said, "that such a statement cannot be true. Why, the latest Government information came in only this noon!"

"Government information," Bob said, "has nothing to do with my report. When you read it you'll see why." He pushed the paper at Mason, who glanced at it and reddened.

"Gone all week, and you come up with this—this squib?"

"Yes. Read it."

Mason picked up the paper as though it smelled bad. He read it aloud, as one reads a child's essay.

BINDER TWINE SALES:
FACT-FINDING SURVEY AND REPORT

At the request of Mr. Mason, I visited our sales branch in Kansas City, then called on twenty-one twine dealers located far off the main highway. None sell Allied twine. I also called on seven farm Co-operatives and sixteen farmers.

Eastern Cordage sells twine where farmers can buy it conveniently. We do not. Farmers will rarely drive long distances to our dealerships for twine.

More seriously, farmers resented having to buy our twine to get our hay balers, which we forced them to do two years ago. This resentment exists today. It will soon adversely affect our implement sales. ROBERT GREER

"This thing," said Mason, snapping his finger against the page, "would fit on the back of a picture post card. It won't do at all. The whole body of statistics on the implement industry flatly contradicts your findings. You need do no further work on it." He turned away.

"My report," Bob said, "is accurate and complete. It sets forth a serious situation. It should go to Mr. Travers as it is."

"It will not." Mason, breathing hard, was the color of an antique highboy. "Now," he panted, "will you explain why you ignored my instructions?"

"Because I had your earlier instruction to get the facts, once and for all. Neither you nor Tredway knew the facts. To get them, I had to break away from your formalized thinking habits. I believe I have done you a service, Mr. Mason."

"Insubordination is no service to me!" Mason said. "I will recommend that you be terminated." He glanced at the door. "Here is Mr. Travers. We might as well wind this up right now."

Travers came in and took a chair at Mason's table. His high brow was sun tanned, and he held his well-formed head down and forward, so that his grave, friendly eyes peered up questioningly. His measured words, slow in coming, were spoken with flawless diction.

"I hope," he said, "you gentlemen have found the answer about our binder-twine sales." In the ensuing silence he moved the somber brightness of his gaze from Mason to Bob. "I sense there is something amiss here."

"Mr. Travers," Mason said, "Mr. Greer flatly disregarded my instructions in the twine survey. He has submitted a report that I would be ashamed to show you, yet he insists, over my objection, that you must see it. He can no longer work for me."

"Let me see the report." Travers took the page, read it almost at a glance, and frowned. He asked Mason, "What have you in its place?"

Mason handed Travers his report. "It's very rough, Mr. Travers. I plan to polish it over the weekend."

Travers read, turning the pages with amazing rapidity. "One report," he said slowly, "says that everything is all wrong. The other says everything is all right. . . . Mr. Greer, have you seen Mr. Mason's report?"

"No," Bob said, "but I'd guess it resembles two earlier reports in which I collaborated."

"Why," Travers asked, "should not Mr. Mason's present report resemble those earlier ones, if they were correct?"

"They were not correct," Bob said. "They were educated guesses."

Mason's gasp was short and sharp.

"You say that," Travers said gently, "although you know it means the loss of your job?"

"Yes," Bob said.

Mason started to speak. "A moment," Travers silenced him and spoke again to Bob. "In your report you bring to light a profound mistake this company made two years ago. Did you know—did you dream—that I was personally responsible for that mistake?"

"I knew you were responsible," Bob said.

Travers watched a bar of late-afternoon sunlight on the wall. "Mr. Greer, you have a family to support."

"Yes. I have a wife, and one or more ——" He stopped.

"One or more what?" Travers asked.

"Uh—horses. The reason I don't know how many ——"

Mason broke in, "Once you decide how many horses you have, you can sell them." His look at Travers invited appreciation of his deft sarcasm.

Travers smiled. Wrathfully, Bob started to rise, but Travers' hand detained him.

"Mr. Mason's thought might bridge an awkward period, until you know what you are going to do," he said gravely. "I appreciate your courage and frankness, but I agree you cannot continue to work for Mr. Mason. Please wait for me in my office. I want some words alone with Mr. Mason."

Bob walked out. Travers' secretaries had left, so Bob went into the luxurious executive office and waited. After some time, he picked up a telephone and called Helen.

"Helen, I'll be home in an hour or so. Mason just fired me and Travers agrees. I'm in Travers' office, waiting for the final word. Keep your chin up, and have Stephen do the same."

"Bob, I simply cannot understand how ——"

"Here comes Travers, Helen. I'll hang up."

Travers came in, walked over to a picture of a handsome horse and gazed at it. "You know," he said, "I'll be rather sorry at the separation." He turned to Bob. "I'm going to the riding academy. I believe you live near there. I'll drive you home."

They went to the private elevator and were dropped to the underground floor where Travers kept his car. They drove through thick traffic in silence, and were well on their way toward the park before Travers spoke.

"I gave you two opportunities," he said, "to save your skin. You could have softened your attitude toward Mason's reports. You could have avoided putting the blame on me for angering the farmers. You did neither."

"I did neither," Bob said.

"And now, hear the consequence," Travers said. "I have just put Mason in charge of our Des Moines branch. He needs field experience acutely. You will take Mason's job and his salary rate. I want you to handle Sales Research with the same courage you used in making your report and adhering to it." He looked at Bob, whose mouth was idiotically open. "When you can talk, give me your recommendation to get us out of our predicament with the farmers."

"Our dealers," Bob said weakly, "should carry twine on their service trucks and stock the farmers in advance, on credit if necessary."

"Simple," Travers nodded. "Clear. More effective than the expensive advertising campaign Mason was recommending. And now, we're here." He turned the car into Bob's driveway.

Bob saw Helen near the garage. Her graceful body was stretched upward. One hand patted the head of a large black horse, while the other pried its mouth open. She saw the men. Slowly, she led the horse toward them.

"He just came," she said. She gave the reins to Travers. "You can have him back. We can't accept him. I simply cannot fathom how you could do such a thing." She turned and dived into Bob's arms.

"I'm not fired," Bob whispered. "I have Mason's job."

Helen raised her face from Bob's chest. "That," she told Travers with some severity, "is more like it. I knew you couldn't give Bob a horse with one hand, and kick him off your staff with the other."

Travers looked delighted. "When she says things like that," he said to Bob, "I feel ten years younger. Helen has brains. She understands how human beings think, and horses too. Helen," he asked, "why were you looking so closely at ——"

"—— at Arthur? You'll think this silly," Helen said, "but I wanted to try something. I'd heard one should never look a gift horse ——"

"I knew it!" Travers said delightedly. "Bob, my Arabian horses arrived this week, and I'm happy to make a good home for this one with you. Will you and Helen join me on the bridle path tomorrow morning? We can discuss policy."

"Of course, policy," Bob said with stark importance.

"In which," Travers added, "Helen will join. She knows things. She knows when the tail is wagging the dog. I'm really getting two people for the price of one, and two heads are good for the broth." He looked anxiously at Helen. "How was that?" he asked. "Am I getting the hang of it?" THE END

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Pool of Lost Men (Continued from Page 35)

the skipper of the tug, "Over to'rd left bank there's a sunk cypress. Three barges have hit it. I sure do thank you for the ride."

"Thank you," the skipper said, bearing to the right. As they rounded the bend, Yucca leaped. He landed in a foot of water. The bottom was hard sand. He waved at the skipper and vanished into the subtropical jungle.

For about half a mile he followed a barely perceptible path through tangled underbrush. He came to a clearing beneath some desquamated cabbage palms. Half a dozen skinny, tick-pestered Holsteins lay beneath the palms. Uncle John Bickler, who wasn't an uncle, but who had been pop's first mate for years, was perched on a stool, milking a cow.

It was Uncle John who had jokingly named him "Yucca" when he first started making some money selling palms to newly settled Northerners. Yucca's right name was David.

With his wrists working hard, Uncle John glanced up and said, "Hear the law got you."

"That's so," Yucca said.

"Well, I declare," said Uncle John. "And that was the last load. My boat'll be fixed up, come Sunday. I'll be headin' for the shrimp beds." He stopped milking for a moment. "They hold you for the jedge?"

"Ye-up," Yucca said.

Uncle John looked up. He had lost an eye when he was a kid, and he wore a black patch. "I'm busted flatter'n a sting ray's belly right now. Wish I could he'p you out. But I just can't."

"That's all right," said Yucca. "I was just wondering."

"I'll think of something," Uncle John said apologetically. "You just give me a little time. I won't let old man Chancey get your boat. I'm not forgettin' your favors—runnin' my stuff while my boat was broke down."

"It's all right," Yucca said, but he was disappointed. Always before, Uncle John had come through in a clutch.

Uncle John chuckled. "There ain't no still. I buried it. That was just temporary like. To bail your Aunt Laura out of the hospital."

Uncle John's wife had been in a Jacksonville hospital for over a month, being treated for the worst case of creeping eruption Yucca had ever seen.

"Well, I'll be goin'," Yucca said. "Tell Aunt Laura, 'Hey.'"

Uncle John moved his stool over to another cow. "You tell her 'Hey.' She'll be right happy to see you." He scratched the stubble on his chin. "Don't worry none, boy. I'll think of somethin'—you hear?"

Yucca went over to Uncle John's cabin to say hello to Aunt Laura. She was still bedridden, swathed in ointment-smeared bandages from both shoulders down to her wrists. The cabin was a mess.

"Come Sat'd'y, I got a little time, I'll he'p you neaten up here," Yucca told her gently.

"Don't you be frettin' about no neatenin'," Aunt Laura said. "Another week I'll be broomin' and dustin' and moppin'." She studied him curiously for a moment. "Yucca, where'd John git the two hundred dollars for the doctor and the hospital?"

Yucca moved away from the bed so she couldn't see his eyes.

"Seems like he had some cash money stashed away from that last big shrimp run," he said nervously. "Well, I got to be humpin', Aunt Laura. You just keep on relaxin' now. You hear?"

Yucca thumbed a ride up the Ocean Highway to Neptune Beach. Then he walked a mile inland to Pablo Creek and Jansen's Dock. His Hush Puppy was riding the rip tide at the dock, free and easy. It felt good when his big hands wrapped around the wheel. But even as he turned her in the creek and headed south toward his cabin, he broke out in a sweat as he thought, *Maybe, I'll lose her; won't even see her for two years.*

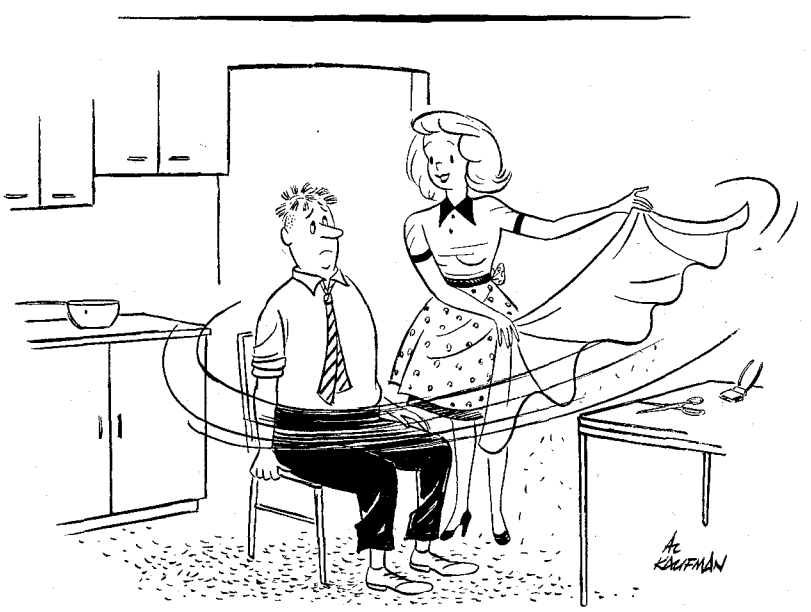
Half an hour later he eased the Hush Puppy's sack-wrapped snout against his little dock and tossed the painter over a piling butt. He saw a car—a fat and flashy car—and then he saw the stranger. The man was redheaded and moon-faced. He was not so tall as Yucca, but he was built like a bull. His clothes were what the boys around Diego Plains' juke joints would call "real sha-a'p."

"You Owen?" he asked. He spoke his words fast. In his right hand he held what Yucca recognized as a slide rule. Yucca nodded.

"You got papers for this property?" the man asked.

Yucca looked bewildered. "My pop settled here in 'Ninety-five," he said. "Reckon in those days they just staked it out."

The man smiled in a way that made Yucca's hair bristle. "You're going to have to get out," the man said. "My name is Steed. I'm taking up six miles of land along this creek—all the way back to the Ocean Highway."



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"That so?" Yucca said.

"Yes, that's so." Yucca's seeming indifference angered him. "You're darn sure right that's so. If you're not out of here in forty-eight hours, I'll light a match to the dump."

Yucca advanced a step. "What'd you say, mister?"

"I said ——" The man backed up and paled as Yucca's long right arm uncoiled. "Hey, now—look! You keep your cotton-picking hands off me or I'll ——"

Yucca's big right hand was a vise on the man's shirt and coat lapels. He lifted him off the ground. The man thrashed out, but his arms were too short. His fists flailed the air four inches from Yucca's chin. The muscles in Yucca's arm bulged. Walking slowly and effortlessly, he carried the man over to the bulkhead. Then he dropped him, as a man might drop a dead rat, into three feet of water and two feet of swamp muck. Yucca turned his back and went into his cabin.

He got a fat snapper steak out of the big refrigerator. The refrigerator had been pop's last homestead project—that and getting the power company to run a line down to the cabin. Yucca had managed to clear off the last eleven payments on the box. On the table he set a quart of milk and a jug of mulberry wine flavored with palmetto berries. He rarely drank the wine. It just made him feel good to see it there, and know he could drink it all if he wanted to without pop cuffing his ears. Matter of fact, though, he missed the cuffing.

As he turned the steak over, the stranger drove past the cabin door in his sleek car. He shouted, "I'll be back with the sheriff, you—you white trash!"

After he had eaten, Yucca relaxed. The cabin looked nice. His pop had been a great one for neatness, at home or aboard ship. Yucca glanced at the cypress bookshelves his pop had made. He had to do some studying. Cheryl brought him many books. She made sure he read them.

Before studying, he decided he'd boil the cypress knees he had chopped last week. Tomorrow he'd sandpaper and polish them. They brought as much as a dollar apiece at the novelty stores near Jacksonville. Yucca thought about the intruder and his threat. He frowned.

Yucca loved Diego Plains. He loved the tonic smell of the great salt marshes, and the gurgling rustle of high ebb water in the creek, the yowling of bobcats on moonswept nights, and the gentle dripping of dew off the cabin eaves at dawn. At night he loved to be lulled to sleep by the marsh frogs. They sang, he thought, a broken duet of "Bock beer, fried potatoes; bock beer, fried potatoes."

All this he loved, and he disliked, with bitter intensity, the big city with its mill smells and noise and rushing cars and people. In his first year at high school the algebra teacher had rapped Yucca's knuckles. Those same knuckles had rapped the teacher's nose. Yucca had fled, never to return, and the school authorities figured good riddance.

So now it was early in the morning, and here he sat at his "thinking ground." But his mind was flipping like a trolled bait. He heard the whining roar of a powerful outboard motor. The boat, a racing type, skidded up to his dock. Cheryl Chancey tossed a line around a palm piling and climbed up the ladder.

Cheryl wore fresh blue dungarees with wide cuffs at the ankles and a man-style white blouse. Her soft moccasins were genuine Seminole-made. In her hair she had stuck a white camellia. Salt-water spray sparkled on her hair and eyebrows.

Sometimes, when he saw Cheryl standing quietly, Yucca thought of a royal palm: tall, slender, smooth, graceful; bending in times of stress, but never breaking. Her hair was a soft charcoal color, and her eyes were like the ocean after a hurricane—gray-green with storm-tossed flecks of hazel.

Cheryl Chancey was wild, in the sense that a fawn is wild. She had known Yucca since childhood. She, too, had disliked school. She had attended classes at the University of Florida for one year. Then she had told her father she'd run away to Mexico if he made her return to the university.

Bewildered, he had asked her just what she did want. Cheryl had said, "Diego Plains—and a good strong he-man for a husband and lots of babies." At that point, Mr. and Mrs. Chancey decided that discipline would serve only as a one-way ticket to Mexico.

Cheryl advanced on Yucca with her hands on her hips and fire in her eyes. "Well," she said, "you certainly got yourself into a mess, didn't you? Or messes."

Yucca nodded amicably. "Reckon I did. You ain't supposed ——"

"Are not," she said emphatically.

"You are not supposed to see me," said Yucca obligingly.

"That's beside the point. Whose 'shine were you running?"

Yucca grinned. "I refuse to answer, on the ground it might—ah—intimate me."

"Incriminate," she said. "You're intimate enough already. I know whose 'shine it was. John Bickler's. Well, we'll get that fine money out of him or—or ——"

"It ain't ——" Yucca began.

"Isn't," she corrected.

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"It isn't going to he'p any, worryin' Uncle John," Yucca said. "Aunt Laura's sick. He had to raise cash for the hospital. She's still poorly. Cabin's a mess."

Cheryl's eyes softened. "I didn't know. I'll go down there and help straighten them out."

"That would be right nice," said Yucca.

Cheryl's eyes toughened up again. "But I'm more worried about you throwing the president of Shore Line Mining Corporation into the gunk. Sheriff Merrill's coming to see you."

"Stranger was trespassin'," Yucca said. "He got right snotty. I got a little peeved." He had a sudden thought. "What's a mining man want my land for?"

"Titanium, of course. Ilmenite, rutile and zircon—titanium's first cousins. Your swampland's full of the stuff. Didn't you read those books I brought you about minerals in Florida?"

"I'm fixing to," Yucca said. He looked at her now as she stood beside him, fresh as a northeast wind, her oval, bronzed face glowing with health. "Come over here," Yucca said, raising his arms.

She moved a little closer, but she said, "I haven't got time, Yucca. I really haven't. The sheriff will ——"

Yucca extended his arms. She floated into them like a leaf drifting down from a live oak. Her lips were soft and round and generous. It was quiet for a long time, except for the machine-gun chatter of a red squirrel in the camphor tree. Finally she pushed him away, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, you goon!" she said unhappily. "You great big wonderful goon. Just as I had about convinced mother and dad that you are wonderful—and after we'd made such plans, you—you go and ——"

"Get flung into the pokey for moonshinin'," Yucca said, "and dunk a mine president. I know."

Her eyes flashed. "Let's go to Georgia and get married," she said urgently. "Then pitch a tent somewhere. I know how to fish and shrimp, and I've cut lots of cypress knees."

Yucca's face was serious as he studied her.

"You'd marry me," he said slowly, "even if I was a con?"

She kissed him desperately. "If they send you to Raiford, I'll do something to make them send me too."

Yucca smiled. "Wouldn't be much good. Both of us in jail."

"That's right," she agreed. "No, I'd work. I'd get started on our plans. Our big dock. The gasoline station and the Yacht-el." Her face dropped. "That is, if you've got any property."

Yucca kissed her again, hungrily.

"We'll make out," Cheryl said. "I'll find some way, by gosh."

Then they heard it, the grinding of a utility car over the rough clearance that led to Yucca's cabin. In a flash, Cheryl was back in her boat.

"See you tonight!" she shouted as she cranked the kicker.

"Can't!" Yucca yelled. "Red-snapper banks tonight! For two days! Got to raise the bond money for your old man!"

"All right!" she called. "Saturday morning!" She threw him a kiss and went roaring away.

Sheriff Merrill was a wizened little man who always looked scared. Lots of people had been fooled by that look. As he approached, Yucca waited in silence.

"Son," the sheriff said, "you and trouble is like a bear and honey."

"Trouble," said Yucca, "dogs me. I don't dog it."

The sheriff wiped sweat off his face with a red bandanna. "Look, they're fixin' to take over your land. Didn't your pop give you some papers?"

"Nothin' but papers for in-surance and stuff."

Sheriff Merrill looked unhappier than usual. "That the case, you got ten days to move out. They wanted to rout you tomorrow. I told them that would be over my hot shotgun. I'm sorry, Yucca."

"That's all right."

"Sorry about that 'shine business, too, son. I got a good hunch who made that 'shine. Ain't aimin' to do any talkin', though."

"I ain't either," Yucca said.

The corners of the sheriff's lips curled a little. "You 'mind me of your pop. Always had a high regard for him. Listen, now; you need any he'p movin' out your stuff, just holler. You hear?"

"Sure enough," Yucca said.

Right after the sheriff left, Yucca cranked up the Hush Puppy. But she wouldn't kick over, and finally he discovered a crack in the carburetor. By the time he got up to the marine-supply store at Jacksonville Beach and back with a secondhand carburetor, it was late in the afternoon. Installing it, he ran into a mess of corroded pipes and tubes, and he had to steam these out.

It was getting on toward midnight and he was testing the Hush Puppy's engine when he saw headlights bouncing down his clearance. A utility car stopped beside his cabin and Uncle John Bickler hopped out.

"Yucca!" he yelled. "You hear the good news?"

Yucca cut his boat engine. Uncle John, seen by the light from the cabin window, was excited and happy. He was chewing vigorously on a cigar stump and his black eye patch was wiggling up and down.

"Them revenuers—what's their names? Matthews and Mason?—are down in the swamp," Uncle John said.

Yucca's jaw dropped. "That so?"

"Hell-copter conked, way out yonder." Uncle John's arm swept toward the total blackness to the west. "Way beyond Lostmen's Pool. They won't never git out."

"Saw something," Yucca said. "Maybe a flare. Couple hours ago."

"Yeah." Uncle John nodded. "They radioed till their battery run down. Sent up two flares. Navy, Coast Guard and the Civil Air Patrol's been huntin'. They can't see no wreck, an' even if they could, no way of reachin' 'em. They're gone ducks."

"Maybe a posse ——"

Uncle John laughed. "Sheriff's been all over for volunteers. Nobody's goin' way back in Big Cypress. You know that. Even the fishin' guides won't go past Lostmen's Pool."

"You've been back there," Yucca said.

"Once," said Uncle John. "Never again. Liked to never get out." He grinned. "Your luck's holdin', son. Ain't no prosecutors—no prosecutin'."

Yucca frowned. He walked into his cabin. Uncle John trailed him and poured himself a cup of mulberry wine. Yucca took off his light canvas shoes and put on heavy socks and hip boots.

"What you fixin' to do?" Uncle John asked.

"Nobody else he'p 'em, I got to," Yucca said.

"You lost all your marbles?" Uncle John asked.

"It's what pop would do. And you know it."

Uncle John got up and paced. He poured himself another cup of mulberry wine.

"Them things," he said, pointing to Yucca's boots, "will take you down in the swamp sand like a divin' 'gator. Your pop taught you better'n that." Uncle John finished his wine. "C'mon down to my cabin. I got some real Seminole strap moccasins. Pair for you, pair for me."

Someday the story of Yucca's and Uncle John's penetration of Big Cypress may be told in ballad form. It'll be a short ballad, because Yucca won't talk about it, and Uncle John, after he's had enough white lightning, talks so much it makes little sense.

At three o'clock in the morning on a Thursday, Yucca and Uncle John, aboard a swamp buggy provided by Sheriff Merrill, bored into Big Cypress as far as Lostmen's Pool. This is a large, inky-black body of water, studded with ancient cypress and alive with cottonmouths and alligators. Occasionally, it yields record-breaking black bass. But few have fished there.

Yucca and Uncle John wore heavy dungarees, moccasins, long-sleeved shirts and khaki caps. They carried flashlights, machetes and small knapsacks. The knapsacks contained tins of beef, hush puppies wrapped in wax paper, and cans of water. To Yucca's first-aid kit the sheriff had added morphia tablets.

They were gone all day Thursday and Friday. By Friday afternoon three swamp buggies had managed to reach Lostmen's Pool. A temporary camp was set up on a palm hammock. Besides Sheriff Merrill, the waiting group included Cheryl Chancey and her father, a doctor from Jacksonville, two newspapermen and one cameraman.

But by Saturday afternoon the group had thinned down to the sheriff and Cheryl, and the afternoon paper at Jacksonville carried the banner: BIG CYPRESS CLAIMS TWO MORE VICTIMS.

Sunday at dawn it was raining, and a heavy, odorous mist was rising from Lostmen's Pool. Cheryl was sitting on a pine log beneath a dripping tarpaulin. The sheriff was huddled in the stern of the swamp buggy, trying to keep his pipe lighted.

"Honey," Sheriff Merrill said, "I got lots of chores back yonder. I ain't givin' up hopin'. But you and me are going back to town for a spell."

Cheryl shook her head, and her eyes flashed. "I'm staying," she said. "If he's not back by tonight, I'm going in after him."

And that was when they heard it—a soggy, sucking sound coming out of Lostmen's Pool. Then they heard heavy breathing.

Yucca came out of the mist first. Over his shoulders hung Fred Mason. Right behind him came Uncle John, helping to support Mr. Matthews.

Yucca laid Mr. Mason down carefully on the swamp buggy. Yucca looked awful. Thinner than ever before, he had insect bites and rashes all over his face and neck, and a gash on his cheek. He raised a grin for Cheryl and slumped down on the pine needles.

"Oh, darling, darling!" Cheryl was saying, over and over. She threw her arms around him. She wiped the gash on his cheek with a handkerchief and she kissed his swollen lips.

Uncle John, who looked pretty beaten up himself, winked at the sheriff and motioned to Mason.

"He's all right," Uncle John said. "Got a broke ankle. Kept fussin', so I fed him some of them knockout pills."

"Darling, darling," Cheryl was saying. "You know what? I helped clean up Uncle John's cabin. We found your pop's property papers in an old trunk. The originals are on file at the County courthouse. Darling, you own all forty acres."

"Gosh!" Yucca said.

Mr. Matthews reached wearily into a pocket of his wet and tattered shirt. He withdrew an envelope and handed it to Cheryl.

"Here's some more papers," he said. "Tear them up. It's a summons."

Uncle John beamed. He drew from his knapsack a full pint bottle.

"Might as well celebrate," he said. . . . "Here, Mr. Matthews; you first."

Mr. Matthews tilted the bottle and drank deeply. "Whew!" He fought to get his breath. "What brand is that, Uncle John?"

"I ain't sayin'," Uncle John said.

Mr. Matthews grinned. "I ain't neither," he said. THE END

"My lawyer bribed three witnesses, but they didn't show up at the trial. That's justice for you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Portrait of Love (Continued from Page 31)

"Anything I can show ye in the store?"

"No—no, thank you." Her hands fluttered about her waist, and she reminded Seth of a hummingbird, hovering first over one flower and then another, without lighting. Finally she lighted. "I was wondering if I could—that is, I don't know if you'd mind—it sounds a mite silly, maybe—if I made a little painting of you and the store."

Seth was surprised, but agreeable. He had seen several of Prue's paintings. He and his wife, Eleanor, called at the Jenkins house about once a year—they didn't care much for Prue's sister or Walt Jenkins, either—and Prue had shown them paintings of a farmer calling his cows in, and the postman leaning out of his car at the mailbox in the snow, and a group of people talking outside church—you could tell who they were too.

She had begun on one of the covered bridge, but some tourists had stopped to watch her, and she had become so flustered that she had never finished it.

"Don't see as that would do any harm," Seth replied. "Not much here to make a pitcher, I guess, but you're welcome to try it."

From Seth, this cautious acquiescence was equivalent to hearty endorsement, and Prue was thankful. "I think it could be an interesting picture," she said.

"How you plannin' to go about it?"

"I thought I might just sit here in this corner at the front, facing those bright shirts. Then the light would be right. I'll make a sketch or two—when people come in to buy. I aim to do most of the painting at home."

"Well, that's all right," Seth agreed.

Prue came several times, walking the mile from her house in the midafternoon and staying until her sister picked her up at five. Seth did not explain her presence to strangers, only to friends. "That's my cousin, Prue Bailey," he would say, jerking his head. "She's doin' a pitcher."

At first, this remark, made casually, but with an undertone of pride, left his listeners speechless; they could not find a comment to fit so extraordinary an event. But they were interested. They were too polite to look over her shoulder, unless asked—even if they knew her. But they would get a report from Seth as to how things were going. She sketched the store several times before she got the kind of arrangement of people and products that she wanted. Then she made some separate drawings of the people—there were to be four, modeled on Seth and three customers—and she showed the one of Seth to Bascom Rudd. When he approved it, she decided to use it.

Bascom appeared in the late afternoons, after leaving his truck in the highway-department garage. He was always tired at the day's end—not because he worked hard; he had worked much harder at the farm—but because, when he finished, he no longer turned gladly to his home, but dragged his feet to a boardinghouse which wasn't anything but a means of keeping alive. A stop at Seth's gave him, at least, a touch of friendship on the way.

Sensing this loneliness in him—which struck a corresponding chord in herself—Prue felt more at ease with him than with the others. Also, while he had the indomitability of the New Englander, he had an uncharacteristic gentleness which appealed to her. She had made a sketch of him one day, but she was too shy to show it to him, and she had decided not to use it. She did plan to use one of Fred Conning, a chicken farmer, who called frequently at the store, but never bought anything and who had a reputation for being tighter than the bark on a tree. She submitted it to Seth and Bascom, and they both promptly and gleefully recognized it.

"Yes, sir-ree, that's his face, all right," Seth asserted. "That's his mean mouth, all right."

"Oh, well, my goodness! I didn't intend to put anything mean in it," Prue protested.

"Got to paint what's there," Seth declared. . . . Better be careful she don't paint your pitcher, Basc."

"Why, Mr. Rudd has a kind face!" Prue exclaimed, and blushed to her ears.

"Kinda dumb, you mean," Bascom jested hastily, to relieve the strain of Seth's laughter.

When Prue brought the finished oil painting to the store, she departed before Seth could remove the brown-paper wrapping. "Promised to meet my sister," she said hurriedly, but Seth knew that she was too embarrassed to stay.

He unwrapped the picture and set it on the counter against the long underwear, and backed away from it. The light was focused on the weather-beaten faces of three men standing about a table piled with plaid shirts and scarlet hunting caps; nearby, and in the outer spread of light, were the boots and hunting shoes in varying browns—sturdy, workaday boots, painted with care, because she knew what Seth meant when he said: "A good pair of boots takes a man's mind off his worries." On the side, the mean-faced Mr. Conning sat in a chair tilted against the wall.

The picture was true, Seth felt with satisfaction; these people were real, and when he looked at them, he knew what kind of talk they would be making. He pointed it out to Bascom Rudd.

"It's a real artistic piece," Bascom said. "She's an artist." He paused. "All you people in it should be pleased."

There was a note in his voice that made Seth realize that Bascom wasn't in it, and really should have been. He wondered why Prue had left him out—but, of course, she couldn't put everybody in.

That night he telephoned her. "Sure do like it, Prue," he said.

"Oh, that's good, Seth. I'm glad."

"Basc Rudd says it's real art."

"Oh. That's nice of him."

"I think he was kinda disappointed you didn't put him in it."

"Well, I wanted to—that is, I was going to. I drew a sketch of him." Seth could hear the flutter in her voice. "I wasn't sure he'd like it."

"Well, anyhow, I've been thinkin'. I'd like to have the painting if you'd sell it."

"I'd be glad to have you keep it, Seth. That's why I did it. You were good to me when I was sick and couldn't pay for that coat for almost half a year."

"That warn't nothing. I knew you'd pay it when you could. It wouldn't seem right to me to keep the pitcher without payin' something for it."

"Well, I wouldn't know what to charge for it," she said.

"Well, Jarlath Chase was telling me his wife got awful sick of hearing Mrs. Stevens, their neighbor, talk about her ancestor that was a hero in the Revolution. They had his pitcher in uniform in the parlor. Well, Jarlath went to an auction and bought a pitcher of a man in uniform with a sword—got it for five dollars. They hung it in the parlor, too, and had a better ancestor than Mrs. Stevens. If that sounds all right to you, I was thinkin' I'd send you five dollars."

"Oh, yes, that's all right," Prue said. "Thank you. I'll give it to Walt—I'm paying off the bill for my teeth."

Seth knew that, when she had been sick, she had had all her upper teeth pulled out because of an infection. She had paid for everything except the new plate, and her brother-in-law had lent her the money for that.

"How much do you still owe him?" Seth inquired.

"A hundred and fifty-five dollars."

"The old skinflint ought to forget it, after all the housework you've done for him."

"Oh, no. I'm beholden to him," Prue answered, with a firmness that closed the subject.

Seth hung the painting near the front of the store where the light was good, and over the next few days the store's regular patrons gave it an admiring appraisal. Several of them, including Bascom Rudd, were there when Mr. George Forgan, a summer resident who had one of the showplaces on Green Brook, came in one Saturday afternoon. Mr. Forgan was a quiet-spoken, sensible man, and Seth rather liked him, but he was a New Yorker, and hence under a cloud. The group conversation died instantly. Mr. Forgan nodded pleasantly to Seth and went about selecting a pair of work gloves. On the way out, his eyes fell on the painting. He stopped and studied it.

"That's your store!" he declared.

"Yes," Seth answered, coming toward him, out of earshot of the others.

"It's good. . . . You're in it too!"

"Yep, that's me."

"It's very good. Did somebody in town paint it?"

"My cousin Prue Bailey painted it," Seth said. "She's got quite a hand for pitchers."

"I don't suppose it's for sale?"

"No," Seth replied. "It's just a decoration."

Mr. Forgan inspected it more closely, primarily to gain a little time. "I don't suppose you'd consider selling it?" he inquired. "I'd like to have it."

In the interval Seth had been thinking that if he could sell it for a profit—say, ten or fifteen dollars—maybe, he ought to, for Prue's sake, so she could pay the old skinflint off.

"I'd have to ask my cousin about that," he said. "How much would you think to give for it?"

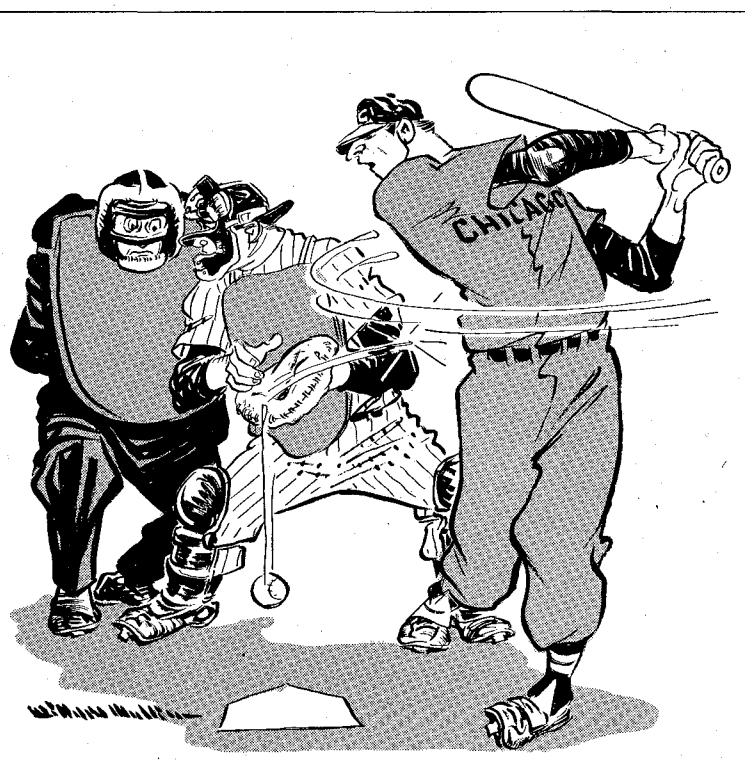
"I'd pay fifty dollars."

"I'll ask her about it," Seth managed to reply.

"You couldn't give her a ring on the telephone, could you?"

A ghost of a grin passed over Seth's face: he could foresee Prue's helpless and incoherent amazement over any such telephoned proposal.

"Don't know as this would be such a good time to (Continued on Page 54)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A fielder can sometimes pull a boner by catching a foul ball. For if there is a runner on third and only one out, the catch may enable the runner to tag up and score. On realizing that, fielders have hastily dropped the ball. Here is such a play, based on an actual major-league incident of last year.

Suppose the White Sox are ahead of the Yankees, 3 to 2, at the start of the ninth inning in New York. Minnie Minoso is walked. He darts for second base on the first pitch to Walt Dropo. Dropo tips a foul directly back to the catcher. The ball enters the catcher's mitt and is covered, but he opens his hands and lets it drop. Minoso reaches second. But is he entitled to remain there?

On a legally caught foul tip, the ball remains in play and runners may advance without tagging up. On an intentionally dropped foul tip, however, how would you rule if you were umpiring?

See page 54 for answer

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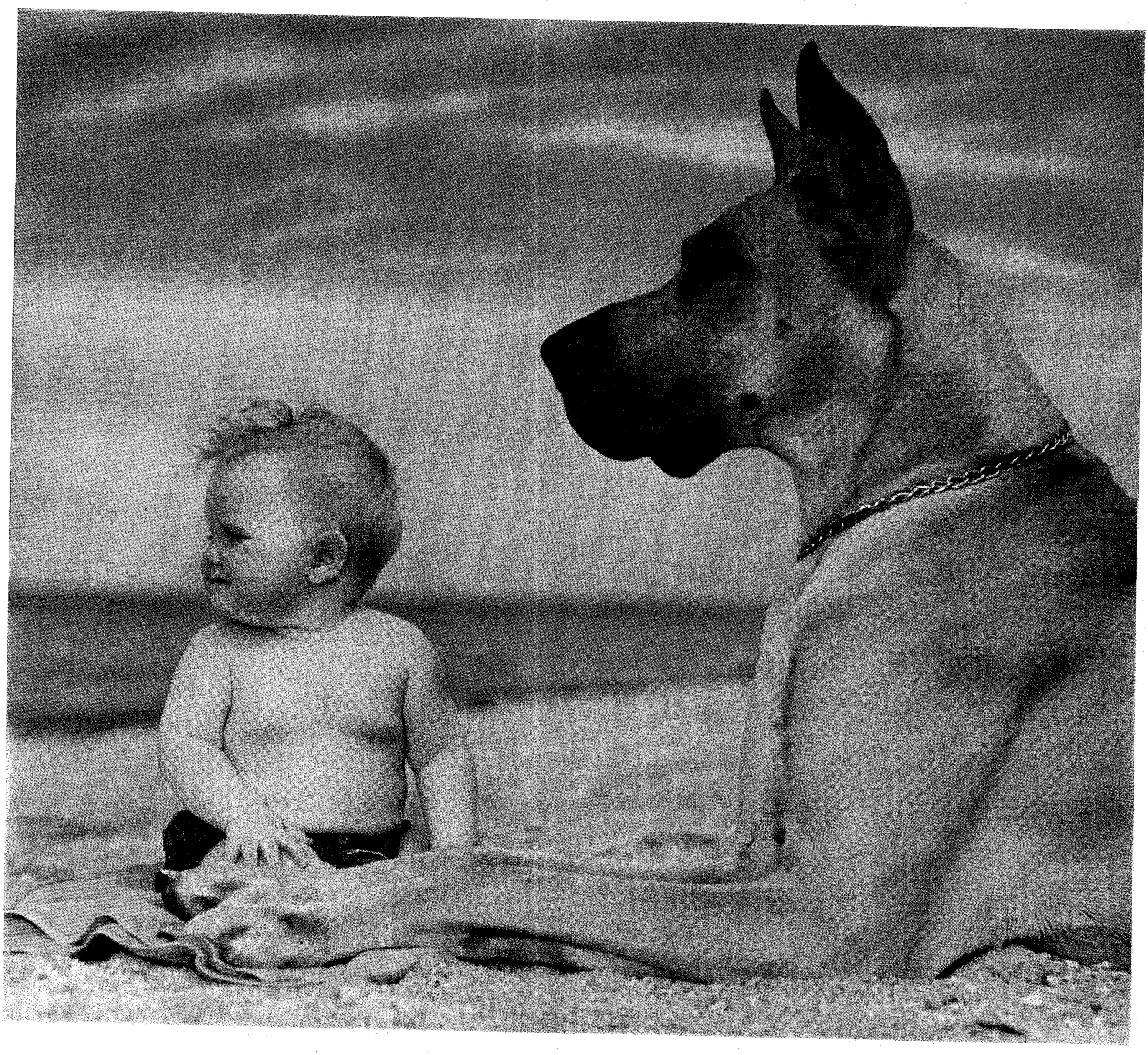

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(*Continued from Page 52*) phone her," he said, "but I'll be seein' her in a day or two."

To Mr. Forgan, who made quick decisions, the New Hampshire habit of avoiding final answers and definite commitments was maddening, but he had lived long enough in the area to know the folly of fighting it.

"I'll stop in next weekend," he said.

As soon as Mr. Forgan had left, Seth got Bascom Rudd away from the others and told him the exciting news. Bascom was pleased.

"Maybe she can sell some more," he suggested, "if she's got 'em. Maybe you could put 'em in your window. I've read about this Grandma Moses, and she seems to do all right."

"Prue's ain't that type," Seth said, whose wife had bought some Grandma Moses Christmas cards.

"Might be better."

"You're lettin' yourself be carried away," Seth warned.

He called on Prue that evening when he knew that the Walt Jenkinses would be at the Grange; he didn't want to discuss Prue's business before them. Prue was wearing a brown smock, with a blue bandanna hiding all but the outer curls of her hair.

"I know I'm a sight," she said in agitation. "I'm painting."

Actually, she looked young and carefree in that outfit, with a smudge of paint on her cheek; and when she heard about the offer of fifty dollars, her eyes glowed with excitement like a child's.

"So I just wanted to know if you'd sell it to him," Seth said. "Thought maybe you could use the money."

"Well, it's your painting," she said, "so the money's yours. I'm just pleased that Mr. Forgan liked it so much."

The fact that the profit was legally his had, in fact, crossed Seth's mind. As a Yankee trader, he knew of nothing more pleasurable than buying something cheap and selling it high to a city slicker. If he had been dealing with anyone but Prue, he would have kept the profit for himself.

"I'll take my five dollars out," he declared, "but the forty-five is yours. I wouldn't feel right any other way. The only thing I'm sorry about is that you'll probably use it all to pay back that old skinflint, Walt."

"Well, I wouldn't want him to take my teeth back," Prue said gaily. "Thank you, Seth. I'll paint you another picture of the store."

"All right. Bascom Rudd suggested maybe you could sell some more pitchers—some you've already finished. We could have a little exhibit in the store window."

"Wouldn't that be nice! But I guess that's not likely. And I only have a few."

"Do you suppose we could take a look at them?"

"They're in my room. That's where I work, so it's kind of a mess."

"Well, I won't tell anybody," Seth said.

The far end of Prue's room was blocked by a screen. Up to that point, the room was immaculate, with pale-blue curtains and bedspread, and two chairs upholstered in a pink-rose pattern. The screen concealed her work section—just enough space for an easel, a chair and a bare table cluttered with paint tubes and brushes. She pointed out two of her paintings framed on the walls and then opened a bureau drawer containing several unframed canvases.

"My sister has the one of the postman in the snow," she said. "I'll get it."

While she was gone, Seth noticed in the drawer the unused sketch of Bascom Rudd. He took it out. The likeness was good, and she had caught that wanting look in Bascom's eyes, but there was something else about it that stirred him. He couldn't quite define it; he didn't know anything about these things; but it was as if she understood what kind of man Basc was. He stared at it thoughtfully.

When Prue returned, he remarked, "This is mighty good of Basc."

"Oh. Do you think so?" she answered, flurried. "Well, thank you. I—I wasn't sure of it."

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 52

No rule covers this situation, but in the actual game an American League umpire permitted the runner to remain on second and the batter to continue at bat with one strike against him. The one rule on deliberate dropping of a batted ball (Section 6.05L) applies only to fair-hit balls, not fouls.

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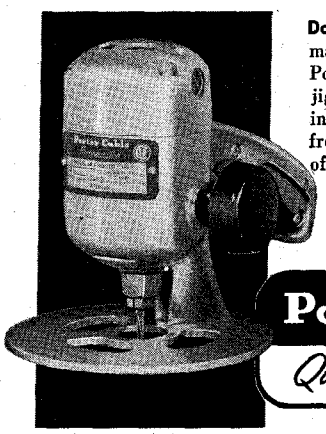

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"Yes. When you paint another one of the store, you might put Basc in it. It'd please him."

"Well, I will if you say so."

Her face grew pink, and Seth noticed it. A thought came to him. He didn't accept it altogether—not yet. It was too astounding. He just looked at it, and what it said was that the special quality in that picture of Basc was love—that the sketch had been drawn with a loving hand.

That night Seth went home with four of Prue's paintings under his arm. He didn't say anything to his wife, Eleanor, about his thought; he waited until the following night, by which time he had accepted it as a possibility with interesting prospects. Here was Bascom Rudd, lonely, longing to return to his farm, but unable to do so without a wife; and here was Prue, equally lonely, and needing a home of her own; and they were both nice people and liked each other. With a little patching, it just might be a romance.

"I guess the only thing to do is to let time take its course," he observed, after explaining the situation to Eleanor.

Eleanor was a New Jersey girl whom he had met during the first World War when he had been stationed at Fort Dix; she had never become reconciled to New Hampshire ways.

"You let time take its course up here and they'll be in the Old Folks Home before he proposes to her," she replied tartly. "Besides, how are they going to see each other? Basc lives in a boardinghouse, and he can't take a forty-year-old woman riding in a truck; and she can't ask him to her house, with her sister and that Walt sitting there like the police."

"Yes, you're right. I been thinkin' about all that. And I've got an idea about givin' them a little push. Prue owes me another pitcher of the store, and since she feels beholden to me, I can be a mite fussy about it. I'm goin' to ask her to put just me and Basc in it, and I'll tell her we'll pose—three evenings, after supper, so no one else will be around."

"But they won't be alone."

"Not in the store. And that's a good thing because it'll steady them a little. And you better come downstairs and sit with us the first night too. But I haven't come to the handy part of it. Basc's boardinghouse is out beyond Prue. So he'll pick her up when she's finished her dishes and bring her to the store. And then he'll take her home. All alone. If that don't help 'em along, I don't know what will."

Eleanor laughed, and gave him full credit. "You're smart," she said.

When Mr. Forgan came to close the deal on his painting, he brought with him a Mr. Wilson from the Comstock Gallery in a neighboring town. The latter was a precise, keen-eyed little man, who was interested in the four additional paintings on display and studied each one for a couple of minutes without comment.

Then he said, "They're pretty good folk art. We'll be glad to show them in the gallery."

"You mean, for people to buy?" Seth inquired.

"That's right. We—that is, the gallery—take twenty per cent."

"What price did you have in mind?"

"My recommendation is that she set the price reasonably low—say, fifty dollars each. It's our experience that people will pay that much for a painting who couldn't think of paying a hundred even if it were worth it."

"I guess that'd be all right," Seth said.

Mr. Forgan's purchase and the arrangement with the Comstock Gallery gave Prue a new confidence. In fact, this was the first time that she had ever been praised for anything or had done anything regarded by others as important. When Bascom Rudd brought her down to the first painting session at the store, she was more animated than usual. Also, she felt at home with Seth and Eleanor and with Bascom, and after some initial flutterings as she put up her easel and decided where the two men should sit, she settled down to her work while Eleanor knitted beside her, and Seth talked to Bascom about farming. The Appleby farm was for sale, he said.

"It's a good farm," Basc answered. "The price is a shade high, but Mort Appleby would probably accept a fair offer."

"Maybe you better make him one. But I suppose you've spent what you got for your farm in wine, women and song."

Basc smiled faintly and shook his head. "I've never touched that money," he said. "I have every cent in savings bonds—just in case I might want to go back. But now I guess I'll take some of it for a new truck, soon as winter's over."

"Farming's a good life," Eleanor observed. "I was always a little sorry Seth didn't take to it."

In thirty-seven years of marriage this was the first time Eleanor had expressed this sentiment, but, after a moment's astonishment, Seth identified it as support for his own strategy. But when they brought Prue into the conversation, it didn't go as they wanted it.

"You were brought up on a farm, Prue," Eleanor continued. "How did you like it?"

"Well, I don't know," Prue said. "I was always afraid of those cows!"

Eleanor looked at her sharply. "When you were a little girl, you mean," she observed. "You probably wouldn't mind them now."

"I guess I'm too old to change," Prue said with a giggle, ignoring the expression on Eleanor's face. "My goodness, I'm forty!"

"Well, now that you're getting to be a famous painter," Seth teased her, "selling things to rich New Yorkers, you'll be able to live anywhere you want."

Prue gave her funny little half laugh again. "The first thing I'm going to do is pay for my teeth!" she exclaimed.

Eleanor dropped her hands holding the knitting into her lap, while her whole body jerked with irritation. Then the humor of it touched her, and she picked up her knitting again, chuckling inside, and resigned herself to Prue's confessions. Basc's lean face looked amused, but he said nothing, apparently deciding it would be improper to comment on a lady's teeth.

It seemed to Eleanor that the spirits of all four of them rose to higher levels on each of the next two nights. Prue talked more freely, and even initiated remarks to Bascom. In fact, they seemed to enjoy their rides together. Prue carried her freshly laundered brown smock with her, and she wore a different dress each night, which must have represented her entire winter wardrobe. Eleanor was sorry that the three posing sessions were over. On the last night Prue took the painting home with her without showing it to them; there were some finishing touches to be added to it, she said. After she and Bascom had left in his truck, and Eleanor and Seth were preparing for bed, Eleanor remarked, "You know, she's a pretty little thing when you notice her. The trouble is, nobody has ever noticed her."

"I kinda thought Basc was eying her quite a bit," Seth remarked.

"Yes, he was. I wish they were going to be together longer."

"Basc studies a thing careful, but he makes up his mind, one way or 'nother. I've seen him decide on a cow without too much time wastin'."

"It's not quite the same thing," Eleanor said dryly.

"No, they don't keep records on women the way they do on cows," Seth said. "Might be a good thing if they did."

They were in bed when the telephone rang. Seth answered it. It was Prue's sister saying in a sharp voice, "Sorry to bother you, Seth, but I wondered where Prue was."

It was nearly midnight. Prue and Bascom had left at ten-thirty, and Prue should have been home over an hour ago. Seth started to say so, and checked himself just in time.

"Well, we've been working late tonight," he said. "Prue wanted to finish, since it's the last night. And then she and Ellie got to talking. You know how 'tis. But she'll be leaving any minute now."

"It's no hour for a man to be bringing her home alone."

"Well, she sure can't walk that distance at night," Seth said. "I'll tell her you're anxious."

He hung up, full of glee. "I guess I'm a pretty good matchmaker," he declared.

"Well, don't go counting your chickens yet," Eleanor said. "I think it's silly for that old nag to be fussing at Prue as if she were one of those teen-agers."

But she felt happy, too, and they both went to sleep in a rosy glow of success. But, when Bascom Rudd stopped in after store hours the next evening, the glow was dispelled. Basc was gaunt and gloomy. Seth let him fidget for a while until Basc made up his mind to talk.

"You've been a good friend," Bascom said. "There's something I'd like to talk over with you."

"Yes, sir."

"I asked Prue to marry me last night."

Seth considered this without any change of expression. "Well, I don't know why it wouldn't be a good match," he concluded.

"She didn't accept."

"No?"

"Said she didn't know. And couldn't decide anything like that while she was in debt."

"You mean them teeth?" Seth demanded, exasperation breaking through his impassive front.

"Yes. She still owes a hundred and five dollars. I said I'd pay for them, but she wouldn't let me. She said she'd have to pay for them herself. My gosh, at the rate she's going, it will take a couple of years!"

The two men looked at each other in a common astonishment at the absurdities of women.

"Maybe, she'll sell those pitchers," Seth said.

"Maybe."

"Or maybe you can talk her around."

Bascom shook his head. "We quarreled," he stated stubbornly. "If there's going to be any more talking, she'll have to call me."

This seemed so unlikely as to make the relationship appear hopeless. For once, Seth was at a loss.

"I was going to buy that farm too," Bascom said. "Spoke to Appleby yesterday."

He left, a lonely and defeated man. That night Seth had a long talk with Eleanor, and in the morning he called Mr. Wilson at the Comstock Gallery. No, the paintings hadn't been sold, Mr. Wilson told him. Of course, they'd only been there a week or ten days ——

"I'll buy them," Seth said.

After a slight pause of surprise, Mr. Wilson said, "All right. Good."

"You don't have to tell her who the buyer is. Just send her the check. I'll pick up the pitchers, soon as I can."

"Yes, Mr. Cole. They'll be in the gallery until you call for them. Thank you."

When Prue received her check, she walked all the way down to the store to show it to Seth. "I'm going to pay Walt this evening," she cried. "My goodness, I feel so rich!"

Since she would have a balance, after debt amortization, of fifty-five dollars, the fortune was not great, but Seth understood what she meant.

"You're responsible for it too," she went on. "I surely am grateful to you, Seth."

"Glad it came about," Seth said. "I guess you can make some money with them pitchers. How's the one of me and Basc comin'?"

"All right." She hesitated, and her hand clutched the edge of the table, then pulled the belt of her dress. "I—I ought to have another sitting," she burst out.

Her face, that had been pink from her walk in the cold, grew noticeably pinker, and Seth instantly guessed why. He stooped abruptly, pretending to adjust a pile of shirts, averting his face and choking back his laughter.

"I guess that can be arranged," he answered gruffly.

"Will you tell Bascom?"

"You better call him."

"I'd rather you would."

"I'm kinda busy. You call him, Prue."

When they arrived together the next night, Bascom was actually holding Prue's hand, and they looked so happy that Seth and Eleanor hardly needed the explanation that the two were going to get married. For Seth there was a double satisfaction, although he heard no call to mention it: Mr. Wilson had telephoned him that afternoon to ask if he wanted to keep the paintings or if he'd sell them at a higher price—someone had seen them still hanging in the gallery and had offered seventy-five dollars.

"I'll sell 'em," Seth had said.

This time the profit clearly belonged to him, and thus he was able to combine sentiment with hard cash. This is a good combination anywhere, but especially in New Hampshire. THE END

... ...

Sea Place

By Elizabeth Bohm

Here pretty patterns fade;
This is too grim an air.
Salt wind scrubs the hills,
And scrubs them bare.

Houses peel to gray;
They lean, resting on sand.
Old wood wears silver.
Weathered is the color of
this land.

Perhaps man's products
dim
To beach-grass pallor
Because of salt and damp;
Perhaps their factory color

Is washed from them by
sound
Of sea, and worn away
By sound of sea and wind
All night, all day.

... ...

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They're Putting Glamour in the Groceries

(Continued from Page 33)

he said, "but we won't go along with anything that will add to the cost of food."

A week later, in Boston, executives of the Elm Farm Foods supermarkets told the designers they might turn them loose on a new store. "We'd like it to feel the way groceries used to feel," said Elm's president, Hy Winer. "Glowing and neighborly. But you can't get in our way. We've got to sell good food at good prices before doing anything else."

On their return flight to New York, Lippincott said, "What worries me is how to keep from interfering with this efficiency they all talk about."

That, Margulies argued, was no problem. He reminded his partner of the time they were asked to fashion cozy and relaxing crew's quarters for the tight-fitting Nautilus, the atomic submarine. An admiral had warned, "Don't be afraid of a bold approach, but remember that this is a fighting ship. Anything you propose that would delay its launching by one hour will be thrown out."

The designers' ideas had gone into the Nautilus without delaying it. They could humanize supermarkets the same way, they concluded, by using colors, shapes and textures that affected people's emotions. Passion in the potatoes, as it were; art with the artichokes.

The enthusiasm of their engineers and interior-design experts sealed the decision. They agreed to become supermarket doctors if the industry's own store planners would go along. They did; today these design teams and others are remaking the personality of food stores all over the nation and in Canada too.

Lansing Shield, president of Grand Union stores, says, "We want to take the drudgery out of food buying." Long aisles are being broken up by Grand Union with wheel patterns; food shelves make up the spokes. To defeat monotony further, even the spokes are broken up with colorful islands of hardware or candies.

Some stores are brightening traditionally bare walls with such modern colors as chocolate, canary and flame. The big new Elm Farm store in Boston has painted its walls in lemon and pumpkin shades which suggest perpetual springtime.

These touches are unconventional, but designers and store operators deny they are setting a trend. "We're simply spotting trends," says Sam Steinberg, president of Montreal's Steinberg's, Ltd. "We used to think white paint was all that could represent cleanliness. Then we noticed that people's homes were changing—with new colors in new places. Now we're bringing those colors into our stores."

Observation of popular taste has led the designers to unorthodox experiments. To recall for shoppers the flavorful origins of food, eye-catching wrought-iron murals have been devised. Over a dairy department they show a straw-hatted farmer milking a cow; his wife is beside him churning butter, and drifting around them are Camembert wedges and strutting hens. Over a fish department, graceful tuna swim among rippling waves while a fisherman pulls in a netful of lobsters.

In one Penn Fruit market, advertising posters came down from a wall in favor of an imaginative clock. Its hands are soft green ferns, its numbers are clusters of grapes and raspberries, a pear, an apple—tangy fruits to stimulate menu planning.

Any experiment can skid off the deep end, of course, and it has happened in some supermarkets. In one, the produce section was designed so extravagantly that the manager feared shoppers might forget their original mission. He untidied it with a few rough, no-mistake-about-it orange crates. And while most markets now carry music systems, the acoustics of one were so muted that the atmosphere was funereal. The manager rushed in a phonograph and turned the volume high.

The problem of lighting a supermarket attractively troubled the designers at first. "In my own home," says Gordon Lippincott, "I like highs and lows. I need strong illumination for reading, but I certainly don't want to be dazzled when I'm resting on the sofa."

It occurred to Lippincott that people might feel the same way about markets. After observing them, he found there are times when they care very little for atmosphere or frills—among the canned foods, for instance, where they move along quickly. They want a can of this and a can of that, and no fooling about it.

But when they reach the nonfoods departments, Lippincott discovered, their mood reverses. "And no wonder," he says. "Have you seen what supermarkets are carrying these days? Everything from boys' trousers to imported stemware. Those things call for browsing. So we subdue the lighting there to make the area more intimate and unhurried."

All this concern over warmth and emotions has been forced on supermarket owners to offset the chill of institutional bigness and mechanization. This is not to say they have done a poor job of merchandising food. In twenty-five years they have cut the cost of distribution in half, and are now operating on a bare penny net profit out of each dollar of sales.

Nevertheless, they are trying to recapture something that went out with "the good old days," an elusive quality found in the celebrated old country store. There the storekeeper never failed to ask his customer how her baby was or what was new with her cousin in the city. The atmosphere was as friendly as the bucket of hard candy on the counter; nobody was in a hurry. For city dwellers, there were small neighborhood groceries known in the trade as "Mom 'n' Pop" stores. There, too, the merchandise was scattered and conversation unhurried.

The old way of doing business was upended by the automobile. Rough roads or no, the whole family could pile in and drive to the city, where grocery buying could be combined with a movie, window-shopping and lunch at a restaurant.

To serve this horn-tooting influx, larger food stores went up in the cities. The man in the country store more and more often watched his old customers ride by, until his kind of store became a casualty of the transportation revolution. In town, his successor tried to retain the personal touch. Countermen made an effort to remember customers' faces and call them by name. It wasn't the same, but it was a good try.

But then came the late 1920's, when a scattering of experimental self-service markets went up. And in 1930, imaginative Michael Cullen rented an abandoned garage in the borough of Queens, New York, and heaped it high with cans and boxes. He took raucous advertisements in newspapers. KING KULLEN IS MURDERING PRICES, he said. And he was. Buying in large quantities, Cullen could sell cheaply.

Over in New Jersey another enterprising fellow followed suit. BIG BEAR IS CLAWING PRICES, he announced. The idea caught on and big markets sprang up around the country exploiting the new idea of self-service. (Helpy-Selfy, one store was called.) People had to stumble through a jungle of cans and boxes, but they bought. The supermarket was born.

The stores quickly became so busy they had to engineer some orderliness into chaotic displays. They picked merchandise off the floors and improvised displays out of cartons and crates. But they were soon caught up in the new-product and kitchen-aid parade. Supermarkets used to carry about 1500 items. Now a stock of 6000 items has become so common that Omaha's Hinky Dinky chain refers to its larger markets as "food department stores."

"Think. You're sure you haven't forgotten anything?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

All this variety, however, demanded space. The press of cans and boxes narrowed aisles until shopping carts were squeaking by each other, and ever higher mountains of foodstuffs dwarfed the women in the canyons below. Then packaging became a highly refined art, the new containers bumped and slid down metal racks, and the mechanization race was on.

"Green peas used to smack of the pea patch," says Walter Margulies. "Now they went into square little boxes. Frozen foods were born, and the juice of oranges went into small, cold cans. Fish went into frosty-blue, hard packages. They were good packages, but you never saw real peas or oranges or fish any more. You saw pictures of them."

And that wasn't all. Since shoppers were serving themselves, fewer clerks were needed. There were as many employees, but they simply shuttled between storerooms and shelves, replenishing stocks. Few of them dealt with the shoppers, who were left pretty much on their own amid the gadgetry.

"This was all scientific and well engineered," says Margulies, "but so is Univac. The question is, is it human, as it's got to be where food is involved?"

Designer Lippincott has been passionate on the subject ever since he found that a fantastically mechanized market of the future was all but upon us. In Memphis, Lippincott came on the automatized "Foodelectric" store devised by Clarence Saunders, the supermarket pioneer who put turnstiles in the Piggly Wiggly stores forty years ago.

The Foodelectric idea centers around a tiny computer, or "shopping brain," given to each customer, who then roams among the store's glass-enclosed items. To get a box of noodles, she slips the computer into a slot. The price registers in the brain and the noodle box slides down a chute. When she reaches the cashier, there is no need to wait while the prices of individual items are added up. She simply pays the total showing in the brain's windowed forehead.

"Saunders died before he could open the store," Lippincott says. "It's on Jefferson Street in Memphis, still shuttered, but it will probably open soon. It gives you a cold-shivers idea of how impersonal the trends are today."

Even without Foodelectric's gadgetry, our 20,000 supermarket merchants have their problems. Gaining acceptance for precut and prepackaged meats, for example, has been impeded by female yearning for the personal touch. When one firm asked shoppers why they went to their favorite store, the largest number replied, "Good meat." When asked what they would most welcome in a new market, they repeated, "Good meat."

"A homemaker's whole meal is usually a bust if the meat isn't just right," says Lippincott, "so she frets over it. One woman told a store manager his self-service meat was probably fine, but she added, 'I want my own cut, and I want to be there when the cutting goes on.'

"I think I can understand her feelings. In our civilization, people really know very little about meat. They want assurance that what they're getting is good. The butcher assured them as he sliced, but he's not there to do it when meat is offered in a display case."

Nevertheless, the trend is sharply away from personal service. Four of five new stores sell meat in prepackaged form, and the Super Market Institute reports that the butcher with his chopping block out front has become a rarity in the modern supermarket.

Food men defend the change as advantageous and (Continued on Page 58)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) necessary. The label on precut meat, they say, tells the shopper the precise cut, the grade of the meat and its exact weight. The necessity comes from what they call "invasion shopping," meaning that of the average store's 7000 weekly transactions, over 5500 take place on Friday evening or Saturday. Isadore Blaufeld, manager of a Penn Fruit market in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says, "It's quiet all day Friday—some bread, some cheese, a scattering of large orders. Then about six-thirty they attack us in divisions. By eight o'clock they're swarming all over, and by nine we're begging them to leave. How could we cut meat for individual customers?"

Yet the shopper's attitude toward meat can't be ignored. A new Hinky Dinky store sends the butcher out front with the meat if a customer wants something special. In a further effort to remove the backroom-mystery flavor, store designers have torn out walls separating the shopper from the butchers and packagers, and put in huge windows. The consumer can see the meat being prepared and relate what she sees to her own purchase.

The consensus, say designers Lippincott and Margulies, is that picture windows are a good idea, but not the final word. They believe that before long the most popular cuts of meat will come from the packers as brand-marked products, and join the thousands of items whose widely known labels promise high quality.

The problem of quality, the supermarket men say, is closely linked with their sprucing-up campaign. The Steinberg chain in Canada is so careful of its reputation for quality that it sometimes posts signs over produce, reading: "This merchandise is not Steinberg's best, but it is the best quality available at the present time." It was this emphasis on high quality that led the firm into a research project that prolonged the McIntosh-apple season.

The popular, October-picked McIntoshes ordinarily hold their flavor through March, no longer, even with cold storage. Steinberg's asked growers to look into a Cornell University scheme for putting apples into "suspended animation" after picking. Soon the orchard men were sealing them in atmosphere-controlled rooms. When the cold-storage supply is gone now, apples put to sleep in this new way are awakened with all their original color and juiciness.

"When you unseal a room in May," says a Steinberg's official, "it's like picking a tree in October."

And it is widely known that the A. & P. chain, working with fowl breeders, has virtually redesigned the American chicken. As a result of improved feeding techniques, today's bird has 25 per cent more meat than its predecessor of five years ago had on the same size bone structure. This program has now led to a new look at the American hog, with the object of producing leaner and cheaper bacon.

To house the fruits of these efforts, builders are using advanced architectural ideas. "The revolution is not restricted to interiors," says designer Margulies. "California stores have been beautifully built for a decade, and now Los Angeles has the spectacular Market Basket, with a skyscraping pylon rising out of one wall. Bright, clean architecture is a national trend."

The same spirit is found in Canada, where Colin Rae, Steinberg's chief store planner, says, "Many of today's supermarkets are beautifying new neighborhoods and upgrading older ones."

Sometimes the effects are startling. Penn Fruit invaded a grimy complex of abandoned factory buildings in Philadelphia and created a sunken market that boasted a shoppers' lounge with upholstered seats. Out front are a shrubbed parking lot and picturesque terraced steps. This touch of elegance, however, was at first misunderstood.

Not used to having patios with their markets, people drove into the pedestrian entrance and bumped down the steps into the parking area. The walk had to be blocked off with chains.

The supermarkets have become part of the smartly styled regional shopping centers that are now springing up in all regions of the country. A showplace among them is Detroit's Northland, home of a gaily decorated Kroger supermarket. Created by architect-engineer Victor Gruen, Northland has parking facilities for 9000 cars, and draws 50,000 people on bustling Saturdays. Northland's open spaces contain terraced areas resplendent with redbud, cherry, tulips and vines. Pink marble stairwells lead to malls where the works of prominent sculptors are on view, among them a sandstone-and-bronze boy on a bear, and a wire cat-that-swallowed-the-canary. Hard by the Kroger market are three glass-and-steel giraffes whose heads sway in the breeze. Shoppers can also feed wild ducks in a pond.

Equally spectacular will be a shopping center opening this fall in Massapequa Park, Long Island. According to engineer Herbert Fleischer's plans, patrons will skate on an artificial ice rink, rest at a sidewalk café, watch fashion shows and hear gay music.

Meanwhile, supermarkets are growing bigger. John A. Logan, president of the National Association of Food Chains, says the average store today is twenty times larger than its predecessor. Henry J. Eavey's supermarket in Fort Wayne, Indiana, opening this summer with a whopping 80,000 feet, claims to be the biggest in the world. At the same time it will be a spectacle. For the children there are tropical-fish tanks and a bird house. If that doesn't hold them, diversions will be found in a Kiddie Corner. And from Eavey's rooftop tower will come weather forecasts in the form of tunes. Button Up Your Overcoat, for example, will warn shoppers of cold winds on the way.

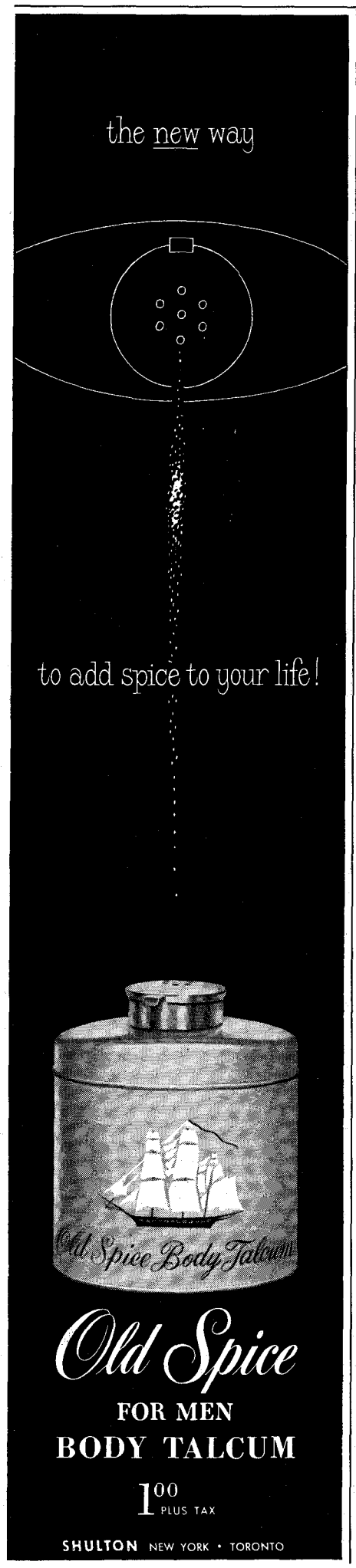
In sheer size, though, this giant will be eclipsed. John Schwegmann is preparing a 189,000-square-foot store in New Orleans, but his inclusion of such unusual departments as beauty and shoe stores causes some food men to qualify it as a shopping center by itself.

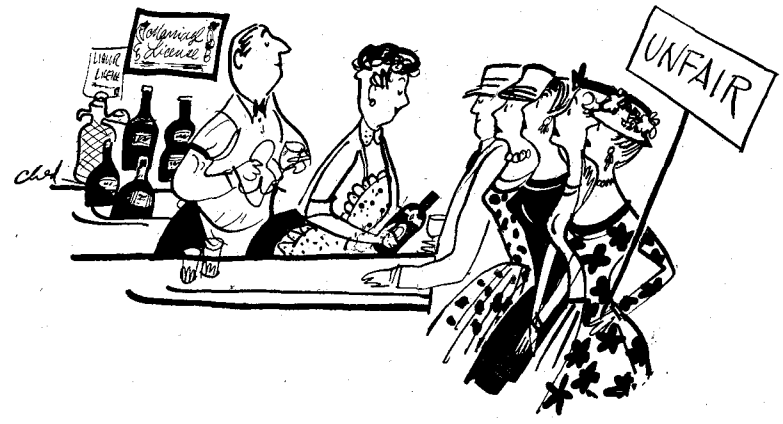
"It's a super-duper-market," Walter Margulies maintains.

The future, for the shopper, looks just as super-duperish. Safeway Stores says it will build 150 new markets "every year into the indefinite future." And Allied Department Stores and Food Fair, of Philadelphia, have almost two dozen big shopping centers in the works between them.

There will be more mechanization than ever in the new stores, to cope with "invasion shopping" and a booming population. Electronic check-out devices, now being studied, will identify packages by shape or punched holes. While this will cut down waiting time, it will further isolate the shopper among the boxes, cans and gadgets. And before long, says the head of one food chain, "moving platforms will take the housewife by the food displays—no walking or pushing carts."

For each of these steps toward more efficiency, say designers Lippincott and Margulies, the supermarkets will make countermoves to restore the human touch. "It'll be a close race," says Margulies, "but since it costs no more to build a good store than a poor one, our guess is that the romance of food will trounce the robot." THE END





You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Michigan's beauteous barmaids awoke one day to find that a new state law prohibited them from pursuing their calling unless they were wives or daughters of male bar owners. Denouncing the law as a violation of their constitutional right to work, the girls sued to throw it out.

"Bartending by unattached women," state attorneys argued, "gives rise to grave moral and social dangers. Such dangers are best prevented by keeping them out of that kind of work."

"These ladies can take care of themselves—some have for more years than I can mention," counsel for the barmaids replied. "It might be legal for you to prohibit all women from tending bar but you discriminate when you say that bar owners' female relatives can, and unattached females can't."

If you were the judge, would you help the unattached girls?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The unattached girls got no break. The court said the discrimination was reasonable because Michigan "evidently believed that the protection assured to a barmaid through ownership of a bar by her husband or father minimized hazards that may confront a barmaid without such protection."

Based upon a 1948 U.S. Supreme Court decision.

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Is the Navy Obsolete?

(Continued from Page 25)

indivisibility of military force, was a much-needed corrective to these oversimplifications. And today Russia has a navy—and A-bombs to boot.

Since World War II and Japan's defeat by American sea power, modern Russia has demonstrated a new awareness of the importance of the sea, just as did the Germany of the Kaiser more than half a century ago after Alfred Thayer Mahan had written his epic Influence of Sea Power Upon History. Soviet Russia now has the second-largest fleet in commission in the world. Her naval-construction program since 1950 has far outstripped the United States and every other nation on earth in three important categories of war vessels—cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

Curiously, although Russia is building up her navy as swiftly as possible, her leaders still try to draw the world's attention away from this program by pretending to belittle navies. For example, when Gen. Nathan F. Twining, our Air Force Chief of Staff, and his party were in Russia recently to survey the Soviet's air might, at one point Nikita S. Khrushchev surprised the Americans by suddenly saying, "I cannot understand why the United States has a Navy man (Adm. Arthur W. Radford) as head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Navies are like tortoises. They always have been and they always will be. It is the same with us as it is with you."

When we correspondents covering the Russian tour heard about the remark we realized that Khrushchev's purpose was twofold: First, he wanted to do what he could to create ill feeling between our Air Force and Navy; second, he wanted to try to give us the impression that the Soviet is downgrading sea power.

Quite the opposite is the case. By 1960 the U.S.S.R. will probably have some 500 to 600 submarines—most of them long-range snorkel types, a few of them nuclear-powered. Her undersea fleet will be about ten times the size of Germany's at the start of World War II. And just three communist subs, equipped to fire guided missiles with atomic warheads, could probably destroy about one third of our port capacity and kill 8,000,000 to 14,000,000 Americans.

Russia is deficient in some types we consider essential to sea power. She has no aircraft carriers, but her navy flies 3000 to 4000 land-based planes.

The Soviet Navy is not just a façade, not just a prestige factor, though prestige undoubtedly plays a part in Moscow's determination to build a blue-water fleet. Russia is strengthening her total maritime power. For the first time since communism hoisted its blood-red flag over the Kremlin, the U.S.S.R. has become in recent years a global-trading nation. She is engaged in competitive world trade.

This world-wide maritime trade is being carried increasingly in Soviet bottoms. The Soviet merchant fleet of some 700 vessels now totals 3,000,000 dead-weight tons and is increasing at a rate of some sixty ships annually.

This new Soviet Navy is designed for two fundamental purposes: (a) to protect the sea flank of Soviet armies and of the Eurasian "heartland"; (b) to sever United States overseas maritime communications.

Russia is determined to make communist "lakes" of the narrow and shallow seas along her coasts, the Baltic, the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk, the Sea of Japan and the East China and South China seas. And she is preparing to sever the communications between the "arsenal of democracy" and our allies by mining, submarine attack and air attack upon shipping from Soviet land bases and intermittent surface-raider operations.

When in Russia recently with General Twining's party, I learned that he and his officers had been shown a most extraordinary Soviet naval attack plane. They described it as "looking like a Christmas tree." They gave it that label because it had so many ornaments hung on it, in the form of bomb and torpedo racks and other complicated equipment. The Soviet officials said that the function of this novel flying machine was "to attack targets on and under the sea." In short, Russia is prepared to fight an oceanic guerrilla war of unparalleled magnitude.

So Russia has a navy—and quite a navy. And we need a navy, but not just because Russia has one. The "number racket" concept of strategy—one submarine for one submarine; one bomber for one bomber—is nonsense. Our military strength must be determined by our needs. The strength of the Soviet fleet is an important factor, but only one of the factors involved.

The United States is a have-not nation today. We must import more strategic raw materials—essential to industry and the armed forces—than we export. And we must use the seas to reach our allies and bases in other continents. Our coasts front upon blue water; they are exposed to sea attack.

Russia does not have these problems. She is the greatest self-contained land empire in the world. Her coasts are landlocked or fringed by islands or arctic ice. Our geography, our strategic needs clearly indicate a requirement for more ships and weapons—more navy—than Russia needs. Thus sea power, as in Mahan's time, still influences history. But it is modern sea power, not coal burners and dreadnoughts. For the age of technology has come to the sea, and the consequent revolution in ship, plane and weapon design and construction has been colossal, even to one who has known the fleet for more than thirty years.

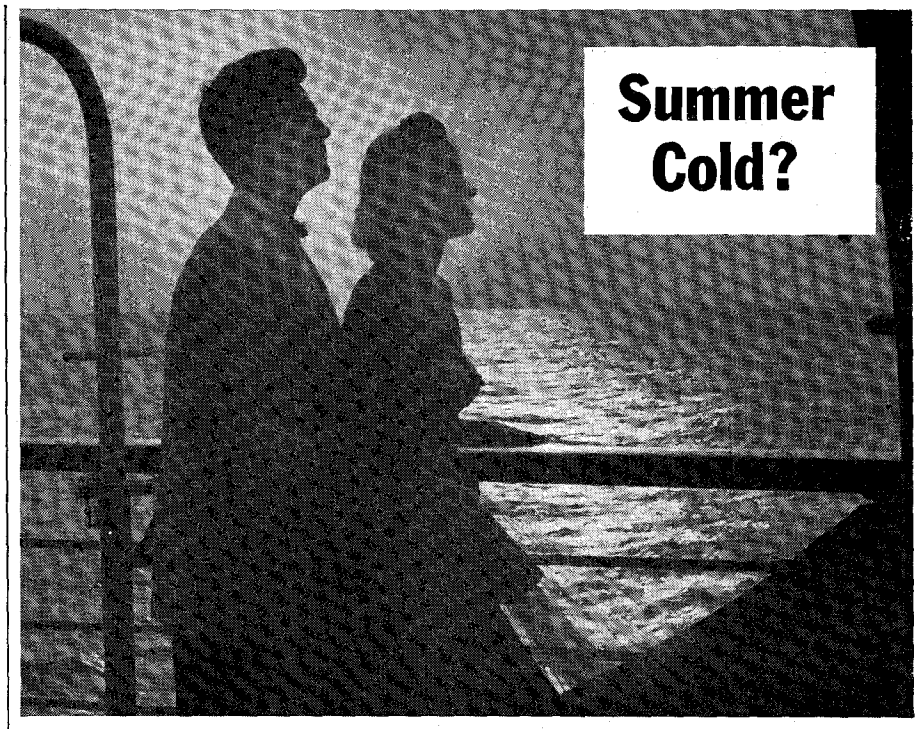
When I graduated from Annapolis in 1924 and reported to the old battleship Texas, my first job as a brand-new ensign was to go over the side into the coal barges and help coal ship. Our guns could reach out about 30,000 yards—fifteen sea miles. But unless we could see the target through our optical range finders and telescopes we didn't stand much chance of getting a hit. The Navy's most powerful destructive weapon was the 16-inch shell, with an explosive charge of fifty to 200 pounds of TNT—or the 21-inch torpedo, with 600 to 800 pounds of TNT.

Today an H-bomb with explosive power equivalent to 1,000,000 tons of TNT, can be airlifted from a carrier's deck. Carrier-plane operational radius is 1000 to 1200 miles; further, if necessary, with air refueling. Missiles are taking over from the guns, and some of them have 500-mile ranges.

The Navy's young CNO, Adm. Arleigh Burke—"31-Knot Burke" of World War II fame—has stirred things up in the Navy Department, and he's launched his latest attack in the same spirit with which he started his classic battles in the Solomons: "Full speed ahead at 31 knots."

Let's take a look at the new Navy—its ships, its planes, its weapons. It's a Jules Verne and Buck Rogers Navy—product of the model basin and proving ground and laboratory.

Teardrop hull forms, hydrofoils, or "sea stilts," for planes and boats, nuclear



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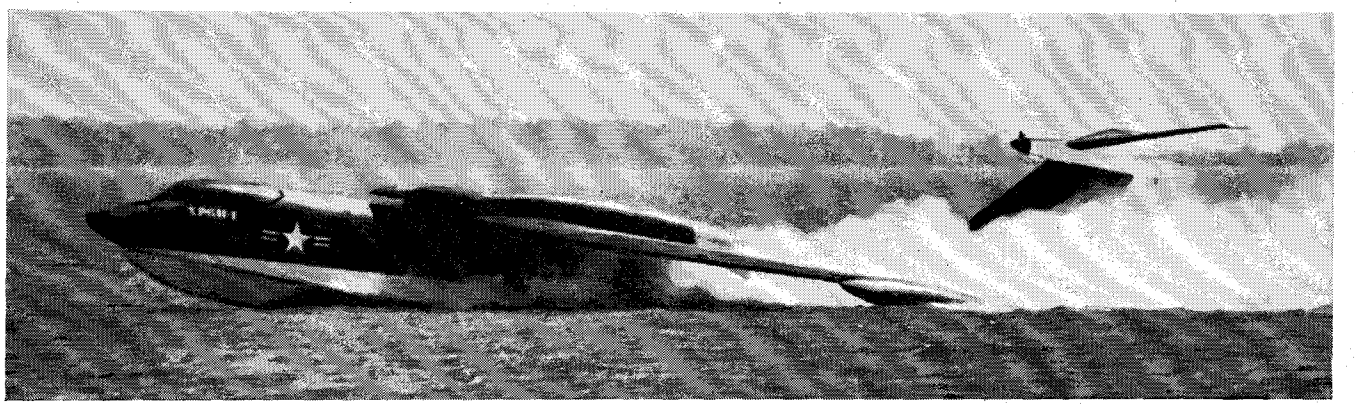
power plants, torpedoes that relentlessly spiral and seek their targets like dogs casting for the scent, atomic depth charges that can crush ships' hulls like eggshells; planes far faster than sound, missiles that "ride" invisible beams toward their targets—these are only a few of the modern wonders of the new Navy.

There's the Forrestal class of aircraft carriers, for instance—"10,000-foot concrete runways" compressed into about 1000 feet of steel, runways that can be moved 600 miles in any direction in twenty-four hours. You can put a couple of Queen Elizabeths on their broad flight decks. Their steam-powered catapults, in less than two seconds, accelerate 70,000-pound planes from zero to 112 miles per hour; they have enough power to hurl an automobile a mile and a half into the sky. Their canted, or angled, decks provide a second carrier runway for each vessel, jutting out from the port side of the ship's stern at a 10½-degree angle from the fore-and-aft line. Their innovations, from moving stairs to A-bomb magazines and individual bunk lights, make old Navy men rub their eyes in amazement.



The Navy's new SeaMaster, a jet-powered, 600-miles-an-hour flying boat, can land almost anywhere on lake or ocean.

Now take a look at Lt. Theodore F. Davis, the Navy's first "sub jockey." He is executive officer and "first pilot" of the submarine Albacore, and he handles her deep beneath the surface like a jet. The Albacore, experimental submarine with teardrop hull form and single screw, is as cranky on the surface as a cross bull in the spring—and she's a slow diver. But once down—brother! She's the first submarine built as a true submersible; she's the fastest submarine in the world, bar none, and by far the most maneuverable. Davis controls her with an airplane control yoke, foot pedals and a throttle like a plane, and Skipper Jon L. Boyes uses aircraft terms in giving his orders: "Peel over to the left," or "Right ascent to the ceiling."

The Albacore goes for a "flight"; she performs "hydrobatics"; she is "piloted," not steered. She almost stands on her tail in the water and she turns on a dime—far faster than any surface ship.

The significance of the Albacore is her hull form. Put a nuclear power plant in an Albacore hull and you've got—maybe—the capital ship of future navies. And it's being done. The Nautilus, the world's first submarine powered with an atomic reactor, has established all sorts of records in her short life. She has cruised about 39,000 miles, and about 22,000 have been submerged. But in ten years or less the Nautilus will seem as obsolete as a dodo. Far more effective, compact and powerful atomic reactors are now under design or construction for the fourteen additional nuclear-powered subs already planned. And some of these are going to be housed in Albacore-type hulls.

Thirty to fifty knots submerged is a definite capability tomorrow. And ultimately—not too many years hence—the Navy will have an "absolute" weapon of its own, comparable in its field with the nuclear-powered aircraft or the intercontinental ballistic missile—a high-speed, maneuverable, atomic-powered submarine capable of crossing the ocean submerged and of firing a ballistic missile (wingless rocket) with a nuclear warhead.

The new Navy is missiles too. The Navy's the first of the services to have every functional type of missile there is in operation and production. There's the Regulus, a winged bird for use against surface targets, 500-mile range, almost sonic speed. There's the Terrier antiaircraft rocket, already aboard two cruisers and being fitted to many more ships. It climbs a radar beam to its target and can knock a plane out of the sky twenty-five miles away. There's the Sparrow—air to air. And there's the Petrel—air to surface. Coming up are a host of others, with Jupiter, a 1500-mile ballistic missile, as the ultimate. Eleven ships already are equipped with missiles or are being modified. Fourteen new ships, to be built from the keel up in the 1957 program, are to be armed with missiles. Five of our old light cruisers will be modified to fire antiaircraft missiles next year. The gun is still afloat—but it is becoming a secondary weapon now.

But the new Navy, a far-flung complex of new weapons systems, is a lot more than carriers, subs and missile ships. It is planes—sleek, thundering fighters like the Chance Vought F8U, far faster than sound; or the Douglas F3D, which has climbed from catapult to 10,000 feet in fifty-six seconds; or the thirty-five-ton A3D attack plane, which has flown nonstop cross-continent in less than four hours. It's the Martin SeaMaster, first plane that rides like a ship on the sea, first ship that flies like a plane in the air—a jet wizard capable of 600-mile-an-hour speeds and capable, too, of landing anywhere on lake or ocean. The SeaMaster has opened a new vista for flying boats, for the seaplane's hull form is well adapted to housing a nuclear reactor. And water "runways"—oceans and lakes and rivers—are everywhere; no great and expensive fields are necessary.

The new Navy is old escort carriers—modified as helicopter mother ships and marine transports—key ships in the marines' new "triphibious" landing technique, with the assault wave lifted by helicopters from ship to shore. It is blimps. Not the World War II type, but fifty big sleek helium-filled gasbags with tough rubberized hides and long cruising capacity, with "dunking" sonar and MAD gear (magnetic airborne detectors) for use against subs, with radar for use against planes or ships, with flying CIC's (combat information centers). It's supply ships and tankers, radar picket ships and minesweepers—especially minesweepers—for the Russians are a minelaying navy. New minesweepers with little metal in them, to foil the magnetic mine; new minesweepers with acoustical "hammers," or noise-making gear, to detonate acoustic mines. It's helicopters towing deep-draft barges back and forth over the shipping lanes where pressure mines may lie, and it's frogmen with new gear working underwater around enemy beaches.

It's shower baths for ships—a washdown system installed topsides on every principal ship of the Navy to flush away radioactive particles. It's new radar, sensitive enough to pick up a periscope or a snorkel head. And in sonar gear (short for "sound navigation and ranging") there's been a technological breakthrough since the war. Sound-detection ranges have tripled and quadrupled. By using properly the thermal layers of the sea, it is even possible to "hear" submarines underwater hundreds of miles away. Sonar, the principal ASW (antisubmarine warfare) instrument, has improved so much that one modern destroyer with the new instruments can now do the job formerly done by three old ones, an admiral told this writer.

The new Navy is, pre-eminently, a Navy of nuclear power. On the books, or in planning form, already are fifteen submarines with atomic reactors, one guided-missile light cruiser, one frigate (destroyer leader) and one aircraft carrier. In the future are nuclear-powered planes. Gone, then, when the atom goes to sea, will be the long hours of fleet replenishment. Gone the tiresome business of refueling under way and in port. Gone the fleets of tankers needed to keep the combatant ships mobile. The nuclear navy is on the way, and its development will strengthen tremendously the capabilities of the fleet.

This, then, is the new Navy, and it has new roles.

Its primary and fundamental role is still the same—to control the seas, to deny their free use to the enemy, to use them freely ourselves.

This is a mission of immutable permanence, for as far into the future as man can see. For the plane—today and tomorrow—cannot replace the ship as an economic carrier of bulk cargo. Manganese, wheat, fuel oil and lubricants, bulk cargoes, heavy equipment, ammunition must go by surface ship. Human beings—soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians—and high-priority cargoes will move more and more by air in peace and war, *if* we control the seas and can transport aviation fuel, by surface tanker, to air terminals on the other side of the ocean. To fly one ton of cargo from San Francisco to Japan requires almost three tons of aviation fuel—one ton upon departure from the Golden Gate; one ton (refill) at Hawaii; one ton (second refill) at Wake. And the plane will have to have more tons of fuel awaiting it in Japan, Wake and Hawaii if it wants to fly home again.

The nuclear-powered aircraft will certainly alter this equation, but even so, there will be no way to dispense with the surface ship.

The narrow seas and the great oceans, which cover almost three quarters of the globe, are an unchanging geopolitical factor which has one clear and simple meaning: Vital international surface and air routes must cross water. If we wish to remain a great power—indeed, if we wish to survive as a nation—we must be able in case of war to "control" that water and the skies above it.

So the Navy is still in the business of "carrying groceries overseas," of protecting the cargo ships and sea and air transports which are the arteries of the nation in peace and war.

But in all-out atomic war—the so-called "forty-eight-hour blitz" or the "thirty-day thermonuke campaign"—it wouldn't matter much about the manganese of Brazil, the oil of Venezuela or even our stockpiles of raw materials and the humming factories of America. We would have to fight with the "hardware"—the bombs and planes and weapons—we had at the start of the blitz. Plodding merchantmen and armies overseas would be like actors in the wings; they would be but mute witnesses to the Jovian man-made thunderbolts; the drama would come to climax without them.

Any such all-out, unlimited nuclear interchange makes, of course, no sense; neither side could "win"; the world would be devastated, civilization perhaps destroyed. The very power of the "thermonukes" and the two-edged sword of radioactivity are the best reasons why rational rulers are not likely to start any such holocaust. But there is always the danger of the irrational, the fanatic or even the unintended. And "massive retaliation" has no more effectiveness as a deterrent to such an atomic Armageddon than our capability to retaliate. And here—in the capability of retaliation—the Navy has a role.

The United States is not going to start a nuclear blitz against any enemy. This means we must maintain a defense establishment that can absorb the first blow and still knock the enemy out—or else we have no effective deterrent to an atomic Pearl Harbor. This in turn means a multiplicity of things—delivery systems of every kind and sort, including bombers, fighter-bombers, submarines, ships and missiles; it means as strong a defense as we can build. It means, above all, a vast complex of bases, so many that they cannot all be knocked out in the enemy's first attacks. Fixed bases in the United States and overseas can be geographically pinpointed long before an attack; so can ports and cities. But the Navy always keeps some ships at sea—and there will be more and more men-of-war away from ports in distant oceans as Russia acquires what the strategists call an atomic "enoughness."

It is conceivable, though unlikely, that these ships at sea might hold the balance of power in any all-out nuclear war; they might be, after the first few days, the only bases still usable. They add, in any case, to our total power of retaliation and, as the new Navy of nuclear-powered subs and surface ships and missiles develops, their nuclear-delivery capabilities will become more and more important. Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air James H. Smith, Jr., calls this new naval capability "the mobile nuclear reprisal force . . . the essential counter to thermonuclear war."

Thus the Navy has a role in all-out nuclear war—an important role, though a secondary one. The argument about the effectiveness and utility of the aircraft carrier has confused this issue, not clarified it. The aircraft carrier is one—today it is the principal—mobile base for the launching of nuclear weapons, but it is

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only one of many mobile bases. Certainly it can be sunk—and by many different means; any ship built can be sunk. But any plane can be shot down; the United States and Britain, for instance, lost some 40,000 planes in the air campaign in Europe in World War II. These facts do not destroy the aircraft carrier's strategic role. The carrier will have usefulness as long as the piloted plane, rather than the missile, is the principal instrument of air war. As missiles are developed, when the nuclear-powered plane with indefinite cruising range is flying, and as missile-firing submarines are built, the carrier will have to yield some of its present naval primacy. But through the 1960's it is going to be an important instrument of "retaliation."

President Eisenhower and many other wise minds foresaw this quite a few years ago. It was Eisenhower, then Supreme European commander of NATO, who integrated the carriers of the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean into European defense. Our two carriers in the "Med" have specific land targets—nuclear-attack targets—to strike in case of war; enemy airfields and installations, communication points, and so on. So does the 7th Fleet in the Far East.

Back in 1952, "Project Vista," an exhaustive scientific operational analysis, by California Institute of Technology, of the best means of applying fire power to the battlefield gave high marks to the aircraft carrier. In fact, it specifically suggested that the United States keep four carriers in the Mediterranean instead of the two which the current naval budget permits. This opinion has been fortified and emphasized since 1952 by the development of 1,000,000-ton thermonukes, capable of being carried by carrier-based fighter bombers.

The Navy's mobile bases—the ships at sea—not only possess an offensive nuclear capability, they add to the dispersion of our available bases. They have none of the political liabilities, nor are they subject to the security dangers, of our land bases overseas. They act as "magnets" which the enemy must strike if he is to escape nuclear devastation. They may, indeed, tend to disperse the enemy's effort and to attract forces that might have been assigned to more important targets. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Smith emphasizes the strategic value of the mobile base in the following terms:

"Roaming the seas at high speed, this force, featuring carrier air power, supplemented by missile ships, submarines and jet seaplanes, will present a major problem to an enemy commander which must be solved before he dare initiate an attack on the homeland of the United States or her allies. To appreciate the potential inherent in such a deterrent force, two geographical facts are significant:

"1. An aircraft or missile with a range of 1700 miles can be launched from a selected point at sea and reach any land target on earth.

"2. More than half of the population of the world, together with its industrial support, lives within fifty miles of the sea; and of the sixty-one cities on earth of over a million population, forty abut the rim of the seas."

Consider now a peripheral conflict—no A-bombs, but plenty of trouble. Trouble in the Middle East, for instance, or a modified kind of Korea or Indochina. The Navy's role in this kind of war is clear—its ships and planes and men transport supplies and weapons and equipment to our friends, provide fire support and air support if necessary, blockade and attack the enemy coast. No war of this kind can be won without the Navy. Our Navy's command of sea communications was decisive in Korea. Without that command, our armies there would have been starved out and our Air Force would have been impotent. We were able to hold our own in Korea because we could get supplies faster across 6000 miles of water than the communists could get them over the tracks of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

The Russians know this. Their recent purchase of Canadian wheat—transported by sea across the Pacific to Vladivostok—indicates their respect for maritime lines of transportation. It is more economical to supply Vladivostok with wheat from Canada than with wheat via the Trans-Siberian—from the Ukraine. The command of sea communications is the key in a peripheral war—with it we win; without it we lose. And if we don't win, or deter small wars, we can be nibbled to death.

What about a general war, one that's fought with some restraint—A-weapons used perhaps, but tactically and against military targets only?

In a sense, such a war would be the Navy's meat, for A-weapons can be used on the high seas, or in defense of an island position, such as Formosa, with far less chance of "spreading" the war into an atomic holocaust than if used on land. Atomic depth charges which can crush the hull of nearly any sub within a square mile, or nuclear warheads for ship-based antiaircraft missiles would have no "overkill" and would cause no civilian deaths or nonmilitary damage. Yet nuclear weapons add powerfully to the offensive and defensive strength of the fleet, just as they increase the hazards against it.

The Navy's job of controlling the seas and of assisting the Air Force and Army cannot be accomplished in modern war—in fact, never has been accomplished in any war—without attacking the land. Aircraft carriers, missile ships and submarines, minelaying ships and planes and the triphibious marines, with their assault helicopters and fast landing craft, carry the ball for the new Navy. These are the running and blocking backs—the offensive team.

The enemy targets are multiple—submarine pens, airfields used by enemy planes against our shipping, enemy coastal shipping, guided-missile and radar sites, tactical airfields, enemy troop concentrations and communications, strategic targets far inland, and important island or coastal areas. The direct influence of sea power upon land power now extends thousands of miles beyond high-water mark and the range of a rifled gun. Any land target that interferes with our command of the seas must be hit, and the Navy must help to hold or seize the flanks of the Eurasian land mass.

There's plenty of work here for the largest Navy in the world; but there's even more for the defensive forces of the Navy.

For the job of countering Soviet submarines and mines and planes is, without much doubt, the toughest job ever faced by any navy. It's a multiple-method, multiple-force, multiple-effort job.

The attack forces hit him ashore—his sub and naval bases and his airfields. But you won't scotch all the varmints in their nests. In case of war a lot of the enemy subs would already be prowling the high seas before hostilities started. So you set up an antisubmarine barrier from Greenland to Iceland, and Iceland to Scotland—surface ships with radar and sonar, antisubmarine submarines, planes and blimps, long-range sound stations and radio direction finders ashore. You put up another barrier from the Aleutians to Japan in the Pacific. You lay mines by plane and sub across the Baltic entrances, in the Black Sea, off the arctic coasts and shipping routes; off Petropavlovsk and the Kuriles.

Your hunter-killer groups of carriers and destroyers and your ASW submarines prowl the high seas; blimps and helicopters with "dunking sonar" patrol the narrow sea gateways, like the Gibraltar Strait. And you establish convoys, heavily guarded by land-based patrol plane and blimp and helicopter, antiaircraft missile carriers, fighters that can take off vertically from merchant ships' decks, escort carriers and destroyer escorts. Later, maybe, when you are mobilized, you establish transoceanic "sanitized lanes" to replace the time-consuming wasteful business of convoying. Your patrol craft—sea and air—guard a lane in the ocean through which the merchantmen steam, singly, independently, at their own best speed instead of being shackled to the slowest of a group.

And you sweep the sea lanes time and again, over and over, against the threat of enemy mines. Some you detonate by sound, a few by pressure. Helicopters spot some and frogmen destroy them. It's the war unending.

So, too, is the defense against air attack. The new Navy now has an ancillary continental-air-defense role, as well as an ancillary strategic-bombing role. Old Liberty ships, converted into radar pickets, steam back and forth now off both our coasts in unending twenty-four-hour-a-day vigilance. Their reports are tied into the Continental Air Defense Command, and their radar can control Air Force interceptors from land bases. Farther out, in midocean—from Iceland to the Azores in the Atlantic; from the Aleutians to Hawaii in the Pacific—the Navy will man the "offshore" early-warning barrier. Surface ships and huge Constellation early-warning aircraft crammed with six tons of radar and electronic equipment patrol day and night—the nation's most distant sentinels.

And behind all these combat forces—steaming the sea lanes in all weathers—are the supply vessels and auxiliaries and oilers, the air-sea rescue craft, the net tenders and layers, and the barges and spitkits of the sea.

"What's the Navy do in modern war?"

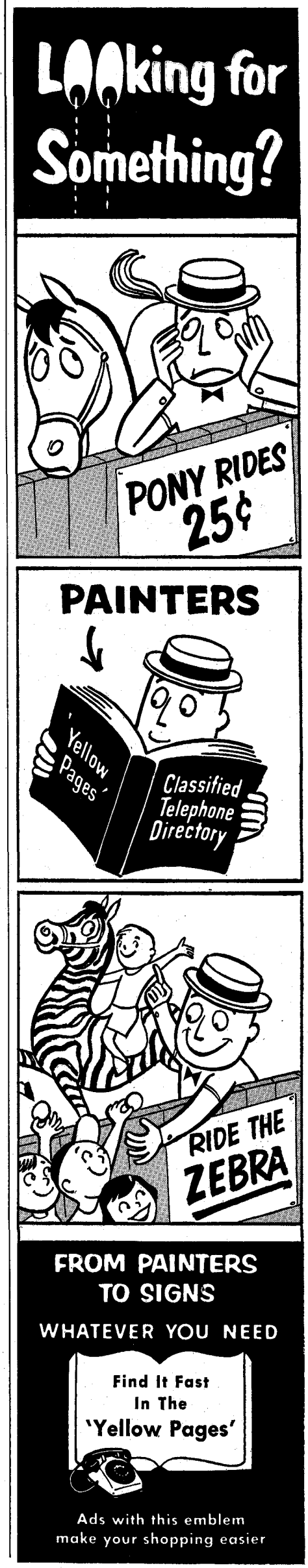
The answer's easy but multiple. The new Navy has more jobs than any other service. It fights an air war, offensive and defensive, strategic and tactical. It fights the submarine and the antisubmarine war. It maintains a blockade of enemy coasts and attacks enemy shipping. It fights the mining and the countermining war. It fights the amphibious war. And it supports all these operations and all the other services. It fights, in short, under the surface, on the surface and in the air—with scores of different weapons systems directed against sea targets, land targets and air targets.

There's no dearth of roles and missions for the new Navy, no lack of hard work, tough fighting, vital jobs and new and far horizons. Everything has changed in the modern Navy—yet nothing has changed. The seas are immutable. They separate and unify mankind. Upon them, under them, above them will be settled the destinies of nations yet unborn; upon their control depends the future history of the United States.

"Command of the seas," the British admiral, Sir Herbert Richmond, once wrote, "is the indispensable basis of security, but whether the instrument that commands it swims, floats or flies is a mere matter of detail."

The trident of Neptune is still—as in the days of the wind ships—the scepter of the world. Or, to put it in the words of a top American admiral, "If we can't use the oceans, we are through."

THE END



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King of the Car Thieves

(Continued from Page 27)

deep-rooted crime problem. Their profits flow into the underworld and nourish other criminal activities. Since many of the cars they steal are recovered only after a long time, if ever, the loss is a continuing drain on the insurance companies, which is reflected in the premiums we pay for auto-theft insurance.

Professional auto theft is one of the hardest crimes to track down. It puts a heavy burden on law-enforcement agencies. If a ring works entirely within one state, it is a job for the police. If it operates across state lines—and most big rings do—the FBI also comes into the picture. The fact that the FBI is currently investigating about 100 such rings throughout the country gives an idea of the magnitude of the enforcement task.

The FBI and the police break up dozens of such rings every year, but back of each case there are months, sometimes years, of patient investigation.

The final roundup of the Vigorito mob was the most sweeping single blow ever struck against professional auto thievery. In the past, members of the gang have been convicted and imprisoned one or a few at a time. This time the FBI was determined to seek out and uproot every tentacle of Bla-Bla's mob. He and eighteen of his henchmen were indicted last December. Defense lawyers—a dozen in all—got postponements which put the trial off until the spring. Then, just before the jury was chosen, and with upward of 150 witnesses ready to testify for the prosecution, Bla-Bla realized that the game was up. He and the eighteen others pleaded guilty. Fourteen of the gang were sentenced to Federal prison; four minor figures were given lesser punishments; one is still awaiting sentence. It is hoped this will be the *coup de grâce*.

The Vigorito gang is a fascinating one, not only because of its curious cast of characters but because it is the granddaddy and archetype of auto-theft rings. It has used every trick and dodge in the trade. Over the years it handled stolen cars in many states, and exported them to foreign lands as distant as China and the Persian Gulf region. It falsified motor numbers, serial numbers and documents with an artistry envied by lesser mobs. It set up respectable fronts for sales outlets. It employed the "give-up" and the "snatch-back." It enforced secrecy by terror. As early as the mid-1930's the number of cars stolen by Bla-Bla's outfit was estimated by the FBI as in the thousands; how many it has stolen since that time can be only a guess.

The old-timers in the mob include:

Bla-Bla the Black Man, sixty-two, always the dreaded and unquestioned leader.

James (*Guinea Buck*) *Murray*, fifty-nine, also called "the District Attorney." Bla-Bla's bodyguard and right-hand man since the 1920's.

Joseph A. (*Frenchy the Frog*) *Riccitelli*, sixty-three, formerly called "the guy with the girder." The "girder," Brooklynese for goiter, was removed by surgeons at Sing Sing last year while the Frog was serving time there.

Joseph (*Joe the Numbers Changer*) *Fiscina*, sixty, also known as the Professor and Money Bags. An outwardly respectable citizen and Government employee who secretly devoted evenings and Sundays, for decades, to the artistic alteration of motor and serial numbers on hot cars.

Edward (*Eddie Cadillac*) *Pisano*, fifty-four, a goon with a gift for spotting larceny among apparently honest citizens. Such shady gents, for a modest payment, permit their cars to be stolen (the "give-up") so they can cash in on the insurance.

Among the younger members of the mob are Bla-Bla's three sons, *Sabato* (*Sally*) *Vigorito*, thirty-eight; *Fred*, thirty-four; and *John* (*Jumbo*), thirty-two. They are his only children. Although they grew up into the auto-theft racket, they are believed to be a disappointment to their father, since they don't approach the Old Man in devious ingenuity or the faculty of inspiring terror in their associates.

Now, with all three in prison, Bla-Bla may regret that he did not guide the boys into some simpler form of criminal endeavor more suited to their talents.

Also two of Bla-Bla's nephews, *Vincent Fioto*, thirty-nine, and *Sylvester Fioto*, thirty-four. Sylvester was an active, crooked, but clumsy auto salesman. At this writing he is completing a term at Sing Sing before being transferred to Federal prison. Vincent was an inept minor figure in the mob. Some critics in the underworld feel that Bla-Bla let family sentiment interfere with operational efficiency.

Two others are worth mentioning:

Albert J. (*Big Al the Polack*) *Plakstis*, forty-two. Auto thief extraordinary. He scorned such crude methods as breaking into a car via the window vent, and starting it by "jumping" the ignition. Equipped by Bla-Bla with dozens of master, code and skeleton keys, Big Al could enter the ordinary locked car and drive off in a matter of seconds.

Nathan (*Nat the Rat*) *Fihrer*, forty-three. A comparative newcomer in the racket. He sold a flock of hot cars for the gang, but felt a twinge of conscience after Bla-Bla forced him to throw the blame on an innocent man. When the FBI confronted him with the man he had accused, Nat broke down, wept and began to talk freely. This split the gang wide open and started the general roundup. Since then the Vigoritos have called Fihrer, their ex-pal, "Nat the Rat." His repentence and his helpfulness to the Government got him off with two years' probation.

While all the above characters played their part in the ring, the dominant force has always been Bla-Bla the Black Man. For so fearsome a figure he is surprisingly small—under five feet five. But he is not insignificant looking. Handsome in his younger days, he could still qualify as a Man of Evil Distinction. The chiseled features, the hard dark eyes, the dome of forehead under receding white hair, give him the look of an old Roman senator, world-weary, crafty and corrupt.

He began his criminal career in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. He got his nickname early: Bla-Bla, because of his smooth volubility; and Black Man because of his swarthy complexion. He also acquired an early record of arrests for such matters as burglary and possession of deadly weapons, but beat the charges. In 1918 he was caught in the act of stealing a car, and served a year in New York County Prison.

That taught Bla-Bla a lesson. He has never stolen a car since—personally, that is. He has hired others to steal, garage, disguise, transport and sell. His own cars have been strictly "legit"—purchased legally from reputable dealers.

During the 1920's, auto thefts in Brooklyn began to soar mysteriously. So did Bla-Bla's prosperity. Extra police and detectives, assigned to the thefts, heard whispers that Bla-Bla was the big shot behind the growing racket, but they could not pin it on him. Many small-fry car thieves were caught and jailed, but they were too far down the chain of command to know anything of value. Occasionally a larger fish was hooked, such as a crooked salesman or dealer. Such men, if asked about Bla-Bla, froze into a frightened silence which not even prison could break.

At this time Bla-Bla was so supremely self-confident that he enjoyed playing mouse-and-cat with police. As they cruised the streets looking for stolen cars, they would see a car ahead suddenly roar away from the curb, zigzag and whiz suspiciously around the corner. They would take off in pursuit. Within a couple of blocks the car would brake to a halt and the dapper Bla-Bla would step out, flashing his white-toothed smile.

"Look it over, boys," he would say. "Study the numbers. Strictly legit." Then, if the exasperated officers would listen, he would give them a sardonic little lecture on law enforcement. He, Gabriel Vigorito, sympathized with their efforts to suppress auto thievery, which threatened to give Greenpernt a bad name. He himself, as a homeowner, a churchgoer, a married man with three fine little boys, would like to give them a bit of advice—and here his smile would flash again: "You'll never get anywhere grabbing the small-time thieves and punks. Go after the higher-ups."

And so they did, but it was a long, long chase, eventually enlisting the combined efforts of the police, the FBI and the National Auto Theft Bureau (NATB)—a private investigative agency maintained by the chief auto-insurance companies.

By 1930, Bla-Bla was handling so many stolen cars that it was hard to unload them all in the New York area. He began selling in many other states, from New England to Alabama, and exporting to several foreign countries. This put the FBI on his track.

One of the first breaks came when Bernard (Bennie the Bum) McMahon, a minor Legs Diamond hoodlum, was arrested for selling stolen cars. In jail, he identified a picture of Bla-Bla as head of the theft ring. McMahon was later indicted, but jumped bail and disappeared. The following year a trunk was found containing McMahon's mutilated body, with nine slugs in it and the legs chopped off. The trunk had been deposited, with gruesome humor, in front of the home of L. W. Stotesbury, president of the Humane Society of New York.

When the body was found the police stated that McMahon had been "mixed up with the Bla-Bla gang of Brooklyn." The fact that McMahon had once "put the finger" on Bla-Bla was remembered among car thieves. It helped increase around Bla-Bla the aura of dread so useful in maintaining gang secrecy and discipline. Actually, Bla-Bla had nothing to do with the McMahon killing. It transpired, long afterward, that McMahon had been killed during the aftermath of a big armored-car robbery in Brooklyn. But it continued to be standard procedure for Bla-Bla's lieutenants to whisper ominously about squealers "dropped into the Everglades," or "feeding the fishes in the East River," or "got measured for a cement overcoat."

Along with McMahon, a lawyer named Corbett was arrested for selling stolen cars. He also identified Bla-Bla as the head man. He, too, jumped bail and fled to California. He was caught nineteen months later. This time, asked about Bla-Bla, he went mum. He pleaded guilty and took a prison sentence.

Fleeting identifications like those by McMahon and Corbett are useful leads, but they don't get convictions. For that it is necessary to find the stolen car, identify it, and then trace it back, step by laborious step, through the theft ring and to the original owner.

How do you find such a car? It is like hunting for a needle in a haystack. When a car is stolen the owner reports it to the police, who quickly broadcast the car's license number, motor number, serial number and description, including any special marks such as dents and scratches. But the spotters for the ring, having studied the owner's habits, have had the car stolen at such a time that the loss will not be discovered for a few hours. By that time the hot car is under cover in some obscure garage, with its license plates removed or changed. Within a few more hours experts have also changed the motor and (*Continued on Page 64*)

"There's room for advancement here—but not in that direction."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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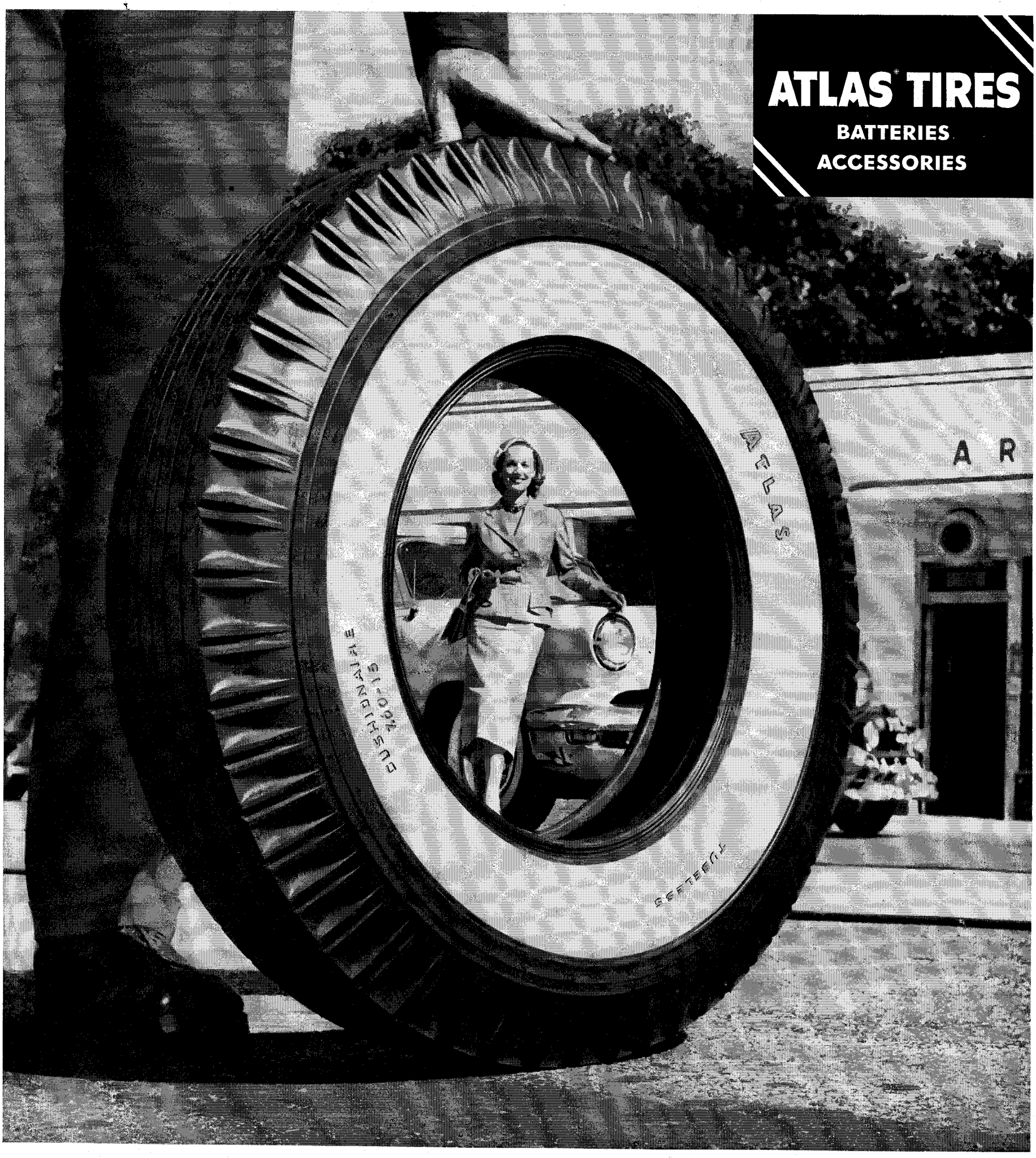

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(*Continued from Page 62*) serial numbers, and repaired or altered distinguishing marks. The car may be repainted, but this is seldom considered necessary.

Obtaining new license plates for the stolen car is relatively easy, if the "paper work"—on which Bla-Bla has always prided himself—is good. The documentation required varies in different states. In New York the Vigorito procedure was this:

The paper work might be done prior to—sometimes months before—the actual theft. Beginning with an ordinary registration-renewal stub, Bla-Bla would fill it out with a fictitious name, with the make and model of car, and with the motor and serial numbers he planned to put on the car after stealing it. On the back of the stub he would then endorse a transfer to another fictitious person. One of Guinea Buck Murray's few outdoor hobbies was strolling in cemeteries, selecting "registration names" from the tombstones. The mob also had other uses for the dead. Bla-Bla established one of his auto-theft bank accounts in the name of a long-deceased relative, Joseph Fioto—another example of family sentiment.

The forged renewal stub would then be stamped with a forged Motor Vehicle Bureau (MVB) stamp bearing the New York State seal. The stamp-seal was so precise a counterfeit that it could be detected only by expert examination. It passed easily among the small army of clerks in the MVB.

Armed with the forged renewal stub and with an MVB application blank duly filled out, one of Bla-Bla's stooges would apply to the MVB and get a "legitimate" registration certificate and license plates. Now the mob was ready, at its leisure, to steal any car of the make and model described in the certificate, put on the new plates and change the motor and serial numbers to correspond to those on the "legit" registration certificate. Fiscina, "the Professor," was preferred for this work, but sometimes Bla-Bla had to use less skillful numbers changers. One such was Henry Fioto, another relative (again, the family sentiment). Henry got caught and was sent to prison years ago, but he did the best he could for Bla-Bla: though they had been brothers-in-law for many years, Henry vowed he did not know Bla-Bla.

The above was one favorite procedure; there were variants. Sometimes Bla-Bla would hear of an almost new car which had been demolished in a collision. For a small price he would acquire the wreck, along with its legal documentation. Then another almost new car, same make and model, would be stolen, and its numbers promptly changed to correspond with those on the wreck. The original car was called a "dog"; the altered facsimile was the "pup"—a pup with an apparently impeccable pedigree.

Whatever procedure was followed, the stolen car was usually ready for sale within twenty-four hours: papers in order, numbers changed and any other necessary alterations made. The car would then pass—customarily through a crooked used-car dealer—into the hands of an innocent purchaser.

Now the car seemed as respectable as the millions of others along the streets and highways. No casual inspection would reveal it as stolen. A policeman, stopping the car for a traffic infraction, would find nothing suspicious about its registration or numbers. Only a relatively few men in the country—the specially trained experts of the FBI, of the police auto-theft squads or of the NATB—can determine that such a car is a "bent" or "lump"—a stolen and altered car. And even they, if the alteration has been skillful, may need hours of study and laboratory work to be sure.

The usual method of identifying a stolen car is through the motor number. A car's original number is pounded into the cast-iron block, with hammer and die, at the time of manufacture. The crooked numbers changer grinds off the original number with an emery wheel, smooths the surface and then pounds in the new number, using dies of a similar type. Then, applying certain chemicals, he "ages" the tampered-with area to the color of the surrounding metal. Now he has what looks like a good factory number to the naked eye.

The scientific eye, however, can see deeper. When the dies pound in the original numbers, they create not only the numerals on the surface but certain molecular changes in the iron beneath. Thus, when the metal is heated to a glowing red or submitted to certain chemical processes, the true numbers become visible under the false ones. Once the car's true number is learned, it can be traced to the original owner. This is done through master files which list the ownership and numbers of cars stolen over a period of years.

Obviously the investigators can't apply that sort of study to every car in the country. It would be impossible in terms of time, money and manpower—not to mention the indignation of honest owners. Once the stolen car gets into the hands of an innocent purchaser, therefore, it is usually a matter of happenstance which brings it under expert scrutiny. For example, if the car is involved in an accident or a crime or a hit-and-run case, the police may turn it over to the auto-theft squad for a checkup. Or, if the numbers-changing job has been clumsy, a vigilant mechanic may note that the number doesn't look right, and report it. Or a crooked used-car dealer, pushing sales of stolen cars too fast, may cut prices so far below the market that his honest competitors, suspicious, tip the police. Then the auto squad begins a quiet check on cars recently purchased from that lot.

It was something like this last, on a grand scale, which helped trip up Bla-Bla in the early 1920's. He was expanding too fast. He set one of his relatives, who took the name of "Oscar Neilson," to studying the techniques of exporting used cars. Soon Bla-Bla was sending an increasing stream of his stolen cars, chiefly the high-priced models, to Europe.

Oscar Neilson had set himself up in business as an exporter. Bla-Bla's stolen cars, properly crated by a firm in Trenton, New Jersey, and provided with the necessary export papers, were shipped to half a dozen European countries. Some went as far as Soviet Russia, Persia and the Far East. One sixteen-cylinder job, stolen from New York state senator John Hastings, was eventually traced to China, where it had been bought by a war lord. This car was never recovered, and may now be the prized possession of some Chinese communist commissar.

All went smoothly at first. The foreign customers were delighted with their fine American cars, purchased at a surprisingly reasonable price. But Bla-Bla kept stepping up his exports until the markets became glutted, especially in the Scandinavian countries. Neilson's agents in Norway and Denmark began selling at prices so low that their competitors became alarmed and suspicious.

Meanwhile the FBI, which was already on Bla-Bla's trail, had heard reports of the unnatural flow of cars abroad. Director J. Edgar Hoover picked a special agent, a skilled investigator who spoke Norwegian, and sent him to Oslo. This agent, given excellent co-operation by the Norwegian police, examined recently arrived American cars which were selling at cut-rate prices. He was able to identify many of them, by examination of the motor numbers and other means, as cars which had been stolen within the last few months from the streets of Brooklyn.

Other special agents, sifting ship manifests and interviewing steamship-line executives, traced the cars back to the mysterious Oscar Neilson. Further probing established that Oscar was just one more in Bla-Bla's apparently limitless supply of cat's-paw relatives. Neilson's brother, Joe, was also in the racket.

The direct link between Bla-Bla and the stolen cars might still have been weak, however, except for one circumstance. Bla-Bla had grown careless. Overconfident after operating for so many years with impunity, and perhaps overexcited by the big new profits in the foreign field, he had permitted himself some personal participation in the export business. He had talked personally with exporters who dealt with Neilson; he had also personally called for dock receipts on shipments of stolen cars.

The men who had seen him on these occasions were able to pick his photo out of a rogues'-gallery collection, and they proved to be witnesses outside his circle of intimidation.

In the spring of 1933, Bla-Bla Vigorito was indicted, tried and convicted by a jury in Federal Court, Brooklyn. One of his alibis was that on a certain summer day when he was alleged to be collecting dock receipts, he had been conveying one of his sons, with pious paternal solicitude, to a religious camp for boys in the Catskill Mountains. The alibi failed to stand up. He was sentenced to ten years in Federal prison. Subsequently "Neilson" was given four and one half years and Joe, his brother, two years. Two other minor figures in the ring were given lesser punishments. Bla-Bla's legal talent, with which he is always well provided, appealed his conviction all the way up to the United States Supreme Court, which refused to review the case.

When the gates of Lewisburg Penitentiary closed behind Bla-Bla, honest car owners and auto dealers breathed more easily in New York and many other states. In Brooklyn there was rejoicing, and large signs appeared, AUTO INSURANCE REDUCED 15 PER CENT. Editorial writers pointed out with satisfaction that Bla-Bla Vigorito's remarkable criminal career, embracing auto theft on a vast scale for fifteen years, had "come to an end at last."

This jubilation, as we shall see in the next article, was premature by a couple of decades. True, Bla-Bla was behind the bars for quite a while. But many of his good pals were still on the outside: men like Guinea Buck Murray, Frenchy the Frog Riccitelli, and Professor (Joe the Numbers Changer) Fiscina. Three of Bla-Bla's sons and two of his nephews were growing up—future recruits for the auto-theft gang. Nor was Bla-Bla himself idle behind the bars. Talent scouting among his fellow convicts, he met men who were later to be useful to the ring. One was Thomas Lo Bello, in for counterfeiting; another was Big Al the Polack, later developed by Bla-Bla into the swiftest auto snatcher in the business.

Editors' note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Smith. The second will appear next week.

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Weatherbees complained to their landlord that they were always soaked because the tenant in the apartment above never drew his shower curtains. The landlord collected damages from the tenant. He did not, however, halt the careless showering or reimburse the Weatherbees for their damages. So they sued him on both counts.

"We're paying for a roof, not a sieve, over our heads," they complained. "Our landlord should reimburse us for the damage already done to our place, and also because he failed to stop it sooner."

"The apartment services do not include refereeing disagreements between tenants, and that's what this amounts to," the landlord replied. "I didn't turn on the shower and I'm not responsible for turning it off."

If you were the judge, would you make the landlord pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The landlord did not have to pay. The court said he was not obligated to "prevent his tenants from annoying each other or from trespassing upon each other's rights." Tenants in those circumstances, it added, should sue the other tenant.

Based upon a 1951 New York decision.

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COLUMBUS, OHIO, 3254 E. Main Street
COLUMBUS, OHIO, 163 S. Sandusky
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TOLEDO, OHIO, 1401 Cherry Street
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA, 315 North Walker
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ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, 105 Walnut Street
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Preview of Next Week's Convention

(Continued from Page 37)

be acclaimed by a patter of polite applause from 200 onlookers. In the field house during convention time, when a hot-eyed partisan puts the name of a candidate before the assembly in a flight of fiery oratory, 2000 will tear the roof off with their cheers.

"We see it as a safety valve," one faculty member explains. "The winters are long and cold here. The work is hard. Then the first days come when you can smell the spring—the smell of old earth newborn from snow, of young grass springing thick and green underfoot. The kids begin to get restless. They want to raise a little hell. But the old Oberlin conscience lays its hand on them, for this college was founded by preachers who wouldn't stand for any foolishness, and their shadow is still over us. So they sit down and write letters to the editor of the Review, denouncing the faculty for the no-car rule, or the no-liquor rule, or the rule that requires freshmen women to be in their dormitories by ten o'clock at night. But their rebellion is merely verbal. Nobody puts a horse on the president's front porch or decorates the campus statues with ladies' lingerie. Naturally, after three years of self-imposed restraint, they are ready to explode. The mock convention gives them the chance. It's their show and they run it. The faculty keeps hands off."

The explosion, which takes place in early May of every national election year, is no spontaneous outburst. A full twelve months is spent building up a head of steam. The first fire is lighted under the boilers in the spring of the preceding year, when the Student Council chooses the national chairman who will mastermind the convention. Once the chairman names his staff, the wheels begin to turn. The public-relations chairman begins his assault on the editorial sanctums of national magazines of mass circulation, and on radio stations and TV chains, seeking their assurance that the convention will not go unnoticed beyond the boundaries of Oberlin. The speakers' chairman sends out his invitations to various experts, urging them to come to Oberlin the following fall to analyze the farm, labor, foreign-policy or integration problem, thus preparing the delegates to vote intelligently on the issues.

The most complicated task confronts the operations chairman, who must organize a resolutions committee to draft a platform and pick the heads of the state delegations. In recent years, in its efforts to achieve realism, Oberlin also has given much thought to the organization of pressure groups, who, by guile and persuasion, will seek to influence the resolutions committee as it writes the platform. It is the job of the operations chairman to set these groups in motion and train them in the techniques of influencing delegates. At Oberlin this task is fairly simple. Already active on the campus is the biggest chapter of the N.A.A.C.P.; a Eugene V. Debs Socialist Club, a Students' China Committee, a Cosmopolitan Club interested in foreign affairs, the Oberlin Pacifist Fellowship, a Young Republicans' Club, the United World Federalists and a vigorous student cell of the American Civil Liberties Union. Since the basic purpose of these societies is to impress their particular points of view on the minds of others, it is no great problem to transform them into functioning pressure groups. The Young Republicans, in fact, happily took up the toga of the N.A.M., infiltrated the resolutions committee, and almost succeeded in writing a labor plank into the platform which William McKinley would have considered too conservative.

Opening of school in the fall sees the convention machinery shifting into high gear. A recording of the louder moments of the previous convention, with the duller speeches carefully edited out, is played for the assembled student body. The bands, the shouting, the oratory, the stentorian bellows of the state chairmen as they cast their votes, rouse the politically apathetic. This thing, they realize suddenly, sounds like nothing they've ever heard on Oberlin's campus before. It sounds like people having fun.

Once this stirring of the emotions has been accomplished, the time has come to choose the form the convention will take—whether Democratic or Republican. Students from forty-five states come to Oberlin, but the student body is largely drawn from the urban areas of the Midwest and the Northeast. Their families are well-to-do, conservative, influential and in the main Republican. Since 1860, in every election year but two, they have held a GOP convention. In 1932 they broke tradition for the first time, naming Owen D. Young over Franklin D. Roosevelt. This year they broke away again, when the freshmen, usually stanchly Republican, voted heavily Democratic.

Some campus theorists, who study the Oberlin make-believe for some clue as to how the political winds may be blowing outside, purport to see some significance in this. It indicates, they feel, that the freshmen of '56 arrived less strongly indoctrinated in Republican principles than heretofore, indicating a weakening of the faith at home. Campus pragmatists think this is nonsense. Oberlin swung to a Democratic convention because only in this way could they work up a good hell-roaring fight, with Stevenson, Kefauver, Harriman, Symington and a dozen others battling for the nomination.

The choice of a Democratic convention in one sense proved costly. The treasurer sent out 9000 letters asking for financial aid. He got back $400, along with a number of churlish replies. The stoutly Republican Oberlin alumni refused to support the Democrats even in make-believe. This financial blow was overcome, in some degree, when it came time to rent the animals for the parade. Four Abyssinian asses, reasonable facsimiles of the Democratic donkey, could be rented for $100 from a farm near Canton, Ohio. In Republican years, rent, insurance and transportation for a live elephant had come to nearly $1000.

Once the pattern of the convention had been set, the great search began for the two national political figures who would keynote the convention and serve as its permanent chairman. When the convention goes Republican this can be difficult, for one attribute of these notables must be the ability to ride an elephant—a feat which Sen. Wayne Morse carried out with such grace in 1952 that the delighted delegates almost nominated him for the presidency. This year the search for bigwigs was rendered complex by the fact that nearly all the top Democrats were either avowed or acquiescent candidates, which made them ineligible. Finally Gov. Robert Meyner, of New Jersey, was chosen as the keynoter who would set the spark of democracy aflame, with Sen. Richard L. Neuberger, of Oregon, as gavel pounder and parliamentarian.

The choosing of the delegation chairmen was a solemn business. The questioning was rigorous. If a potential state chairman could not discuss in detail the ramifications of the Taft-Hartley Act or the farm problem, he was thrown out on his ear. To general questions on the national issues were added searching queries about the political mores of the state the student sought to represent and the issues which most deeply concerned its people.

The final choices were puzzling to an outsider. The head of the Virginia delegation was an Ohioan, a former campus president of the N.A.A.C.P. The chairman of the Louisiana delegation was a girl from Pittsburgh. The leader of the Mississippi delegation was from Cincinnati. The South Carolina delegation was headed by a boy from Brooklyn who later was to lead the whole Southern bloc.

To Van Beck Hall, the national chairman, there was nothing incongruous about this line-up. "Oberlin," he explains, "was a seed bed of abolitionists before the Civil War, a station on the underground railway helping slaves to escape to Canada. There has never been any discrimination here as to race or creed or color. The Oberlin student, therefore, believes that segregation is wrong, morally and politically, and should be ended at once. But the play of the problem required the twelve Southern delegations to defend it, and you can't defend something you know nothing about. So the Northern students went on the Southern delegations to learn a point of view that was foreign to their own. They wanted to find out how Southerners really felt."

They found out. Some of them, during Christmas and spring vacations, traveled South to talk to pro-segregation politicians. They subscribed to newspapers published in the states they represented, corresponded with Citizens' Council leaders and pored over the speeches of Senator Eastland, of Mississippi. For a while, former Gov. Herman Talmadge's book, You and Segregation, was a mild best seller as the Southern bloc and the States'-rights pressure group sought ammunition for the cause.

The delegations and the pressure groups begin to take shape in February. From then on until the convention itself left the student body spent and exhausted in early May, the campus was the U.S. in political microcosm. For three months torchlight processions, state rallies, meetings, war councils and strategy powwows enlivened the campus as the political power patterns formed. Hot words passed as delegates fought over the choice of a candidate or the phrasing of a platform plank, and charges of perfidy, of vote buying and pledge breaking, rent the air. "The conservatory students forgot Bach and Beethoven," an Oberliner said. "Grinds lost track of term papers, and even the Graduate School of Theology students found politics more fascinating than the Parables."

"Once you get into the thing," a normally calm young lady from Philadelphia's Main Line explained, "it becomes a mania with you. It's fun, and we don't have too much fun around here."

Orators polished their phrases with loving care, for listeners honored those whose forensic flights had the true bombastic flavor:

"While Ike stood on the golf course and Dulles on the brink of war, Adlai Stevenson stood four-square!" trumpeted the lady chairman of the Illinois delegation to the sound of wild applause. Platform aplomb is honored, too, for hecklers are many:

"My candidate," a speaker roared, "is not a man of yesterday, nor of today——"

"Nor of tomorrow!" shouted a heckler, standing under a Kentucky banner.

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The speaker paused and glared. "My candidate," he resumed, "is not a man of yesterday, nor of today, nor, thank God, of Kentucky."

Beneath the howling from the hustings, a great deal of sharp maneuvering went on. The N.A.M. pressure group issued a solemn statement endorsing Adlai Stevenson, a Machiavellian trick designed to cause the campus liberals to abandon Stevenson's cause. Stevenson's forces, knowing Oberlin's famed sympathy for the underdog, sought to present their candidate not as a front runner, but as an embattled knight beset by foes. Somebody threw a rock, bearing a note inscribed: "Keep Alabama White—KKK," through a window of the convention headquarters. The Alabama delegation denounced the action, charging it was a piece of poltroonery perpetrated by the integrationists in order to stir up student sentiment against the South.

Deep seriousness and hard work, however, underlay all the surface turmoil. To prepare themselves for the climactic moment, the two-day convention itself, delegations divided into study groups. Economics majors pored over the tax planks. History majors dug into foreign policy. The few delegates who came from rural areas specialized on the farm problems. Each, when fully prepared, reported his findings and conclusions to the whole delegation in sober factual sessions at which oratorical bombast played no part. In addition, each delegate made himself thoroughly familiar with the complicated parliamentary machinery by which the national parties adopt a platform and name a candidate.

"The Oberlin delegate to a mock convention," one faculty elder said, "is better prepared to vote intelligently on the platform planks and to choose a nominee than three fourths of the delegates to a national convention. He knows the issues and has examined the record of the candidate with a microscope."

Whether or not his combined vote is a realistic expression of the nation's feeling about a candidate or an issue—or whether it should attempt to be—is a question that causes great soul-searching at Oberlin. Each delegate must decide for himself whether he doggedly should represent the attitudes and traditions of his state or whether his vote should reflect Oberlin's ideals, which traditionally have been liberal, intellectual and progressive. The conflict between realism and idealism was exceptionally sharp this year, with the bitter segregation issue lying at the heart of the political controversy. The delegations from the more intransigent Southern states—Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina—were in a particularly distressing quandary. They were faced with the same two alternatives, both unhappy, which will face the Southern delegations at Chicago this summer. They could take a rocklike States'-rights stand, walk out of the convention—and miss all the fun. Or they could bend to the strong but subtle pressures that Oberlin's idealism exerts, and ratify a platform plank which would be anathema to their states.

"The whole segregation question is being forced up to the high Oberlin moral level," the South Carolina chairman complained bitterly, in a war council of the Southern bloc. "We cannot realistically represent our states if, in the name of party unity, we are forced to make further concessions. If the authorities of the states we represent should ever see the plank we've agreed on already, they would commit hara-kiri."

He was probably right. The plank which the Southern bloc had protestingly approved began with a phrase which would raise Deep South tempers to a boil. Its first sentence read: "We affirm the Supreme Court's decision ——"

The conflict between what earnest, high-minded Oberlin believes is best for the nation and what the nation itself will accept has been going on since the first convention assembled in 1860. A legend, so persistent that it has worked its way into all the publicity the school puts out, says that in the first convention the students demonstrated their perspicacity by nominating Abraham Lincoln months before the Republicans chose him at Chicago. According to Dr. Robert Samuel Fletcher, of Oberlin's History Department, the records do not support this claim. The only reference to that first convention merely states that "the Men's Literary Society went into a committee of the whole to nominate a President and Vice President of the United States, since which time it has not been heard of."

It is extremely unlikely that Oberlin, whose paramount objective then was "the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of Christians," would have nominated a coarse fellow like Lincoln, who was fond of off-color jokes. Nor did the rabid abolitionists on the campus approve his moderate attitude toward slavery. A favorite topic of debate, in fact, according to Doctor Fletcher, was "Is Lincoln as bad a man as President Finney thinks he is?" Evidently the decision was affirmative, for in 1864 the convention spurned Lincoln and nominated Salmon P. Chase. In its platform planks, however, pious, zealous, idealistic Oberlin has always reflected the issues that concerned the United States most deeply. Old files reveal stentorian debates on slavery, reconstruction, free silver, the tariff, public vs. private ownership of railroads, woman suffrage, polygamy and prohibition.

Oberlin, as the oldest and biggest of the mock conventions, naturally looks with mild disdain upon similar activities at other universities, considering them to be mere pallid imitations. They are fond of quoting elder statesmen as proof of Oberlin's pre-eminence in the field. Calvin Coolidge, for example, in a burst of loquacity, once said, "Oberlin's convention is productive of great good." Herbert Hoover called it "an admirable plan," and Warren G. Harding praised it as a forum of political discussion. The appraisal most treasured by the student body, however, was that of Mr. Louis B. Seltzer, who, after attending the 1924 convention, wrote in the Cleveland Press:

"This event is the most tempestuous I have ever seen, not barring real conventions. There has been a better brand of politics more cleverly played here than the most astute politicians would dare brag of."

The 1956 convention did nothing to dim the luster of Oberlin's reputation for tempestuousness and sharp politics. On the afternoon of May fourth, to the beat of drums and blare of trumpets, 1500 delegates, representing almost the entire student body, moved into Oberlin's big field house after a long parade of fifty-four floats, four bands, and assorted marching units had trudged under gray skies through the town. In the big hall draped with flags and bunting, huge pictures of hopeful candidates beamed upon the throng, and a gigantic banner—"Virginia Stands Firm! Don't Push, Yankee!"—proclaimed the South's defiance.

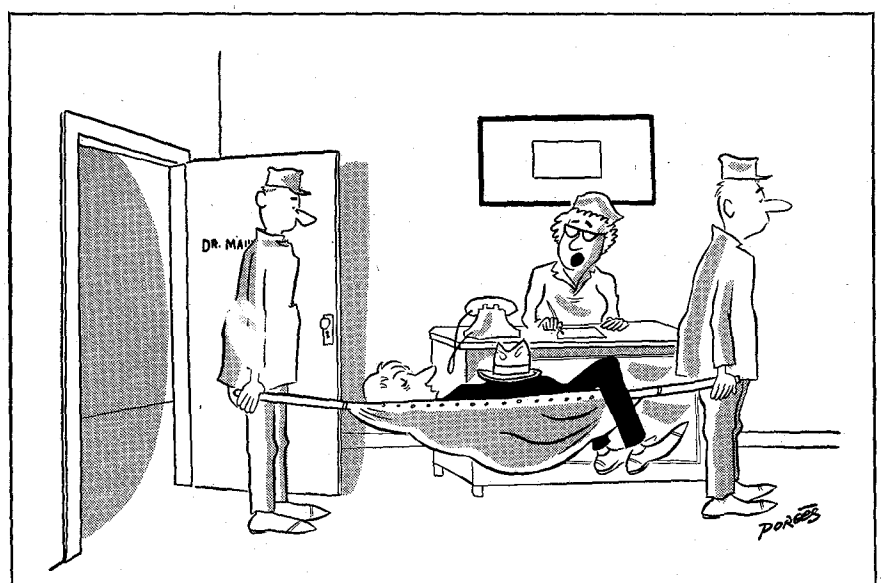
The crowd responded strangely as Governor Meyner, the keynoter, lit the watchfires of democracy with a strong denunciation of Mr. Dulles for fruitless globe trotting, and assailed Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr., Under Secretary of State, for incompetence and naïveté. First there were muffled boos, then cheers. The implications of this response were not lost upon Mr. Meyner. He paused.

"I see," he said dryly, "that some of you good Republicans are finding it difficult to remember that tonight you are Democrats."

In the fierce fight over the segregation plank that raged from midnight until 2:30 A.M., it was seemingly not difficult for "Southerners" to forget that they were integrationists at heart. With oratory reminiscent of Dixie senators at their outraged best, the Southern bloc fought for the weakest segregation plank the assembly would accept, holding over the convention the threat of a mass walkout. The Yankees pushed hard—and the South did not walk. Later a rumor swept the hall. The North, it was claimed, had "bugged" the South's strategy parley with a hidden microphone. They knew, therefore, that the South had not intended to walk out at all. It planned to stay on the floor and go down fighting. There were, of course, indignant denials by the Northern delegations that such knavish espionage had taken place.

It was amazing to an observer to note the fierceness with which the pseudo-Southerners fought for a cause in which, in their hearts, they could not believe.

Bobbie Brown, a Negro girl from Cleveland, explained how she could make the mental adjustment which would permit her to serve on the South Carolina delegation. Born in Knoxville, Tennessee, she had moved to Cleveland when she was five, and her life had been spent in an



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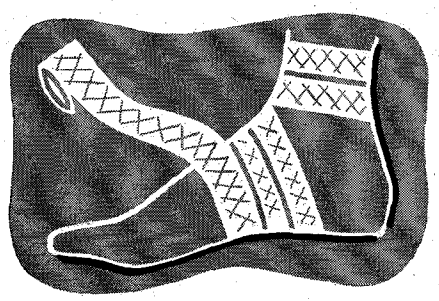

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integrated community and in schools where there was no discrimination.

"Since I'd never had any problem, myself, I'd never really known how Southerners felt," she said. "So I thought it would be more valuable to me to study the South Carolina point of view, learn all I could about it, and defend it, instead of my own. I did not have a very good picture of the social pattern in the South, nor of the deep emotional nature of the Southern resistance. I think I do have now. And I have come to the conclusion I do not believe in compulsory integration. To go to a school where black and white are mixed because the law says they must be mixed is not a solution to the problem. There can be no true integration until the Southerner himself wants it, until integration is a thing of spirit and attitude, not of law. The important thing to the Negro is to feel that he is wanted and accepted, as he is wanted and accepted here at Oberlin."

Burns Weston, the N.A.A.C.P. member who headed the Virginia delegation, expressed somewhat the same views: "I became the 'devil's advocate,' you might say, because I wanted to learn more about the real issues," he explained. "The Northerner, when he opposes the Southern attitude *in toto*, is opposing something real, something that can tear the country in two, something he does not really understand. I wanted to understand the problem in depth. Too often, I think, the N.A.A.C.P. here on the campus has got worked up about small things. If a bunch of the kids were to sit around on a spring night, singing In the Evening by the Moonlight, the N.A.A.C.P. would raise a fuss about the line 'You could hear the darkies singing.' That sort of thing to me seems trivial. But I plan to go into politics when I leave school, so please make it clear that, for me, this is an intellectual exercise. I never believed in segregation. I still don't."

Whatever their deeply held views might have been, Weston, Brown, Ric Gluckman, of Brooklyn, chairman of the South Carolina delegation, and the other Northern leaders of the Southern bloc were deeply disappointed whenever their states were voted down on an integration point. Even after the Southern resistance had resulted in a watered-down integration plank, Marylyn Adams, of Pittsburgh, chairman for Louisiana, seemed on the verge of tears.

"We have betrayed our states," she said. "We should have walked out."

The platform fight was bitter but brief, and the first day's session was over at 2:30 A.M., an early hour for an Oberlin convention, in which one of the joyful features is the privilege of staying up all night. Nor did the hot fights on the floor completely blind all delegates to the fact that love is older than politics. Outside the big hall, on the greensward where the delegates rushed to plan last-minute deals and switches in strategy, earnest caucusers clustered, crew cuts and pony tails close together. Nearby, in the shadows, other heads were close together, where a tall boy fed his sweetheart ice cream from a paper cup with a little wooden spoon.

Even the lovers, however, forgot romance during the second night, in the great fight over the nominee. The names of eighteen candidates were placed in nomination with fiery opening speeches, including that for Harry Truman—"No dark horse, but a light horse who has been standing in the shade." Eighteen demonstrations roared through the aisles, while Chairman Neuberger vainly pounded his gavel, and sergeants-at-arms attempted to grab the bass drummer, the surest method yet discovered of bringing a rally to an end.

The demonstrations followed the ancient patterns of all conventions, mock and real, with the waving of banners, and shouting, and swift, sudden struggles as jubilant partisans sought to grab the banners of other states, forcing them into the parade. One, however, could have happened only in a college convention. As the name of Gov. G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams was placed in nomination, the portals at one end of the hall burst open, and the Michigan delegation chanting, "We want So-pee!" bore a bath tub through the aisles. It contained a portly student who sloshed suds and water on the delegates.

In the voting that followed, the South, which had split the night before, was a solid bloc again. In a stamping, roaring conga line which the sergeants-at-arms had difficulty in controlling, it demonstrated its zeal for Sen. Lyndon Johnson, of Texas. Allied against the South, a bloc of small Northern and Western states formed as solidly behind Chester Bowles. On the first ballot, Johnson was well out in front with 294. Stevenson was second, with Bowles third. Harriman, Kefauver and Symington followed in that order, and then a grab bag of favorite sons.

On the second ballot, Johnson was still leading, but Stevenson was picking up strength. Harriman had faded, the big New York delegation switching its ninety-eight votes to Harry Truman. On the third ballot, the Truman boomlet died, and Johnson began to falter as Bowles votes swung to Stevenson. Kefauver was gathering strength. The fourth ballot was a frenzy of panicky maneuvering, with states switching their votes so fast and frequently from Stevenson to Kefauver and back again, that the tally clerks lost count. Ten minutes of gavel pounding by Senator Neuberger restored order, and a recapitulation of the fourth ballot gave Stevenson the nomination with 868 votes. Kefauver trailed with 420.

An observer trying to find any rational political pattern in the final frenzy of deals, trades and switches would get nowhere.

As one elderly observer who had been attending Oberlin conventions for thirty years explained it: "It's a kind of chess game the students have made up for themselves. Only they can understand it. Campus feuds, friendships and jealousies have a lot to do with it. Who is going steady with whom has a lot to do with it. There's no point in trying to figure it out. Yet somehow, they always seem to come up with a logical candidate."

The nomination of the Vice-President was anticlimax. Weary and hollow-eyed, the lady delegates stopped the sock and sweater knitting with which they had busied themselves while somebody else's candidate was being praised. Men delegates dozed in their chairs. Here and there a couple snoozed happily, snuggled head on shoulder. Finally, on the second ballot, Sen. John F. Kennedy triumphed over Stuart Symington.

There were a few cheers. The weary crowd filed out. It was almost dawn. The tumult and the shouting was over for another four years. The big show had cost nearly $15,000 to put on. The youngsters had raised most of it themselves. But it was worth it, for they had had a lot of fun. And despite all the overtones of humor and the undertones of romance that surround the ancient ritual, they had learned a lot.

As one girl student wrote: "All the sleepless nights we spent, all the exhausting work we did, all the interminable meetings we attended, added up to something much more significant than just a set of paste-ups for a scrapbook of collegiate memories. We had discovered something about what really lies behind that not so little thing, a vote."

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The woman in the back of the bus suddenly screamed out for the driver to stop—right then and there. The nearest corner not being a bus stop, the driver kept on. The woman meanwhile called him a variety of things, none of them complimentary. When he halted the bus at the next regular stop, she darted up to the front door, planted herself so no one could get on or off, and delivered an angry lecture point-blank at the driver.

"And furthermore," she wound up, "I insist upon having your name."

"That," the driver said placidly, "I cannot give you. More than thirty years ago, I gave it for once and for all time to a lady."

L. Murtagh

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I Love Those Italian Men

(Continued from Page 20)

group of men at the next table. As an old gal of seventy walks by, you'll hear one man say, "Ah, see how her legs are still good. Ankles definitely above average. H'm-m, not bad at all!"

A cross-eyed girl of twelve will pass by, hugging her schoolbooks. "*Mamma mia*, what a nice colt! Who cares about her crossed eyes when the hips are that good?" A jaded bottle blonde, definitely *passée*, will swagger past, and one can hear, "Ah, just think of the past of that one. Another Madame du Barry, no doubt!"

Italians love their women "big and blond." Since I am blond and have an old family habit of measuring six feet plus high heels, I can always cause a sensation over there. In the streets I hear the whispered title "Athena!" This goddess was supposed to be very tall, and I certainly don't mind being likened to a goddess.

Other comments follow, such as, "May I bring a ladder the next time, so I can climb it and be able to gaze into your beautiful eyes?" Or, "*Signorina*, you obviously need two men, both working hard at once, to make love to all of you properly, and here we are, both of us, at your service."

Since they don't know whether I understand Italian—I am usually taken for a Swede—they watch my face to see if I've understood their remarks. I may try to look haughty and unhearing, but my mouth starts to curl up in trying to control a laugh, and then they know that I have understood. This makes the game more fun for them, and they follow me for blocks, chattering all the way. "Don't you need an extra man around the house? Even if you're married? Ah-h—your children must be very beautiful. Say, could I become one of them? I'd make such an affectionate child." Finally, they tire of chasing "Athena" and return to their original place on the corner with the other men, to pick up the discussion on "*futbol*" where they left off, and to await the arrival of the next likely target.

The female tourist who gets upset and hysterical about these experiences is on the wrong track. She should realize that it is all part of the "great tease." The Italian man likes to tease, but when the person he is teasing takes him seriously, he is apt to be embarrassed. These men—the *Pappagalli* (Parrots) as they are called—like to follow a girl, cajoling her, but they expect her to play the game by remaining aloof or silently amused. Italian men don't have to roam the streets with serious intentions, since they usually have someone very nice at home.

Physically, Italian men are, at first meeting, unimpressive. They are short, often squat by American standards. Their pointed-toe shoes and the cuts of their suits, with pinched waists, short jackets and tight, short trousers, seem ludicrous to us. In winter they wear suits of a startling mattress-ticking design; in summer their suits are of brightly colored poplin, ranging from electric blue to neon green, sometimes with pink or yellow ties added. Men of the upper classes, of course, dress in the conservative English tradition, but they are seldom seen by American tourists.

When you have been in Italy for a few months, you begin to accept as normal the way most Italian men dress. Now you begin to notice that the dramatic eyebrows and the coal-black, slicked-down hair are really magnificent. They are very proud of their hair. You have only to notice the popularity of men's hairdressing shops in Italy to realize that they care a great deal about personal grooming. All of this barbering and pomading is done *far piacere alle donne*—to please the ladies.

I remember my first night out in Rome. A charming Roman named Enrico, whom I had met through friends, asked me to dinner. He said he was going to his *barbiere* right from the office at seven P.M., and from there he would come directly to meet me. But he didn't appear at my hotel until 9:30, and by then I had gone to bed in a rage at having been stood up.

"But, *cara* Tish," he protested into the lobby telephone, "I told you I was going to my *barbiere*. I have just finished now. I took all the treatments tonight, just for you." I dressed at once and rushed down to view—and smell—a splendid Adonis.

One cannot help admiring Italian men's heads, which are beautifully shaped, with strong, classic profiles and sharply cut features. But the most important detail of Italian male beauty is in the eyes department. Any Italian man, be he a royal prince or a ditch digger, is capable of raising feminine blood pressure with his eyes. They are usually the darkest brown or black in color, shaded by long, lacy lashes—very large eyes too. If the Italian is a northern, blond type, his eyes are usually sea-blue or sea-green, reminding the female fortunate enough to be gazing into them of her latest trip to Capri.

When I first arrived in Italy, it made me feel uneasy to be the object of soulful gazing, particularly when the gazer was a friend. On my famous first evening with Enrico, we sat at a table at The Cabala between dances, and I began to squirm under his silent stare. Finally I could stand it no longer. "Enrico, why do you just sit there and look at me like that? What's the matter—is my slip showing or something?"

He laughed. "That's a typical American female reaction, if I've ever heard one. No, I was just thinking how pleasant it would be if you and I were off alone together, anywhere—by the sea or on a mountaintop, or anywhere far away from night clubs and people and jobs."

This, as any American man would say, was a lot of malarkey, and I knew it. Still, Enrico's Italian compliments made better listening than the small talk I had heard from young men in America—on sentimental topics such as stock-market quotations.

The Italian man says what he really feels for the moment. True, he may pay similar compliments to another woman immediately afterward, but that's some other moment. He feels it is his pleasant duty as a man to give the girl he is with an emotional lift—what he does when he is no longer with her is his own business.

A woman soon learns to appreciate *il complimento Italiano* even to defend its fickleness. In fact, a woman becomes so accustomed to compliments and to the flattering stares of the men that it is a shock to visit any other country. The minute Italy is left behind, she becomes aware of the fact that no one is noticing her. She usually concludes that she's turning into an old hag, and can hardly wait to return to a country where women are made to feel attractive.

If a single girl from another country has a wide circle of contacts in Italy, speaks Italian, and possesses a little *joie de vivre*—along with two legs, two eyes, a nose and a mouth—she is bound to enjoy life. Being foreign, she is automatically "exotic." She will be sought after, made love to and proposed to constantly.

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She must realize that much of this attention is less serious than it sounds, but she will find that never before in her life has she felt so female, so desirable. In Italy that good old *tensione* is established between a man and a woman the minute they see each other. Whether you are riding in a bus or sipping cocktails in a night club, a man is a male and a woman is terribly female and glad of it.

It is the little things that count. One evening, shortly after my arrival in Rome, I met an attractive, distinguished man of about forty at a cocktail party. At first we chatted in aimless fashion. Then we began discussing dreams in a very scientific way. I was trying to impress him with my dream-analysis knowledge, gained from Vassar Psychology 105.

He asked me, with a saucy twinkle in his eyes, "Well, what did you dream about last night, Letizia?" I replied quickly that I had dreamed of white elephants with huge black stripes on them in a zebralike pattern.

"Did you really enjoy the dream?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "it was a very nice, pleasant dream."

The next morning a package was delivered to my door, addressed to "Signorina Letizia." Inside the flowered-paper wrapping was a little white-porcelain elephant, painted in black stripes. The card said, "When you dream tonight, maybe you'll think of me." It was not even signed.

Think of him? I shall never forget him.

The Italian men display a spirit of romance even under trying circumstances. I remember having to pay for damage done to another man's car by my brother Mac, who had borrowed my little Morris for a spin through Rome. Mac rammed into the back of a small Fiat right in front of the Excelsior Hotel. All the damage was suffered by the innocent car. Mac apologized, took the man's name and address, and came home with the bad news. While my insurance company was unwinding red tape, the poor Italian was without transportation. His smashed car had to sit in the garage awaiting the official estimate of repair costs. Yet the victim, whom my brother had described as "a very handsome bachelor," was most polite over the telephone to me. Finally, after many communications with my insurance company, I was given cash for the repairs. I forwarded the money by messenger. The next evening a delivery boy brought to my apartment a fat bouquet of long-stemmed roses, three dozen in all. The flowers were from my accident friend, and his card read, "I can only feel sorry for myself—you have deprived me of the privilege of meeting you in person."

Obviously, he had spent an important part of the damages awarded in paying for the flowers. I never heard from him again, but I am sure he is going through life following the delectable philosophy of "*Far piacere alle donne.*"

I had heard so much talk all my life about the infidelity of Italian husbands and the rampant immorality of Latin life at all levels of society that I approached the prospect of living in Rome with some apprehension. However, in three years of observation of my favorite object of study—men—I found that for the most part they love to talk about love.

They talk of love so constantly that they work off a lot of steam in the process. They live in a world of knee-bending, guitar-serenading, poetry-quoting, compliment-throwing romanticism, with the result that they have no repressions and are happy, gay and well adjusted. Why should an Italian be criticized for spending time in verbal flirtations, if he makes a woman feel she is a combination of Theda Bara, Diane de Poitiers and Marilyn Monroe—in other words, glad to be alive? This romantic attitude is behind the mass happiness of the people—one has only to look at the smiles on every side to see that this happiness exists.

I would wager that infidelity after marriage is no more prevalent in Italy than in America. The difference is that infidelity is readily admitted in Europe, whereas we try to deny its existence or get a divorce to legalize it.

The Italian woman is first looked upon by her suitor as a sort of divine but pagan goddess, a living Venus. After marriage, she assumes a new role which intensifies male worship—that of mother of the family. If she forgets the Venus side of marriage as the years go by, her husband might take a mistress, if he can afford one, and thus slip into what we call "Latin immorality."

The author, Letitia Baldrige, U. S. Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce's social secretary, swaps small talk with Italian diplomat Massino Magistrati at a cocktail party in Rome.

Italians, like us, feel that such behavior is not to be condoned by society or the Church. However, they point out that in America, where we try to solve the problem by divorce, our children have to suffer the consequences. In Italy, the husband may have his fling, but he returns to the bosom of his family as an exemplary husband once again, having remained an exemplary father all the time. The family is held together at all costs. If there is a mistress in the background, she cannot interfere with the hours a man spends with his children.

The fact is that immorality is much more talked about than practiced. The subject of sex (Italians call it "love") is not taboo, and the steam can blow itself off in so many sublimated ways that the lid doesn't have to pop off the kettle. This is one reason why anyone can feel relaxed and happy living in Italy.

In America, an unengaged girl who is feeling momentarily gay while walking down the street with a young man just can't throw her arms around him and say, "Isn't life wonderful?" No, if she were to do that in America, her companion would be deeply embarrassed and would suspect her of cornering him into matrimony. In Italy the more a female expresses herself spontaneously, the happier everyone around her feels. It becomes a wonderful experience of give and take, of a man and woman aware of each other—not having to be in love, but happy just to be together. Again, it's that wonderful *tensione* between the two sexes that makes the Italian wheels go around. There is no other country where a "he" feels more like a "he," and a "she" feels more like a "she."

I must describe a typical day in Rome from the point of view of *tensione*, in order to illustrate an important part of the charm of living in Italy.

It all begins at 8:15, when it's time to leave my apartment, bound for my office in the Villa Taverna, our ambassadorial residence in Rome. Every morning I meet the street cleaner sweeping in front of my place. He is clad in a dirty blue smock, with a pilot-type cap cocked over one ear. Seeing me, he breaks into a toothless grin. He is hardly a romantic sight, but I feel happier at once as he utters some variation on the theme, "Good morning, my beautiful young lady. Ah, I see you have a special sparkle in your eyes. I hope that whoever that young man is, he merits the sparkle."

Immediately, the bags and circles under my eyes are replaced by a "sparkle"—the process of suggestion—and I make my way across the Viale Bruno Buozzi to the garage where I keep my car. I am wondering whether Eduardo is going to be there this morning. Eduardo happens to be six feet three of bronzed muscle, topped by a Praxiteles-type head. His black curls run every which way, and those chestnut eyes could melt an iceberg for sure.

Yes, Eduardo is there. He opens the car door for me, bows low as he closes it, cleans my windshield, gazing at me all the while, and then puts his head through the window to dust the dashboard, all unnecessary. With his head inside the car, he transfixes me with those incredible eyes and says, "Did you have a good time last night, *signorina?*" Everyone takes it for granted that I am out every night with a dashing *cavaliere*. Without waiting for a reply, Eduardo then asks, "Was he—er—ah—good to you?"

Eduardo's definition of a man "being good" to a woman has nothing to do, I fear, with goodness as we Americans use the word. I do not answer such an impertinent question, but blushingly start forth from the garage, usually in the wrong gear. I am already, at 8:30 in the morning, in what the psychologists would call a "state of imbalance." In America at this hour I am merely in a state of frayed coffee nerves.

By the time my car reaches the Piazza Pitagora, I have shifted to the proper gear, and as I pass by my favorite kiosk, I wave to the couple selling newspapers inside it. They are both fat and jovial. Their motor scooter leans against the side of their newsstand, partly covering a large ad for *L'Unita*, the big communist newspaper.

Looking at their scooter reminds me of a conversation we had last week. When I asked Papa how both he and his fat wife managed to ride all the way from Trastevere and back on that small machine, two trips a day, he replied, "Why, we do very well. Occasionally one of us falls off, but we never hurt ourselves—we're well padded! Besides, it is always such a pleasure for me to be squeezed by Mama holding on behind."

Once at the villa, I find myself in what is an office, but also a continual fountain of "spring-feverism." Mario the butler is humming "love songs" with an enthusiasm that belies his sixty-three years. In the pantry, Ubaldo is cleaning silver and dreaming of his romantic escapades of the night before with Lina, the upstairs maid. Beppe, the young, curly-headed footman, is making coffee and being teased for his supposed interest in "older women." Emilio, assistant kitchen boy, is stirring a pot of something on the stove, while holding in his free hand a love letter which he reads delightedly. Everyone is working hard, but the mood of the villa staff is one of *tensione*, and I fall right into it.

One hour of work with Clare Boothe Luce snaps me out of it, temporarily. When she has gone, and I am busily answering letters, there is a business telephone call from someone like Luchino Villarosa—and here we go again.

"Darling," he begins, "how can I think about TWA business when I can think about you? Ah, I have such a miraculous vision this morning. I picture you awaiting me—not in your office but on a satin chaise longue. You are looking just like Sophia Loren. In fact, I'll come over right this minute!"

After this opening, to which he expects no comeback from me, he proceeds to transact the business at hand, the arrival of some office supplies. It takes an Italian to make romance out of air freight.

Now, I do not wish to advocate that all American businessmen—in a land where men and women, unfortunately, think they are equals—suddenly imitate Italy by always bringing a bit of boudoir into the office. I am merely saying that, in my opinion, being treated as someone who is *not* an equal has enormous compensations.

By the time the bewitching hour of nine P.M. rolls around, my whole business day has been filled with interludes of the Villarosa type. I begin rushing around my office, closing file cabinets for the night. Clare Boothe Luce floats out of her room on a wave of perfume, headed for an official dinner, and pauses for a word. "Tish, you're not going out again tonight on another late night, are you? If you don't stay home once in a while and get some sleep, you'll have to carry on your job from Salvator Mundi Hospital."

At home, after a quick bath, a change into "the little black dress," and a lavish spraying of French perfume, I am all ready and waiting to have my morale raised. In America, I always felt that a young man asking me out for the evening expected me to amuse him. In Italy, it's the other way around. I must make a conscious effort to relax and let my escort have the pleasure of amusing *me*.

An Italian beau starts the evening off, the minute he meets the girl, by shooting

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out compliments as if he were triggering a double-whammy machine gun. In fifteen minutes the girl is dizzy. If she doesn't feel that she is Gina Lollobrigida's main competition, then something is wrong. Her escort notices her clothes, her jewelry, her perfume. He says, "Every man in the room is jealous of me because I have you on my arm."

The girl may try to throw something back, but this is a mistake; the Italian beau will always go her one better. I have tried everything, including harmless little remarks: "I like your tie." He replies by saying he'll go out and buy up every tie of that pattern in Rome, so that no other man will be able to wear it and deserve such a compliment from my lips. A girl finally learns to relax and let the stream of compliments go down a one-way street.

No female could possibly tire of spending evening after evening in the little *trattorie* in the old parts of Rome and in the Trastevere section. Steaming platters of *Spaghetti alle Vongole* are served with liters of Frascati white wine. Serenades from the local minstrels blend in with the sounds of the fountains playing in the piazza and the hum of happy voices. When the little orchestra of singer, guitarist and violinist stops by your table, the food can grow cold—who could care about food when an emotional voice is singing at you, a song which, roughly translated, means, "If you don't come back to me, I'll go and kill myself, but I will die with a smile of joy on my face, because I'll be thinking of the heavenly memories of moments we shared together."

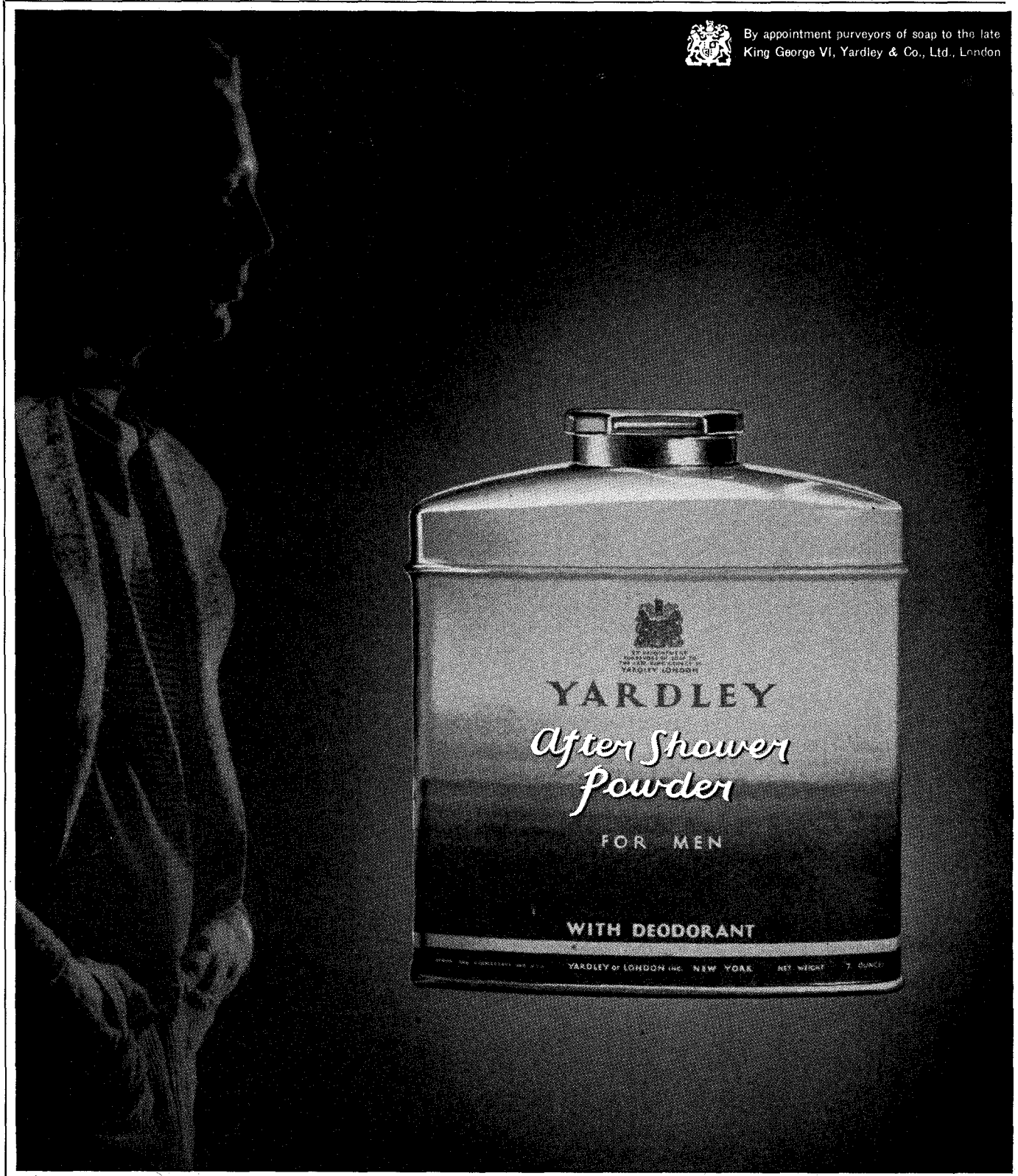
It's nice to have every day St. Valentine's Day. When the tenor sings of love, even the waiter is transfixed in the corner. He sings quietly right along with the tenor, his eyes staring sadly off into space, and we are all convinced that he is recalling a tragic love affair. If we ask him, when he brings our Bel Paese cheese, to tell us why he is so sad, he probably will give us the whole gripping story without hesitation.

We stay at the restaurant until about one in the morning, sipping more coffee and more wine. If you're like me, you are given the guitar by one of the musicians about midnight, and the whole restaurant listens to you sing and play. You start off with Italian songs, because Italians love to hear their classic Neapolitan and Roman songs sung with an American accent and given an American "blues" treatment. Then you sing a few sentimental French songs, like La Vie en Rose and La Mer, and finally you give in to audience persuasion and sing a couple of American ones, like Someone to Watch Over Me, and The Man I Love. If you were performing in public in America like this, three things would happen. Your escort would feel like dying of embarrassment and might walk out of the restaurant. Second, you would be accused of drunken exhibitionism by the other diners. Third, probably somebody from Petrillo's music union would try to have you silenced. In Rome, however, your escort is so proud of you he can hardly stand it. There are no music-union regulations against amateurs' performing in public, and the whole restaurant enters into the *soirée musicale* with enthusiasm. There are usually a few opera singers having dinner, too, and they take up the concert where you leave off. If there are any lire left in your beau's pocket, you wind up the evening with a "cognac Francese" (French cognac) and a dance. Italian men love to dance and, what is more important, they know *how*.

If your boss asks you the next day how you can stay out until all hours, and just what do you see in Italian men anyway, you have to reply that it would take a tremendous amount of explaining. There might be some required reading, such as King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and The Life of Rudolph Valentino, and books of love poetry by Alfred de Musset.

If I always remember my years in Italy, it is thanks to the inimitable, charming and wonderful Italian men. How they managed to make a tall, healthy, independent American girl feel so completely like a piece of delicate porcelain, I shall never know. Whatever their secret is, I wish they'd pass it along.

But I have concluded this much: it is not only the romantic treatment a female receives in Italy that keeps her happy. Married or unmarried, she is disciplined by the males in her life. She is the undisputed Queen of the Household. She may also run her husband or her beau in many ways, but she never lets him know it, nor would she admit it to herself. The man is supposed to have the upper hand, and both sexes want it that way. The woman in America would be, in my opinion, a much happier female if her man treated her not as an equal (or, as is often the case, as a superior), but rather as someone he loves who is under his domination and protection. There is a tendency among American parents to return to the "spanking when needed" technique vis-à-vis their children. I know many women who could use a little of it, too, figuratively or literally. Not only do they need it, but they would enjoy it—because along with (and immediately following) the spanking usually goes a lot of love and affection. THE END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Reservation for Murder

(Continued from Page 19)

She wasn't much like another girl Cassidy remembered every so often, even now; but, then, he didn't want her to be that way, not particularly. It had suggested itself to him—of late, anyway—that it was possible for one to get over certain occurrences, given enough time, naturally, and maybe enough quiet misery with it. One grew up, perhaps, but, at any rate, one began to understand people in a different way, and to look for qualities in them that had never been important or even faintly noticeable before.

Which was the strange and ironic part of the whole thing. Last year, in a Harlem police car, as Hannegan had reminded him, there had been a Ray Cassidy bouncing around who had everything in the world, apparently; the one job, at any rate, and the one girl. It was the wrong girl, if he had ever suspected it at that time, and yet there had been a full and complete Ray Cassidy to offer her. Now, however, there was another girl, and the only one that was ever going to matter again, really. But the Cassidy of the Hotel Imperial was a lot different from the Cassidy of last year; and what the Imperial Cassidy had to offer a girl like Florence Savage —— He shifted himself. Those big jaws of his clamped down painfully.

"Well," she said, "hi, there," closing the door after herself and considering him for a moment or two, as Hannegan had done earlier, as if a bit puzzled, perhaps, or uncertain about him. She was a tall girl, with soft-looking brown hair and good shoulders.

"That's it," she added, nodding seriously to herself and then tucking the notebook under her arm. "That's the look, Cassidy. Tell me something. What are you always carrying around inside, anyway? The whole sad world, isn't it?"

He grinned crookedly, tightening the armor around himself—all in place now, every buckle and strap fastened.

"I guess," he said. "Something like that. Working overtime, are you?"

"Just a little," she said, taking the window seat with that quick, deft grace she had—the grace that Cassidy had been noticing now, here and there around the Imperial, for about two months. "Oh, gosh!" She sighed deeply. "What a day, Cassidy! A hundred and scrumpty-ten letters; and two legal briefs; and now this speech to be typed out! Well—you know who we have in Two-two-three-four? That Bishop Hruba."

A vague memory from his afternoon paper stirred in Cassidy then—the snapshot of a big overseas airliner at Idlewild, a plane ladder, and a frail, tired-looking old man in clerical clothes standing beside it.

"Oh," he said. "The one that got away from the communists over there behind the curtain; sure. I read about him. How does he look? Pretty well washed up? They put him through that brainwashing thing, didn't they?"

"I'll tell you," she confided soberly, looking beyond him at Suite 2234. "He just wrings your heart, Cassidy. He's so quiet with you, and so kind, and so gentle. Thank God he got away from them, anyway. How's the Imperial security officer these days? Keeping himself busy?"

"Getting around," Cassidy said, watching the Park Avenue traffic now, and not her. "How's Hannegan? He was telling me that he had you out last week."

"And that was a surprise?" Miss Savage demanded of him, with a kind of composed dignity. "You made the introduction, Cassidy. Remember? You practically threw me at Mr. Michael Hannegan. Why, I wonder? What is the matter with me? Where's my appeal?" She sighed again, very dolefully.

Cassidy did not answer her; he just noted a few early stars outside, and felt that familiar coldness and emptiness in the heart.

"A really big night," Miss Savage announced, eying herself critically in a pocket mirror, and then eying him. "A fine dinner out on the Island, and then some dancing; and then, even if you won't believe this, some very serious talk in regard to a Mr. Ray Cassidy."

"Me?" Cassidy said, his jaws tightening a bit. "What about?"

"Oh ——" She studied him again with those sharp and intelligent brown eyes of hers. "About how you were shot down last year in that holdup. Pretty bad, wasn't it?"

There was a brief silence between them. Then he said quietly, "No. Not too bad."

Yet the thing had happened again in him, and in the fiftieth of a second, as it always did. For just that whiplash of time he didn't seem to be in the Imperial corridor any more, but back again in a small and very dark room, Room 305, at one of the city hospitals. He was in the cast too—his arms out of it, and his head, but nothing else. And there was Dottie McConnell sitting beside him, every morning, every afternoon and every night. For the first week or so, anyway, before the hint got around that it was going to be a long, rather endless time in that room, and in that position for Ray Cassidy; and that afterward—well, afterward there was going to be the really big problem. Oh, he would make it all right, the doctors had announced cheerfully; they were almost positive. But the spine was a pretty delicate and extra-special affair to tamper with; and so, until all the results were in ——

"I thought maybe you'd noticed," he said. "People do. I got kind of a gimp sometimes; the back. Of course, they tell me it's coming along real good; nothing to worry about. It's just—well, the police surgeons don't want any part of it, you understand. I'm out on the disability now. They just washed me off after the last X ray."

"Yes," she said, "Hannegan told me. And you wanted to go back, didn't you?"

Again Cassidy made no immediate answer. He was thinking now of that tenement hallway over in East Harlem, himself flattened against the wall, and someone else flattened against the cellar doorway—someone who had a gun ready for him. He had inched ahead, very carefully, not breathing; and then, from the cellar doorway —— His hands became moist and hot now, suddenly, but that also was a pretty familiar feeling these days, and these nights.

"I don't know," he said finally, that rugged face of his twitching the least bit. "Wouldn't be much good any more, maybe. I've been kind of jumpy ever since it happened to me. I just have to think of it, and I feel all tightened up. You want to know something? I can't look at a gun any more. I can't touch one."

He grinned clumsily; began to sweat too. What was it, anyway? What had begun eating away at him? And when had it started? Back in that hospital room, was it, on that rainy afternoon, when Dottie McConnell had come in to see him for the last time, and cried a little, and told him about the big fellow from Manhattan East that wanted to marry her—the big, healthy fellow?

There had been nothing for Cassidy to say to that; nothing at all. He had to lie there, all spread-eagled out like a wax dummy—head turned in to the wall, eyes closed, not feeling anything very much; or perhaps just the tiniest pencil tip of dry rot somewhere inside him. Well, the rot had spread, apparently—and spread and spread and spread—until finally a man like Mr. George V. McCollum could look at him and curl his lip, and say things that the Cassidy of last year would have shoved back into his throat before he had them half uttered.

"That's what Michael thought," she said now, again frowning at him; "that you're worrying too much about it. Well, you would, naturally. It's nothing to be ashamed of. And then that girl walking out on you the way she did ——"

"What girl?" Cassidy said, flushing up noticeably. "What are you talking about? Come on! You going downstairs?"

"Oh, dear me," she said, very cool and composed about it. "So that's sacred, is it? Well, it wouldn't be sacred to me, Ray Cassidy. I'd forget someone like that so darn quick ——"

She marched off then, head up, good shoulders swinging gracefully and maybe disdainfully; and beyond her Cassidy noticed two men in the Imperial corridor, halfway along in it, between his end and the reception office. But they had not come from the reception office; they had appeared suddenly from the service stairway; and now the little fellow noticed Cassidy facing toward them and stopped immediately, but not the big one. The big one took hold of him; the big one murmured quietly; and then he did the one thing that Cassidy could not question. He stopped at 2219, at Mrs. Henry McPherson King's; he rapped there and they were both admitted.

Cassidy, after he had made sure of that, went on again, but by that time Florence Savage had vanished into one of the Imperial elevators. Well, he told himself, all for the best, probably. What was Ray Cassidy any more? What good was he to himself or to anyone else either?

He got out at the main lobby. Here, too, was a fine display of the green-and-gold Imperial décor—a cool-looking marble fountain, and lustrous marble pillars; ferneries arranged in as precise and ornamental a way as so many Japanese gardens; a slim antique bronze over there in a wall alcove; a subdued mural or two; and overhead, three stories up, a lofty ceiling set in hand-fitted wooden blocks carved as scrupulously as the finest Oriental silverwork.

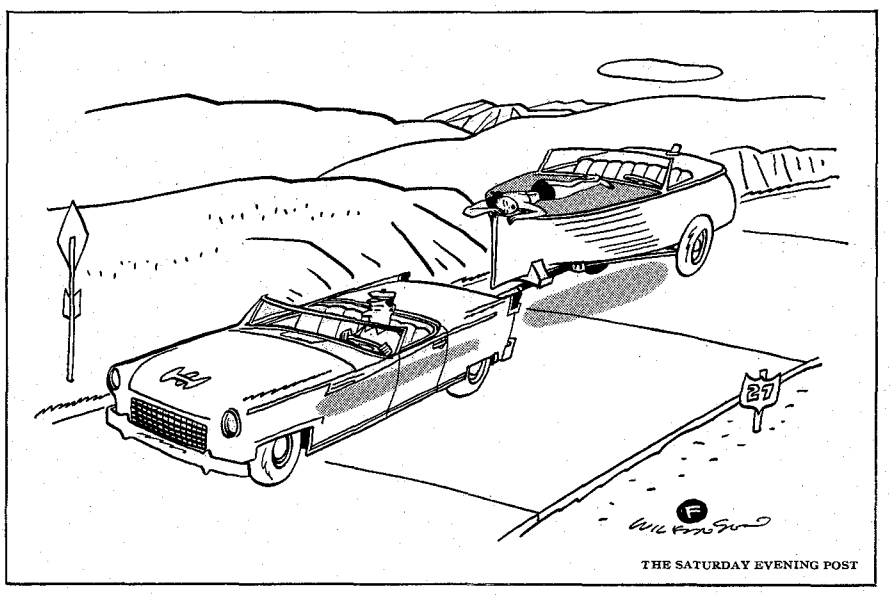
It was getting on toward six-thirty then, and so a very busy hour at the Hotel Imperial. Bellhops in blue-and-gray uniforms were making themselves useful; piles of sleek luggage were spread out before the impressive mahogany façade of the Imperial reception desk; and there were strains of properly subdued dinner music from the Imperial dining room.

Sometimes all this impressed Cassidy very much with its air of high-toned and expensive distinction, but not tonight. Tonight—ordinary routine—he checked the Men's Bar and the Imperial Grill; then the famous Imperial Arcade, with its colorful travel agencies and exclusive luxury shops, that ran the long block from Park to Lexington; and at last he took up his usual position just in back of the bell captain's stand, where, from now on, an Imperial security officer would be on duty, or on call, for the rest of the night. There he found some small matters to occupy him—a phone message from Walter Duval, a luggage mixup; and afterward, over at the Park Avenue entrance, he happened to exchange an entirely fortuitous word or two with the outgoing Mrs. Henry McPherson King. During that interview he narrowed the blue eyes once and very quickly; then he went over to the bell captain's stand and Charlie Mueller.

"I think we got something," he announced tightly; "a couple of prowlers. I just saw them upstairs, Charlie, only I was stupid enough to let them walk away on me, but they worked it real nice. The minute they see me, they rap at old lady King's; and they tell the maid that the desk sent them up, that there's a leak or something on that side. She was just asking me how the leak was; so —— Look, I'll give you the descriptions, and you go up to Twenty-two and see if they're still hanging around up there, but I think they were just trying their luck, and looking for an unlocked door somewhere. O.K., now. You want to get started?"

It was an odd thing, however. The little fellow was nothing at all to Cassidy, even then, but the big one, with the pale, heavy face, the brooding dark eyes and the unctuous manner, began nagging in his mind with persistent uneasiness. He stirred restlessly, glancing at his watch several times, and then over at the elevator to see if Charlie Mueller had come down from Twenty-two yet.

It was seven o'clock before Mueller appeared again, and then he spread out his hands at Cassidy from the other end of the lobby, and shook his head slowly. Nothing, Cassidy understood; no big fellow and no little one. He scowled irritably, rubbing that square jaw of his. Prowlers? Maybe, and maybe not. But what had happened to them up there? And how had they vanished so quickly and completely?



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He did not know. He wondered about it for some time; then he shrugged, again irritably, and went in to tell Walter Duval about it.

And yet they were still on Twenty-two, as a matter of fact; although no longer in the suite of Mrs. Henry McPherson King, where Cassidy had last seen them. In there, a few minutes before, Mr. Francis Janisek had been extremely thorough about that leak business, getting down under the bathroom sink, testing the valves and murmuring back to Emil in mysterious undertones. After perhaps ten minutes or so of that rigmarole—which should have been time enough, surely, for the redheaded fellow, whoever he was, to have taken himself off somewhere—Mr. Janisek had thanked the maid, reassured her about the bathroom fittings and returned with Emil to the Imperial corridor.

Out there he was still properly careful; but now the corridor was quite empty, and he beckoned to Emil, and moved quickly and quietly down to Suite 2234, Bishop Hruba's suite. He tapped there, and it became evident at once that he was expected inside—anxiously expected. The door was opened immediately, and Colonel Tedescu almost yanked him in, and then Emil.

Suite 2234 was one of the roomy and elaborate Imperial suites, consisting of a large and very comfortable sitting room on the Park Avenue side, a bedroom and bath off it, on the left, and another one on the right.

"The old man?" Mr. Janisek inquired softly.

Colonel Tedescu indicated the bedroom door on the right; and Mr. Janisek went over to it and listened for a moment or two.

"Very tired," Tedescu whispered at him. "Worn out. He went to bed ten minutes ago, as soon as the typist left us; and I gave him the medicine. He had been dictating for an hour or so—the speech for tomorrow night, Janisek. I think he is asleep already. It is all quiet in there."

Mr. Janisek gave him a reserved nod, then opened the bedroom door very carefully.

"Excellency," Colonel Tedescu said. "Excellency." There was no answer. "Excellency," Colonel Tedescu insisted, and much louder and bolder this time. He waited, watching Mr. Janisek; still nothing. He went in and switched on the bedside lamp.

"As you observe," he announced, still regarding Mr. Janisek from the eye corners with rather apprehensive uncertainty, but speaking, of course, in a tone of crisp and properly efficient military decisiveness, "there was no trouble or difficulty at all about the sedative you gave me. I myself made quite sure about that business. 'Excellency,' I said, 'your new nerve tonic.' He drank it for me. He did not mention the taste, even."

Mr. Janisek, without answering, leaned forward under the bedside lamp, and, while puffing asthmatically in that position, inspected with gloomy-looking dark eyes a motionless gray head on a white pillow. He was satisfied by what he saw, apparently; he straightened, gave Tedescu a short but approving nod and went back again to the other room.

"Very comfortable," he announced there. "Excellent accommodations, Tedescu. Oh, yes. Much richer and more elegant in this place than in Emil's quarters."

Tedescu, who had turned off the bedroom light and closed the door after them, compressed his lips sullenly. Yes, he thought; Emil's quarters; Room 1756 at the Hotel Imperial, five stories down. Leave it to Mr. Francis Janisek to come up here from Emil's room, using the service stairs, so that he was not seen by anyone on Twenty-two, and not announced either. Which meant that, so far, neither Emil nor Mr. Francis Janisek was connected in any way to Bishop Paul Hruba. While Tedescu, and Tedescu alone ——

"Visitors?" Mr. Janisek demanded now. He seated himself on the gray sofa, and Emil, standing over at the refectory table, selected one of Colonel Tedescu's Turkish cigarettes.

"The typist," Tedescu said, again using the handkerchief nervously. "No one else. In this establishment one notifies the reception desk, Janisek, and after that ——" He permitted himself a faint, superior irony. "You are worried about visitors?"

"I am naturally concerned," Mr. Janisek corrected him, wheezing painfully for a moment and keeping his mouth open. He had a habit of making small gestures every so often, of turning his palms out and over, of shaping invisible things in the air to explain himself, to exhort subtly or impatiently, to emphasize; and now an aloof, inner distaste expressed itself as he gestured toward Emil's cigarette. "Please," he said, "no smoking, Emil; my condition, remember. And there were no phone calls either? He spoke to no one?"

"At the airport," Tedescu informed him. "Unavoidable; a few newspaper photographers. And here, of course, Theodore Victor has phoned several times. Nothing else."

"Expected," Mr. Janisek agreed, after the briefest of meditations. "It is understood, I trust, that you will have to be extremely careful with Mr. Theodore Victor; he is almost as important a gentleman as he thinks he is."

"So one was informed," Tedescu remarked dryly. "A nuisance, that man. An irritating humbug."

Mr. Janisek, not disputing the statement, relaxed comfortably on the gray sofa. Yes, he thought, one could trust Mr. Theodore Victor to push himself in wherever it was humanly possible to do so; wherever there was the chance of a newspaper story or the least hope of a medal or decoration of some kind. And, of course, Bishop Paul Hruba was just about perfect for that business. A gentleman of the cloth who had been most cruelly persecuted by the comrades for some years; who had attained in that way an almost worldwide stature and recognition; and who, to cap everything, had been delivered by the underground only two weeks ago, in a dramatic and highly publicized escape. Who could be better for Mr. Theodore Victor's purpose, everything considered? Half so good, even? He wheezed again, feeling quite satisfied with all his caution and forethought in this matter.

"You have brought the snapshot," Tedescu said, "as you promised, Janisek?"

He came forward two or three steps, and Mr. Janisek, rousing himself, took out his wallet, leafed through it and selected a small photograph. He extended it silently, and Colonel Tedescu took it across under one of the floor lamps. A few seconds went by.

"Yes," Tedescu admitted then. But was it reluctantly, Mr. Janisek asked himself. "The resemblance is there, of course; one could not deny it reasonably."

"But there is no question," Mr. Janisek declared, slowly raising at him a stubby and impressive forefinger. "The family resemblance is quite marked—in build, age, physical features—and I have already told you that he is a distant cousin of the old fellow inside, Tedescu. A shiftless creature, you understand; a drunkard in this country; a no-good. But for our purposes ——"

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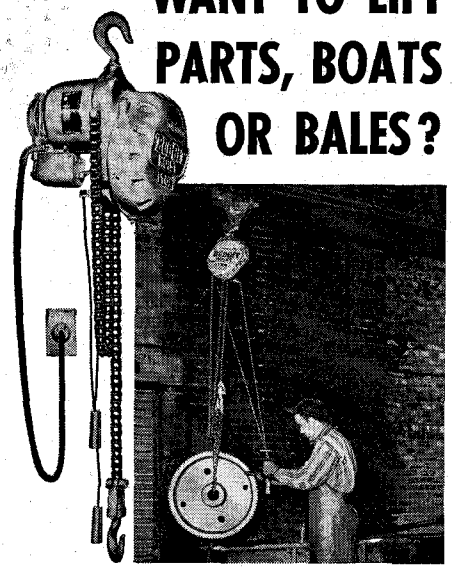

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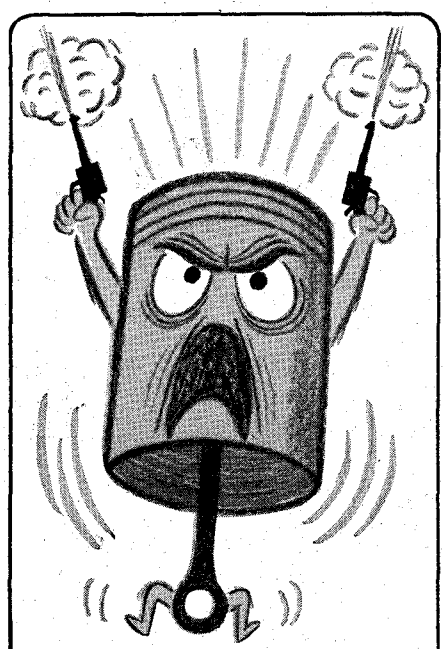

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He made a negligent sidewise gesture, now elevating his thick, dark eyebrows at Colonel Tedescu, and again in a very significant manner, while accepting the photograph from him.

"No question at all," he insisted seriously, tapping the snapshot against the edge of his left palm. "I am a very careful man, Tedescu, and I am very sure of my ground in matters of this kind. The resemblance is there, as you have just seen, and the relationship also. This one"—he tapped the photograph again—"our esteemed Cousin Josef announced himself to me two weeks ago in a café on Second Avenue, near the newspaper office. Who is he? Just an amusing old devil who has the effrontery to announce himself as cousin to Bishop Paul Hruba; who insists on it, indeed. Well, I buy him a drink or two, but without believing any of that nonsense. Until ——"

He meditated again, finger tips together, heavy dark eyes lowered. Until the actual truth was impressed on one, he admitted privately to himself; until next morning, at the newspaper, he had been called into Mr. Theodore Victor's private office, and given the news suddenly that he must fly to London and interview Bishop Paul Hruba. Well, he had done that, exactly as ordered; and the vagabond's story had not been quite so ridiculously farfetched. The resemblance to Bishop Paul Hruba was there—a very striking resemblance—and the old man had remembered the cousin of his who had emigrated to America forty years ago, and had been much interested in what had happened to him.

Well, Francis Janisek had been interested, too, from another and not quite so emotional angle. Francis Janisek had gone back to his London hotel to write his dispatch, and there, very suddenly —— He lifted his head now, looking up at Tedescu, and then turned over his small dimpled hands with exaggerated gracefulness.

"Quite suddenly I saw the possibilities of this resemblance staring me right in the face," he announced soberly. "I began to consider the matter: What is the old man inside to our pious countrymen? A national hero, of course; a martyr for the past two years, and now a great liberator, perhaps. Well, our people have worked very hard in America, Tedescu; they have their own restaurants and social halls, their own fraternal organizations, and their own newspapers, printed for them in their own tongue by Mr. Theodore Victor; and now I understand that they are swept by a fury of patriotism.

"Suppose, then, I suggest to Mr. Theodore Victor—as his own idea, naturally—just how all of us can prove our wholehearted affection and loyalty for Bishop Hruba. In what way? A fund, naturally; the Bishop's Fund. And suppose Theodore Victor initiates the idea in his newspaper, and raises in that fashion, in a countrywide campaign, a quarter of a million dollars to be placed at His Excellency's personal disposal? Well, I have then to consult with a certain Colonel Tedescu. Is he a practical man? Can he understand how quickly and easily, just by palming off Cousin Josef at a hotel banquet, we might get our hands on that fund? It is a risk, certainly. But is there a chance of success in it? Are there promising possibilities?"

"One has heard all this," Colonel Tedescu interrupted, with rather irritable exasperation, "and so there is no need to compliment yourself any further by going over and over it. It is pleasant, I suppose—very nice—but to be practical about it, Janisek: have they raised the money?"

"Oversubscribed," Mr. Janisek told him. "Oversubscribed, thank you. This very afternoon, and right in Mr. Theodore Victor's private office, I was shown the final accounting figures; and so I can tell you now that tomorrow night, in the Grand Ballroom downstairs, there will be presented to His Excellency inside a certified check in the amount of two hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars. So the money is there, waiting—and there is only one other question for us. Is it worth a bit of a risk, Tedescu?"

Tedescu shrugged, then gnawed his lip for a moment before holding out his hand once more for Cousin Josef's snapshot.

"Oh, examine it," Mr. Janisek advised him, handing it over without protest. "Only consider what I have pointed out to you in London two weeks ago. Here Bishop Paul Hruba is known personally to no one, because never once, not until now, has the old man set foot on this side of the world. In such circumstances, and granted the strong physical resemblance, is it likely that our Cousin Josef will be accepted as the great hero they have seen only in a few badly finished newspaper pictures? I think so. I am willing to take the chance, in any event."

"But the rest of it?" Tedescu whispered. He was again eying the bedroom door anxiously. "You have considered about that also?"

"The rest of it? But where are your difficulties, Tedescu?" Mr. Janisek inquired, still amiably bland with him. "We are all very comfortable here, for a day or two, or else downstairs in Emil's room, using the service stairway when we wish to communicate with one another. And we keep the old man under sedation, of course, in the bedroom over there, while arrangements are being made to turn that certified check into good cash; while we assure ourselves that everything is going along in the right way. If it does not, if something unforeseen happens, we have not harmed the old man; he has just slept a day or two because of his weakened physical condition."

"No." His heavy lips pursed complacently. "You must not make any sort of difficulty now, Tedescu. In a few days, of course, it will be discovered that His Excellency has vanished mysteriously—and with all the money. Are you responsible for that, if you are careful enough to be out of the hotel at that moment? And is there anything at all that you can tell the authorities in regard to it? Well, yes, there may be. The old man, you declare, has been acting in rather a peculiar fashion. Hiding things from you, skulking about, suffering from delusions of persecution and of people watching him, getting up in the middle of the night, opening and shutting doors secretly. I tell you, Tedescu, there will not be a finger pointed in your direction—nor in mine either. It will be accepted that he did away with himself. That, with the money, he threw himself into the nearest river or, perhaps ——" He shrugged casually. What matter, really, to Mr. Janisek?

"But this disappearance," Tedescu said, glancing about, hurriedly and instinctively, at the bishop's bedroom. "How will you manage that part?"

"Oh, great complications there," Mr. Janisek announced, veiling his dark eyes slyly and roguishly. "Can a trunk be sent out of this suite in a day or two, when we are sure that Cousin Josef has been accepted by everyone? And can Emil pick up that trunk at one of the nearby express offices, in his own car, and dispose of it?"

"But there are the hotel people," he persisted now. "The maids, the people who clean up, the messenger boys. You have not forgotten them?"

"Oh, really!" Mr. Janisek murmured; he might have been genuinely distressed and disappointed at that outburst. "You are here as aide-de-camp to the old man, valet and bodyguard, trusted factotum. Well, then, for our intentions there could be no other arrangement half as suitable. The hotel people you order about—off with them, quick march, do not disturb His Excellency. Downstairs, of course, the reception desk isolates all of us from any unwanted intrusion. If we are hungry or thirsty meanwhile, there are waiters to attend in here—very convenient—and when you admit important visitors for five minutes tomorrow morning to shake Cousin Josef's hand and to get his blessing, there is no necessity for them to inspect the bedroom. Well, Tedescu? There are still more objections?"

Tedescu turned from him, walked off a step or two and walked back. What he wanted to do was to convince himself that Anton Tedescu had become no more than a helpless pawn to these people. He had listened to Francis Janisek in London—true, if unfortunate—but, that much granted, could he resist here and now in any effective manner? It seemed not. On their hands now, he comforted himself uneasily; not on his. But it was a small comfort, for some reason. He drew no sustenance from it.

"Then we have settled it," Mr. Janisek went on calmly. "Very good. Emil and I have come up early to arrange matters, but Cousin Josef will not be here until eight-thirty, and then he will be announced from the reception desk to Emil's room, to Seventeen-fifty-six. In that way no one will remember him afterward or connect him to you or to the old man. But tonight he will have to study the speech with us; he will learn how to gesture as the old man does it, how to ——" He broke off there, taking a watch out of his breast pocket and glancing at it. "But here," he complained querulously. "About the speech, Tedescu. We will have to go over it very carefully; we will need time. Is it done yet or half done? Call up, please, and ask the girl when it will be ready for us."

It was a small part of the whole business—very small—and yet it presented to them their first serious difficulty. Three times in five minutes Colonel Tedescu attempted to call the public stenographer's office, and three times there was no one down there who answered the telephone.

"But it was promised for tonight!" Tedescu declared, his brick-colored face flushing angrily. "I tell you, Janisek, that the typist gave me her most faithful ——"

"Of course." And Mr. Janisek waved him aside with crushing insolence. "The thing was promised, and so ——" His lips compressed briefly. "Do you not understand that our imbecile has to be very carefully rehearsed for that speech tomorrow night? The inflections, the right emphasis, the right pauses? He will have to carry it off then, Tedescu, not for us, but for hundreds of other people. So where is that typist? What is she doing down there?"

He had to consider it petulantly. Had she gone home, perhaps, after promising the military ass to finish her work for him? He drummed his fingers against one of the sofa cushions; then decided on Emil. Why not? Emil could slip down to his room on Seventeen, take the elevator from there, find out whatever the trouble was in the stenographer's office and return afterward in the same way.

"Emil," he commanded.

They murmured together for some moments; then Emil let himself out carefully into the Imperial corridor, and Mr. Janisek got up from the gray sofa and glanced in again at the important bedroom. The

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worn old face in there was now flushed, restless under the sedative, almost feverish, but not aware of anything—not the bedside lamp, nor Mr. Janisek. One arm lay under him; the other had been thrust out, palm up, fingers curled slightly, as though in an attempt at some bewildered appeal or urgency. It was not, however, an appeal that Mr. Janisek had any intention of answering. Using thumb and forefinger, he squeezed open a blank eye under him; then, altogether satisfied, tucked the loose arm in again, and under the coverlet. *That's it*, he approved graciously; *rest easy for now; just content yourself. Sleep well, old man, and sleep long.*

There was a banquet that night, as on most nights, in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Imperial, and on the mezzanine floor, consequently, at a quarter of eight, the two cloakrooms were busily occupied. There was a line forming in front of the reservation desk, and in the ballroom itself couples were beginning to wander about, on watch for the right table numbers and the right place cards.

At that time, also, Ray Cassidy—red hair, rugged expression—had stationed himself to one side of the ballroom entrance, keeping an eye on everything and murmuring in a low aside to Mickey Hannegan. He had a good many responsibilities here. He had to make sure, for instance, that no impudent stranger slipped himself in for a pleasant and leisurely Imperial banquet, on the house; and that no pseudo cloakroom employee accepted an expensive fur coat from one of the guests, put it on hurriedly in the nearest washroom, and strolled off in it before anyone on the mezzanine floor even thought of challenging her presence or her credentials.

"I might as well be working over here myself," Hannegan was complaining to him. "Twice in one night, Ray! Well, what have you got on your mind this time?"

Cassidy told him—the two men upstairs, the lie to Mrs. Henry McPherson King, and the dark mystery of what had happened to those two afterward.

Hannegan pursed his lips. "Prowlers, you think?"

"That's the question," Cassidy said, raising his broad shoulders rather querulously. "They didn't look it—not the big fellow, anyway. Charlie Mueller covered the whole place for them, but no dice. . . . Didn't you, Charlie?"

"All the stairs," little Mueller said; "all the corridors."

"Maybe you'd better have a look at the offices," Cassidy said. "Think so, Mickey? We wouldn't want them walking out on us with a couple of typewriters."

"You asking advice?" Hannegan said, eying him curiously for a moment. "Hell's bells, Ray; you know the joint here. I don't."

Cassidy flushed a bit, and Charlie Mueller started off down the mezzanine corridor. He turned left at the end of it, into another and much darker side passage, where the Imperial business offices were located; tried one door in there, then a second. The door to the third—the public stenographer's office—was half open. There was a light inside.

He went in. He expected to find Florence Savage or one of the other Imperial typists, but he found, instead, a slim, undersized young man who wore the hand-painted tie Cassidy had described earlier, and the good-looking sports jacket. He was standing just in back of Florence Savage's desk, and he appeared to be examining the papers on top of it.

Little Mueller stopped—stopped dead short. "Hey!" he said, his voice squeaking a bit. "You there! What do you suppose you're doing?"

"Nothing," Emil said. He smiled thinly—not excited at all, not afraid either. "Who wants to know?"

It was not the sort of thing that Charlie Mueller ran into very often at the Hotel Imperial. He hesitated.

"Maybe you'll find out pretty quick," he declared breathlessly. "Get out of there!" But he was not built for Cassidy's outward gruffness, nor for Mickey Hannegan's air of underplayed and rather indolent menace; his voice quivered. "We're taking you upstairs right now to the security office. There's a couple of questions that ——"

Questions? Emil thought. *The security office?* His mind swung instantly to Mr. Janisek. How could he explain this stupidity? To be caught like this, right at the beginning, and just when —— Out of here, he decided, and out right now.

He snarled silently, pushing Mueller back with one arm, and with the other snatching up a heavy brass smoking stand.

"You'd better not!" Mueller cried at him. But he had the fault of all timid people; his decision was not made clear and unmistakable, as it should have been; and so Emil gambled on it by breaking suddenly for the hall door. Then Mueller rushed him, and then Emil raised the smoking stand over his head, and smashed it down, and smashed it again.

It was quick, savage fury—decided instantly, and done instantly. Panting now, and backing away several steps, Emil touched a woman's pocketbook on the desk, caught it up and shoved it under the sports jacket. At the hall door he tried to compose himself, holding the pocketbook in place under his left arm and smoothing his hair hurriedly: Quiet outside? Quiet as quiet. He opened the hall door, went out through it—and walked straight into Florence Savage.

"Here!" she exclaimed angrily. "Where do you think ——"

He pushed by. She looked after him, muttered to herself, and went on into the stenographer's office. A full minute elapsed; then she came out slowly, closing her eyes for a second or two, and steadying herself against a wooden bench out there. *Cassidy*, she thought blindly; *Cassidy, Cassidy, Cassidy!* She ran. . . .

"—— just kind of funny-looking," Cassidy was declaring at the other end of the mezzanine corridor. "A big, fat guy, Mickey; pretty smooth and oily, and smart as a whip. The little fellow gets jumpy right away, and kind of tough-looking, but not the big guy. Oh, no! He just ——"

Florence Savage pawed at him. There was no color in her face; she was whispering to him, but not saying anything at all sensible.

"What?" he said. He frowned at her. "What about Charlie Mueller? You see him inside?"

An elevator came up then from the main lobby—behind Cassidy, but before her. A banquet guest and his wife stepped off it, and in the elevator there might have been three people yet, or six, or ten. She saw one. She saw, not quite believing in him, the blond young man in the brown sports jacket.

It was very strange. She knew exactly what she had to do—to scream out at Cassidy, to point, to stop the elevator girl. She could not manage it; there was no physical co-ordination in her.

"Hey!" Hannegan said, taking her arm with a powerful and reassuring pressure. "What's the trouble? Just what is it, kiddo?"

Then she pointed, and then Cassidy turned. A little too late, however. The elevator doors had slid shut then, the man had been blotted out, and so there was nothing for Cassidy to grab at, even to see, but the indicator arrow swinging up and around in its numbered circle; and as remote now, as cut off and uncontrolled by any of them, as one of the major planets gliding majestically away in serene orbit.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Arnold, you broke a hundred!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CHERISHED MEMORIES . . .

Commencement

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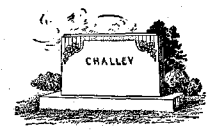

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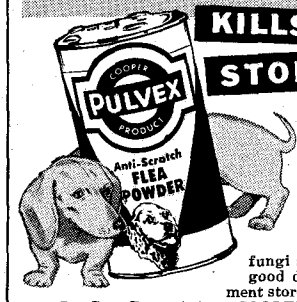

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Happy Was the Soldier!

(Continued from Page 29)

hear out the orders, the threats, the reasoning, the appeals to sense, to teamwork, to *esprit de corps*. Then all he'd say, with the utmost kindliness, was: "'Tain't fit for a grown man to make his own bed."

All this broke upon our collective awareness the first morning after Coby was shipped to our installation. His sergeant came into quarters just before inspection to find Coby staring out the window happily, humming a roundelay. His bed was unmade.

Sergeant Pulaski, an uncomplicated Polish boy from Chicago, called, "Clay!"

"Yes, suh," Coby beamed.

"Clay," said Sergeant Pulaski sternly, "you didn't make your bed."

"That's right, suh."

Sergeant Pulaski wrinkled his brow. "Why not?"

Coby said, " 'Tain't fit for a grown man to make his own bed."

Sergeant Pulaski, who had a gift for unvarnished command, put his fists on his hips at once and barked, "What the hell kind of stuff is that?"

"Back home," said Coby, "my maw always makes my bed. Ever since I been born my maw always made that bed."

"In the Army," said Sergeant Pulaski very slowly, "there ain't no mommas to make no beds. In the Army, soldier, everyone except officers makes his own bed. Now make that bed."

Coby took thought and shook his head with an air of the most amiable reluctance. "Suh, I don't want to make no trouble for nobody, nohow, but I jest cain't do it."

"And why, may I ask, cain't you just do it?"

"Because I jest couldn't face my maw again if I made my own bed."

Sergeant Pulaski stared at Coby, tightened his lips, said, "A guy asks for trouble he's gonna get trouble," and stalked out.

Coby lay down on his bed and played the harmonica. In less than five minutes, Sergeant Pulaski returned with Lieutenant Bienstock. Bienstock, a second lieutenant with fuzz on his cheek, but not on his chin, was an enthusiastic exponent of that come-on-fellows-let's-all-put-our-shoulders-to-the-wheel-together attitude which never fails to puzzle military observers from abroad, who expect an army to be divided simply into those who command and those who obey.

He hastened into the barracks now with shining eyes, alert ears and palpitating disbelief. "Which one? Where, sergeant? Which one is it? . . . That one? Oh. . . . On your feet, soldier."

As Coby undulated himself upward, part after part, until he stood more or less at attention, Lieutenant Bienstock paled slightly.

"Mornin', suh," Coby smiled.

Lieutenant Bienstock glanced uneasily at Sergeant Pulaski and said, "Now, listen, Clay. You don't want to get into any trouble, do you? And we certainly don't want to make you any trouble. Now, what's all this I hear about your not intending to make your bed?"

Coby looked down at his superior from bland, unruffled heights. "I don't want to make no trouble for nobody nohow. I like it here, suh. But I never made up no bed in m'whole life. It jest don't *feel* right, and I couldn't look my maw in the eye agin."

Lieutenant Bienstock stared at the kind, forbearing face above him, and, in a slightly strained voice, asked, "Do you realize what you're saying, Clay? Do you know what this means? Why—you're deliberately refusing to obey an order from a superior officer!"

"Oh, no, suh," Coby said. "I ain't refusin' t'obey no one, nohow. No, suh."

"Then you'll go ahead and make that bed."

"Cain't," said Coby.

"You certainly can. You know you can, and it's silly to say you can't."

"Cain't," said Coby.

Lieutenant Bienstock glanced at Sergeant Pulaski nervously, wet his lips, studied the ceiling for a moment, and said, "Sergeant, take this man to Captain Howard's office. Wait for me there."

"Right." Sergeant Pulaski saluted and nodded to Coby, who regarded Lieutenant Bienstock in the kindest possible way before ambling out. Bienstock lighted a cigarette quickly, inhaled deeply, and thought very hard, organizing all his thoughts. There were a great many of them. Then he hurried out and headed for Captain Howard's office.

Coby was sitting on a long bench, one foot drawn up with his elbow on it, his hand dangling loosely, moving in lazy rhythm to his humming. Sergeant Pulaski was standing next to him in the correctest possible military posture. Lieutenant Bienstock regarded Coby sententiously, giving him one last chance to recant. Coby started to mobilize his bodily ingredients for ascent with a smile so understanding that Lieutenant Bienstock turned on his heel and strode into Captain Howard's private office.

Captain Howard was a mint sucker. He was efficient, crisp, hard-working and mean. An automobile salesman from Wichita, he was a stern believer in fair play, cold showers and clean thoughts. His thoughts were so clean that he spent most of his free time planning a laundry service he was going to run as soon as his term of service was over. He was the kind of partial personality known as "a man's man." He had few friends and many doubts. When he was sure no one was watching, he bit his nails. When he went to sleep, he looked anxious.

He was tallying up some requisition forms when Lieutenant Bienstock entered. Bienstock saluted smartly, accepted Captain Howard's cursory "Proceed," and recited the details of Private Coby Clay's one-man defiance of the simplest and most universal requirement of military life.

When he finished, Captain Howard looked up with an expression of incipient outrage. "He won't make his bed?"

Lieutenant Bienstock cleared his throat. "Yes, sir. He says he won't make his bed."

Captain Howard stared at Bienstock as if at one who had just told him the sun had risen in the west that morning.

"He says it's against his principles, sir," said Bienstock.

"His principles?" Captain Howard echoed. "What the hell is he, a Mohammedan or something?"

"No, sir. He's from the South."

"So what? Half this installation is ——"

"Says his maw always made his bed for him and it 'tain't—it isn't fit for a grown man to make his own bed."

Captain Howard leaned forward, hunched his shoulders like a fullback plowing through the line, and cried, "His *maw?* What the hell's the matter with you, Bienstock?"

"Nothing, sir," said Bienstock with a pained expression. "I was just quoting."

"He calls his mother 'maw'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he a hillbilly or something?"

Bienstock hesitated. "I think he's an illiterate, sir."

"To hell with that. I don't care if he's a Mason. Do you mean to stand there and say you let a damn dogface pull something like refusing to make his own bed on you?"

"Sir, I explained and insisted and argued with him, and I even ——"

Howard's face assumed various hues of impatience as Lieutenant Bienstock proceeded. This made Lieutenant Bienstock more nervous, and he began to stammer. This made Captain Howard's lips thread themselves so that contempt replaced impatience. This made Lieutenant Bienstock blush. This made Captain Howard slap his desk with his open palm and snap, "You argued with him? What the hell's the matter with you anyway, Bienstock? You're an officer of the United States Army! Act like one. Throw that no-good, gold-bricking louse in the guardhouse."

"Sir?"

"You heard me! Throw him in the can!"

"I thought ——"

"Don't! Give him to the MP's, boy—to the MP's. Twenty-four hours in the cooler will cool off that joker. It's as simple as that. 'He won't make his bed.' Ha! 'It ain't fit for a grown man,'" Howard repeated in disgust. "Holy Moses, man, even the *communists* make their own beds! Dismissed!"

Lieutenant Bienstock wiped his brow the minute he got outside the door, signaled to Sergeant Pulaski, and strode out while Sergeant Pulaski told Coby, "Up!" When they were more than fifty feet from Captain Howard's office, Lieutenant Bienstock made a last earnest effort with Coby, who listened with the utmost consideration. You could see that he wouldn't want to hurt Lieutenant Bienstock's feelings for anything in the world. But what he said, after Bienstock's moving appeal to reason, was "'Tain't fit for a grown man to ——"

"Sergeant," said Bienstock manfully, "take this man to the guardhouse! By order of Captain Howard."

Coby spent that day and night behind bars. He spent most of the day singing and slept through the night like a particularly contented lamb.

Sergeant Pulaski was waiting for Coby with a knowing smile when Coby returned to the barracks from the guardhouse the next day.

Coby was delighted to see him. "Man, oh, man," he chuckled, "I caught up on plenty of shut-eye."

Pulaski said, "O.K., Coby. Let's us have no more trouble from you, huh?"

Coby's eyes moved serenely around the room, coming to rest on his own bed in the far corner. It looked as neat, tight and oblong as a coffin.

"We got commended for neat quarters this morning," said Sergeant Pulaski defensively. "O.K., O.K., so I made the bed up myself. But no more trouble from you, huh, Clay?"

"No, suh," said Coby. "I ain't aimin' to give nobody ——"

"—— no trouble no how," Pulaski finished. "I heard you. Now get the lead out and fall in with your squad."

Coby spent the day training with his company, went to sleep that night, rose the next morning, helped his comrades mop the floor and sweep the stairs, lent a helping hand to one and all, humming and smiling all the while—but he did not make his bed. Sergeant Pulaski looked baffled as he went out to find Lieutenant Bienstock once more.

Bienstock gave Coby a fervent ten-minute lecture on military discipline, Captain Howard's cold heart and the reputation of Colonel Fenshaw, a terror in disciplinary matters. Coby could not have been more interested in these novel insights into the military organization of which he was so new a part. But he would not sacrifice his principles; he would not sully his mother's image of him; he would not make his bed. He returned to the guardhouse. And Sergeant Pulaski made his bed again, while Coby sang for his colleagues in the can.

The next day Coby was back with his fellows. That night he slept in the bed which Sergeant Pulaski had made that morning. The next morning he declined to make his bed, with real affection and regret, and went to the guardhouse again.

This went on for a week, Coby spending alternate nights at the guardhouse, sleeping alternate nights in the bed which the desperate Sergeant Pulaski so despairingly made for him. When it seemed clear that Coby Clay was willing to spend the rest of his days in this idyllic double life, Lieutenant Bienstock reported to Captain Howard with an unmistakable note of panic in his voice.

Captain Howard studied Lieutenant Bienstock with disgust mingled with disbelief, saying, between his many fine, well-brushed teeth, "Bring that soldier in to me." He had never laid eyes on Coby Clay.

When Coby presented himself, Captain Howard was on the telephone, his back to the door, reading aloud from a report and chewing out a lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps. Captain Howard was feeling especially curt, concise and complete that day. He slammed the phone down, turned in his chair, deliberately keeping his eyes on the report, waiting for the familiar phrase: "Private —— reporting, sir," from the erect body on the other side of the desk. He did not get the salutation, because Coby did not know it.

Captain Howard put his pencil down slowly, exactly parallel to the blotter pad, assumed an expression of icy foreboding, then lifted his eyes up the height of the private waiting for his dispensation. This calculated movement of the eyes had always before served Captain Howard's purposes; it was a kind of slow deflation of the other's ego, a deliberate chopping down of hope or pretension, a tactical maneuver which made it crystal-clear who was standing and who was sitting and who was going to continue standing at the sole pleasure of who was sitting. But Lieutenant Bienstock had forgotten to tell Captain Howard how tall Coby Clay was. By the time Captain Howard's gaze had reached the unexpected height of Coby's chin, Wilbur Howard, who was

Boy and Pool

By Charles Bruce

Something he sees; some swift
Pale gleam below the drift—
The drift of wind, the sleight
Of shadows in flecked light,
On gravel, on pale stones
In amber and the bones
Of tree roots polished bare.
What is it he sees there?

Smooth stone or secret fish?
Flecked light or shining wish?
Still shade or aching doubt?
Gray root or dreaming trout?
Who knows? The answer is
Not in our dream, but his.

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only five feet eight, had his head far back in the socket of his neck and his eyes were bugged into an involuntary bulge.

Coby was smiling sheepishly, as he always did when people first comprehended his height. "I come right over here, suh, jest like that there other fellow told me."

"Who?" asked Captain Howard.

"That there other fellow. The one brought me here before."

Captain Howard could feel his neck getting hot. "That 'other fellow' is Lieutenant Bienstock, and you will refer to him hereafter by name."

"He never told me his name," said Coby.

"Well, I'm telling you his name!" Captain Howard said, slamming his open palm upon the desk. "And even if you don't know his name, you could call him lieutenant. You understand that much, don't you?"

"Is *that* what that there fella is?" asked Coby, always grateful for increment to his store of knowledge. "A lieutenan'? My!"

Captain Howard turned sideward and poured himself a glass of water, noting with relief that his hands were quite steady. He sipped the water slowly, held the glass in his hand, studied it, placed the glass back on the table to his left, leaned forward, put his palms together and said in a low, even voice, "Clay, I want you to listen very carefully to what I am about to tell you. I'll say it slowly, so there is not the slightest chance you'll misunderstand. It involves your making a decision that may affect your whole life. Are you ready?"

Coby drew his brows together, thinking over every word Captain Howard had uttered, and nodded.

Captain Howard took a long breath and let it out, word by word. "Either you make your bed every morning, without a single complaint, or I'll put you in the guardhouse for a whole, solid, thirty-day month." He fixed Coby with his deadliest I-take-no-nonsense-from-anyone stare. "Is that clear?"

Coby nodded.

"You understand it?"

Coby nodded again.

"Any question you want to ask?"

Coby shook his head.

"Fine. Now, which will it be?"

"How's that again, suh?" asked Coby.

Captain Howard gritted his many teeth. "Which—will—it—be? Make your bed every morning or go to the jug for thirty days?"

Coby sighed, endowing the man seated before and below him with infinite compassion. "I don't want to make no trouble for no one nohow, suh, but 'tain't fit for a grown man to ——"

The blood drained out of Captain Howard's face, and all sorts of evil thoughts welled up in him and had to be denied. He pressed a button on his desk crisply. "Good-by, soldier."

Coby spent the next month in the guardhouse. It was, according to the reports that swept through our installation with the speed of a forest fire, the happiest month in Coby's life. The MP's and Captain Howard and Major Forman—to whom Captain Howard brought the problem, confessing defeat—simply could not believe it. They could understand it, but they could not believe it. Or perhaps it was the other way around.

For Coby Clay was behaving in such a way that the entire theory of punishment as a deterrent force was in danger. Every day Coby spent happily in the guardhouse meant that the punitive was losing its power, its symbolic warning. For the whole idea of a guardhouse, or any place of confinement, rests on the assumption that detention is hateful to man's free spirit, crippling to man's free soul. But now one whole sector of the United States Army was confronted with a man for whom detention held no terrors, confinement meant no deprivation, discipline represented no threat. The awful, confounding truth which was dawning on our brass was this: Private Coby Clay, of Alabama, *liked* the guardhouse. In fact, he preferred it to the barracks. There was something about the bounded, ordered microcosm of detention that appealed to Coby no end; life was reduced to its simplest form—devoid of conflict or the irksome necessities of choice. In the guardhouse, Coby slept like a king, ate like a horse and sang like an angel for one and all.

The fact that Coby declined to make his bed while in the guardhouse too—politely, but without uncertainty—presented its own special problem to the MP's; after all, there was no other guardhouse to which you could send a man in punishment for not making his bed in the guardhouse in which he was. "What in hell can I do?" Major Inglehart, the MP in charge, was often heard to moan. No one knew how to answer him.

Nor was this all. The other prisoners, who regarded Coby with both affection and respect, were beginning to be converted to Coby's unique philosophy of life; the insidious idea began to germinate in their brains that perhaps they could get away with not making their beds. To nip this development in the bud, Major Inglehart transferred Coby to a cell with one Lacy Bucks, a young enlistee from Mississippi who could not endure Yankees but felt blood-brother to anyone south of Kentucky. The major interviewed Private Bucks personally and, after a certain amount of shilly-shallying, ordered Bucks to make up Coby's bed every morning. "And don't tell anyone you're doing it," said Inglehart darkly.

Bucks seemed perfectly contented to do this for the major, relying on justice to reward him in the end. Coby, of course, never had reason to tell anyone who it was that was making his bed. He never needed to initiate any discussion of the bed problem at all; it was no problem to him. At home, his maw had, and so on. Then Sergeant Pulaski had; now Lacy Bucks did. It was the most natural thing in the world to Coby Clay.

We all knew that things simply could not go on this way forever. Besides, there was the problem of work details. Men being punished in a guardhouse cannot, obviously, be permitted to spend their days in happy idleness while all around them earnest comrades drill like furies, crawl through mud, contest with barbed wire, run obstacle courses with full pack under a merciless sun. The Army cannot be that naïve.

Major Inglehart put Coby, Private Bucks and a barrel-chested Italian boy named Tony Caralucciano into a detail to police the grounds. It seemed a safe-enough assignment. But as it worked out, that threesome damn near demoralized our entire installation. For on any well-run army post every prisoner must be accompanied by an armed guard whenever he—I mean the prisoner—is allowed outside the guardhouse. Each man out of our guardhouse was followed, wherever he went, by a fully armed MP with a rifle, ammunition belt and battle helmet. This meant that as Coby, Lacy Bucks and Tony Caralucciano ambled happily across the grounds—in a memorable formation which I shall describe forthwith—three MP's, carrying rifles and wearing battle helmets, marched stiffly behind in slow parade. And since the heat was very great on our post that summer, often clawing at our senses with shimmering hands, the three prisoners in fatigue clothes were conspicuously more comfortable than their nominally freer custodians.

The formation of the work detail added its own particular piquancy to the scene. Coby always took the middle spot, looming up above Lacy Bucks on his right and Tony Caralucciano on his left. Tony carried a long pole with a nail at the end; Lacy carried a burlap sack. As the three devoted men moved lazily across the ground they had been assigned to make bereft of trash, Tony would spear a piece of paper—a chewing-gum wrapper, an envelope, a crumpled ball of unrequited love—on the end of the nail that was on the end of the pole, and would hold the pole out toward Coby. Coby would then remove the paper from the nail with the utmost delicacy, crooking his little finger, would bring his hand across from left to right, where Lacy Bucks was holding the sack open, and would then let the piece of paper drop daintily into the sack. He hummed or sang during the entire operation. This helped the morale of his guards considerably.

"Martha, you bring out the gypsy in me—I think I'll hit the road."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tony Caralucciano had a fine saloon voice and, in the great tradition of the people from whom his stock flowed, was a passionate lover of Verdi and Puccini. Lacy Bucks was strictly a hot-jazz type, the kind who tries to find in life somewhere the archaic excitations of the syncopated. Coby, a man of broad and generous interests, liked to sing anything. And these three good men soon learned to float together on the sea of their common fantasies, singing or humming while they worked and as the moment moved them. It was a thing beautiful to hear and, once heard, never to be forgotten. It went like this:

Each morning when the trio moved into position ahead of their helmeted Cerberi, Coby would greet the day by humming a note—any note, whichever note best suited his mood. His mood was unfailingly happy. If Tony was feeling very operatic he would take off, using Coby's theme note as a springboard, into anything from Tosca to Madame Butterfly. If it was Lacy Bucks who was in touch with his private muses, he would give out with anything from One o'Clock Jump to Roll, Jordan, Roll. And if Coby wanted to override his confreres, he would simply sing out his own immemorial hymns. There was no set pattern to it; whoever sang, the others accompanied; whatever one man finished, another would take up, on the last long, expiring note, for his own. It was as close to true understanding as any three men can ever get. As one of the guards was heard to mutter many months later, still struggling with his confusion and dismay: "Them was the happiest damn guys pickin' up trash I ever did meet."

When Coby's month of punishment ended, he returned, refreshed and forgiving, to the jurisdiction of Sergeant Pulaski, who studied him in silence for a long, long moment before asking, "Coby, you learned your lesson? You gonna be a good guy and make your own bed?" Before Coby could even finish shaking his head, Sergeant Pulaski threw his head back, glaring at the heavens, and cried, "Oh, hell! O.K.! All right, I give up! You win! A couple million guys in the whole damn American Army, from North and South and East and West, and I have to draw you. So O.K., Clay. That's the way God wants it, that's the way He's gonna have it. I'll make your damn bed from now on!"

And he did. Every morning. Every single morning, an American sergeant made a private's bed for him. It was the talk of the post, naturally, and not a day passed but what Pulaski got kidded and razzed and needled about this transmogrification of the established order. Sergeant Pulaski began to get mighty edgy, I can tell you.

Then one day Coby loomed over Pulaski and said, "You got a minute maybe, for me to ask you somethin'?"

"Come on, come on," said Pulaski crossly. "Talk fast. I got my rear in a wringer."

Coby scratched his head. "Well, I been figgerin' out about this bedmakin'. 'Tain't fit for a man to make his own bed, like my maw says. But I been thinkin' an' dreamin' an' schemin' an' all, an' I don't see no right reason why a man cain't make up someone else's bed. Like you been doin' for me! I figger my maw wouldn't hardly mind if I did the same little thing for you."

The kidding of Sergeant Pulaski stopped after that. For from then on, until that whole regiment of brave men was shipped overseas, while Sergeant Pulaski made Coby's bed each morning, Coby—humming of dark glades and promised lands—made Pulaski's. THE END

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Escape in the Desert (Continued from Page 41)

second—"are far more important. So forget it."

The moment KATY was down on her new spring he said they must get going. "And push on until it's too dark to see any more. I'm afraid it will be water and cold food tonight. No fire. We've been lucky so far, but we're too close." Then he looked at Diana. "How's Zimmerman?"

"Still asleep."

"Well, wake him up and give him the rest of the tea; then we must get him in the back."

She took him the remains of the tepid brew, and he seemed grateful, but uncommunicative, and then, between them, they managed to get him into the back. The sun was slanting now, the mirage going and the shadow of the car starting to creep out on the sand.

Anson went round to the radiator and pulled the tin out from underneath and poured it back into the top.

He made a face. "Over a gallon. Tom, I want you to take first spell in the back. I'll drive on as long as I can. Then, at first light, I want you to check every drop of petrol and water we have left. Then we'll decide."

"O.K., Mr. Anson."

"And I don't want any more 'accidents' with packs or anything."

Tom, wooden-faced, said, "Very good, sir," and went into the back.

"Do you mind keeping me company, Diana? He looks very tired."

So do you, she thought, but she said, "No, I'd like to."

Before they moved off, he sat her in the passenger seat and showed her how to use the compass. There was a deep satisfaction in holding the heavy roundness against her knees, watching the swing of the needle's luminous point against the preset mark of ninety-five degrees, feeling him obey her directions to bear right or left to keep on course without hesitation.

On the shadowed sand, as the sun got lower, a few specks of startling white drifted by; becoming thicker and thicker, until the place looked like a black field covered with daisies.

"What on earth are they, George?" It was the first time she had called him by name.

He grunted, "Millions and millions of seashells, all dead and empty. They think this part was under the sea once. It's the most God-awful spot; no wind, no one ever comes here, and it never rains. Our tracks will still be here in fifty years' time. Last year, down here, I followed some tracks that were strange, not any vehicle that I knew. They led to one of those flat-topped hills, and there was the remains of a fire at the side. It looked so fresh I expected it to be warm, but it wasn't. I went to the top for a look round, and they had left their name and date arranged in those shells. They were the Long Range Desert Car Patrol of the 'Fourteen-'Eighteen war, but everything looked as if it had been done that day."

The sun vanished behind them suddenly. They went on into the velvet night for a few miles, and then he said, "No good; my eyes are watering," and stopped the car. He lit a match, shielding it carefully with his hand, and peered at the speedometer. "Forty-one. That's good. They should pass well behind us now."

"I knew you were worried this afternoon. But why should they want to come so far south? They want to make due east."

"They must take the oases," he said, "Siwa, Qara and Giarabub. Or be outflanked. They hold the key to the Depression."

"They're just names to me. Please explain. I want to know."

"Well, come out of there and I'll try."

After they had gone through the routine of putting the tin under the bonnet, he wrapped a blanket round her shoulders and they sat on the sand with their backs against the front wheel. For the first time she saw the full sweep of the night sky, and she was wistful, almost angry, that Tom was not beside her to share it.

The dome of black velvet was so riddled with stars that there seemed to be more light than dark. They did not twinkle like the pinpoints of a northern sky; they glowed, each enormous, hanging right over their heads.

"Oh," she whispered.

"Yes." His voice was just as soft. "The deeper you get in the desert, the better it is. They'll look so pale when you get back to Alex. Look, there's Cassiopeia . . . and the Plow over to the west. Follow those two bright stars through"—his finger moved dark against the blaze of light—"and the next one is the Pole Star. That's got me home many a night."

"Tell me about the desert," she said.

"Well, if you keep the Pole Star over your left eyebrow and walk about a hundred and thirty miles, you'd hit the coast at Sidi Barrani. But you'd be going downhill all the way—a gradual slope and the three steep steps of the escarpments."

"Like the ones we came up out of Tobruk?"

"Yes. We're high here. About six hundred feet. That's why its colder."

"And south?" she said.

"It goes on up gently to about eight hundred; then falls a thousand feet in one great cliff to the Depression. Siwa and Giarabub guard the western end. They're real oases—lush, plenty of trees and water."

"What's the Depression like?"

"A salt marsh—a bog, if you like. It's about two hundred miles from west to east and a hundred across at the broadest part. It's all well below sea level and water seeps through the deep rock strata of the desert and comes up underneath it. But it never rains, so the sun dries the surface out in a sort of crust. That floats on a sort of jelly—water, salt and mud—and if you break through, you've had it."

He was silent for a moment. "There's one track down the middle from west to east. I suppose the ground may be a foot higher than the rest, and dries out quicker and thickest. It's marked 'safe for vehicles,' but it's difficult to follow. If you don't ——"

Another pause; then he said suddenly, "I did it once. There were two blokes with a jeep in the convoy. They wouldn't keep to the track—went parading off on the mud at the side. And it went through! It was like a submarine diving. We got them out with a rope. But the jeep—it had gone, completely, in less than a minute."

"No use to us, then," she said.

"No. And we had light stuff. KATY's much heavier."

He looked at his watch and pulled his blanket closer round his shoulders. "Let's walk about a bit; I'm cold. We'll give Tom another half hour."

They started a slow circle of the black square of the ambulance. She said, "I picked that big pack of Zimmerman's up for him this afternoon."

"I know."

"It was very heavy."

"—— and hard and square, and felt like metal," his voice cut in. "Yes, I know, Diana. But do you know that he saved us completely this afternoon? If she'd come down on the axle, we'd have been ditched. Had to walk a hundred miles, probably straight into Jerry hands."

"That's not the point," she said.

"It is the point. I know all you and Tom have seen and been thinking—perhaps I think the same myself. I think I know what he's got in that case, and"—he peered at his watch again—"if something happens before nine o'clock, I'll have proved it."

"If what happens?"

"If Captain Zimmerman, regardless of twisted guts and a sore back, continues his regular habits."

It was five minutes to the hour when they heard the sounds coming from the cab. They walked over toward it. Zimmerman was standing on the ground, unclipping the spade.

"Are you all right, Zimmerman?"

"Yes." He turned, leaning heavily on the spade. "I won't be long."

"Don't go too far."

They stayed still and silent until he had reappeared and got into the back. She said, aghast, "But aren't you ——"

"No." It was fierce. "Whatever's wrong, he can't be doing any harm yet.

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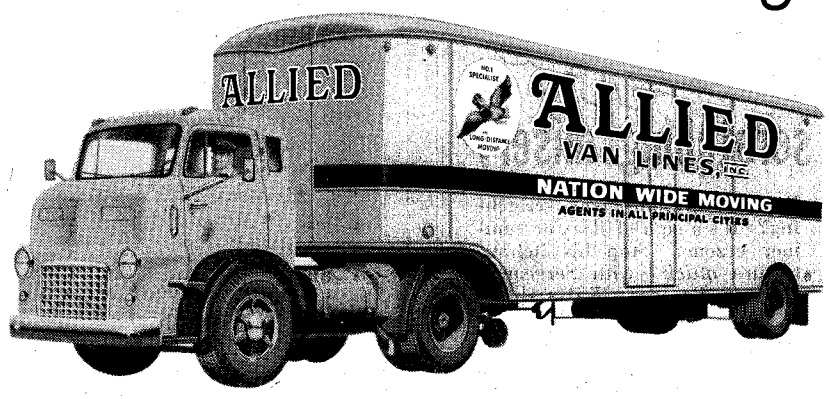

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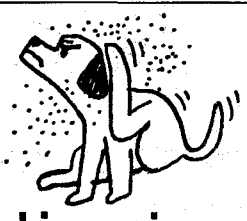

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And he's saved us three times already." He stopped in his tracks. "Look, the most important thing is that he should not know. We want his help; there's enough trouble on our plates without more from him. We need him. So, ignore it, try not to think about it. But if you do see any more, just tell me on the quiet. I've spoken to Tom already. That's an order. Understand?"

When they had resumed their walking, he said, "Let's talk about something else. Beer."

"I thought that was out."

"Until Alex, yes. But I like thinking of it. It will be so cold there'll be a sort of dew on the outside of the glass, and I shall run my finger up and down it—to make a sort of trail—and then I shall drink it and think of all this."

She said, "After the desert—the oasis."

"Not any oasis," he answered very softly, "but Zerzura."

"What's that?"

He did not speak for a long time. Their steps went "crunch, crunch," on the gravel in time.

He looked up at the slow turn of blazing lights round the Pole Star for a moment. "I've never talked about it before; though I've read all there is to read. It's the lost oasis. The name means The Place of the Little Birds."

"Please tell me."

"There's not much to tell. The story goes back for hundreds of years, an oasis somewhere down there"—he jerked his head toward the south—"that's never been properly discovered. It's mentioned again and again in the old chronicles, always with the same detail: trees, a white city in the middle, a wall and a door with the handle carved like a bird. Inside, there is a treasure, and a king and queen, sleeping."

"Go on; it's lovely."

"There's not much else. Up to thirty years ago there were very old men who remembered it. But the point was they had always been lost—or looking for something that was lost, like a straying camel—when they found it. And afterward they could never find it again."

"Do you think it exists, George?"

"I don't know. I'd like to think so. But with planes, and the war, there's nowhere left to look for it. Perhaps it's the wish oasis—just an echo of the idea started by the Bedouin long, long ago. That when you are in danger—desperate—there's always something left to discover a little farther on—something difficult, but nice, if one has the guts to carry on and find it. Perhaps, not even a physical thing—an idea." His voice drifted into silence. Then he said, "You must think I talk an awful lot of drivel."

"But I don't—and you, George, do you have your Zerzura?"

She felt rather than saw the way he shifted his shoulders uncomfortably. "Sort of, but it's all rather complicated."

"Can't you tell me?"

He hesitated. "There's a girl—in Beirut—I'm very fond of her. So is a friend of mine. He's an officer in this unit, and we always went on leave together and made up a trio. But things weren't too good between us after we came back from the last time—and then I started hitting the bottle." For the first time he looked straight at her. "It seems so stupid. But I was so damn tired all the time."

"That's finished, George. And anyone who thinks at all will understand. Tell me the rest."

"An officer had to be left in Tobruk. Paul, my friend, was detailed by the brigadier. I had no say, I wanted to stay myself, but I know what he thought—I was ratting."

"And now he's in the bag, and you're outside, and you don't know what to do?"

"Yes, roughly."

She had slipped her arm through his, quite naturally, and they were walking back to the car. "Go on, George; find your Zerzura."

He was silent for a moment. "And you, yours."

"What do you mean?"

"I've got eyes in my head," he said.

They were close to the car now, and, as if in answer, there was a bumping and a scuffling, and Tom came out of the back to jump down on the sand.

"I woke up, sir." The voice was reproachful. "It's an hour past your time."

When Anson heard that Zimmerman was still asleep, he said, "Let him go on," and then offered Diana the empty bunk.

But she said, "I don't drive. I can sleep any time. You take it."

He got into the cab stiffly. "I could do with it. . . . Don't forget that check on petrol and water at first light, Tom." The door of the back clicked shut behind him.

They sat under the silent, circling stars, talking of many things. She told of life at the hospital, her parents long dead; heard in return of that little village in the valley of Devon, with the tall elms and the smoke rising so straight from the cottage chimneys on summer evenings, the garage he had worked up from nothing, the chickens. Of his lost wife and the blitz that had killed her. There was only one jarring note: the noise of the pump dripping into the tin behind them. It was so much faster; she hoped he had not noticed. She did not want to spoil a minute of it; she was still thinking of Zerzura.

"First light, sir. I've made that check. I'm afraid the pump is much worse. Almost running out now."

It was infuriating to be dragged back from the most wonderful thing in the world—that soft, warm featherbed of sleep—to see Tom Pugh standing there, shaking him.

"Damn the filthy thing!" He swung his legs off the bunk and took the mug of tea and rubbed a hand over the stubble on his face. "Thanks, Tom. Tell me the worst."

"Two hundred and fifty miles petrol, on this sort of going"—there was a slight hesitation—"and twelve gallons of water."

Anson stared at him. "Twelve? But there were twenty there yesterday morning. I checked it myself."

"I know, sir. But we used four for washing and cooking, and another four went into the rad."

So KATY had taken four; there had been so much else to think of, he had not realized. "Well, no more washing or any of that caper, Tom. And tea only twice a day. . . . I'll be out in a moment."

When Tom had gone, he looked across at Zimmerman, stirring and then opening his eyes. The big square pack was under a folded blanket that acted as a pillow.

"How do you feel?" he said.

"Rested, man." He groaned as he tried to sit up. "But stiff—damn stiff. It will go off when I've had a chance to limber up."

"Good." Anson was looking at him without expression. *You poor devil*, he thought; *you're going to have a good chance to do that. You've probably got an eighty-mile walk in front of you.* Then he went out to join the others.

The girl was tending the fire and Tom had the bonnet open, fiddling. He did not feel like joining either of them or talking. He got out the map board and propped it on his knees, measuring, calculating miles against water. It was no use.

The gray light turned to dawn while they ate. No one spoke, all deep in their own thoughts. When they had finished and cleared away, he put the map board on the bonnet and told them to come round him.

"I was going to get a vote as to how we went on from here," he said. "I planned to cut across and pick up the old camel road that runs along the top of the cliff down to the Depression, and then cut up the Garawla track, east of Matruh. Then I thought it might be better to keep farther on the Masrab and go north to Alamein, because the desert is only forty miles wide there. I was going to ask you which we should do." He paused, feeling their eyes on him. "But there's no decision to be made now. KATY has decided for us. She's taking water so fast, we won't have enough for either. There's only one way. A straight bearing from here to Matruh—it's about ninety miles—and chance it."

Zimmerman said, "Can't that pump be tightened at all?" and three pairs of eyes switched to Tom.

"I can't, sir. I daren't. It will crumble—that washer. And then we're done."

There was a long silence.

Anson said, "Right. Then it's Matruh. No more water to be used except on the radiator—in case we have to walk. And ——"

Diana cut in on him suddenly. "George ——"

He swung round on her. "What is it?"

"I thought I heard a plane."

They all stood quite still; the only sound was the dribble of water into the tin. Outside their own world, nothing.

"I swear I did. While you were talking. It was very faint. It went away and came back louder."

"No."

But behind him Tom said, "Listen."

They all heard it then; the drone coming high up and from the northeast. It got louder and louder.

Anson said, "Stay quite still." They did as he said, looking at one another, not at the sky, while the drone changed to a roar. Then, with the shattering noise of a power dive, the plane came straight down at them from out of the sun.

Tom moved in those last few seconds, running clear of the ambulance, dragging Diana after him, knocking her flat and throwing himself on top of her. There was that awful split second of ripping sound and the dark shadow flicked over them like a bird of prey. He rolled over on his elbow to see it banking to climb away, and his whole being filled with relief at the sight of those stubby wings with curved tips, the roundels.

"Spitfire!" he yelled, and Anson was running toward him shouting, "What's the ground-to-air recognition sign?"

"A *Y* in white strips, I think."

"We haven't got any white strips. We'll make one ourselves."

He had pushed and herded them to approximate positions to form the letter before the plane came back again. The pilot was very careful; he came past in long low runs three times before he headed away to the west. The noise faded.

As they walked back to the car, the captain said, "Good boy, that. Didn't stay stooging around for too long—in case he attracted attention to us. But it means ——" He stopped suddenly.

"Means what?" It was Diana.

"That something he doesn't like can be very close."

He came in from the west the next time, very low, flaps down. Before he got to them, there was a flash from the cockpit and a bundle of colored streamers tossed out behind in the slip stream to float down behind their metal container and bounce on the desert. Anson ran for it, unscrewed the top and spread the paper on the bon-

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net so that all could see. The writing was uneven, in places almost indecipherable, but Tom remembered with gratitude the difficulty of writing on your knee while trying to watch your plane, the ground and the sky all around you at one and the same time. The message was short and to the point:

MATRUH BYPASSED. JERRY ARMOUR STRIKING TWO PRONGED DABA AND BAGUSH. NOTHING YET SOUTH OF LAT 31° 20′ EXCEPT COLUMN RUNNING DOWN WIRE NOW AT EL WASHKA. OUR TROOPS FALLING BACK ALAMEIN. DO NOT—REPEAT NOT—ATTEMPT COAST WEST OF THERE. IF UNDERSTOOD CIRCLE VEHICLE CLOCKWISE.

They heard him coming back, high this time, directly overhead. Anson said, "Tom, get in her quick, circle wide, right hand down."

When he had done it, they waited again, and the Spit came back for the last time, so low that he seemed to be touching the desert; for a second they saw the open cockpit hood, the helmet, the goggles and one bare arm raised in salute. Then he was gone, spiraling in a Victory roll, while another bunch of streamers fluttered down toward them: WILL INFORM ALL GOOD LUCK.

The plane was high now, dwindling to a speck in the blue of the east. The noise thinned and faded to nothing. They were alone again and no one spoke for a long time.

Tom tidied up and refilled the radiator automatically, but all the time he was watching the captain. He didn't like the way he was sitting there, hunched in the driver's seat, scribbling on that map board; that hard glittering look had come back into his eyes, and he did not like it either. He knew what the message meant to them.

He looked to the north over the black, flat, silent plain, knowing that somewhere out there, unseen and incalculable, a gray stream was flowing east. Like the tide on the shore, it might check for a moment, but a thin feeler would move out, searching, turning to find another way. Then the whole would roll on.

The clatter of the map board being thrown down roused him. Then Anson's voice, harsh, "Come here, all of you! We've got to talk again."

When they had moved close, he said, "Well, I expect you all know—we're sunk."

No one answered him.

"Even if we had enough water to risk the trip to Alamein, we'd be right in it. At Daba the desert's only sixty miles wide, and you've heard they're heading for that. There's only one way—to fill up with water, keep on topping up the radiator, hoping the pump will last—and there's only one place to get water—Qara, the easternmost of the oases."

Again, no one answered. No one was looking at him; all eyes were fixed on the ground.

His voice went on, remorseless, "It's really a time and motion study whether we can do it. We're only fifty miles from Qara here—say four hours, allowing for going down the cliff. That column the birdman mentioned, they're still a hundred miles from Siwa, which they must occupy first, and then it's another seventy on to Qara. Give them twenty miles in the hour—that's top going." He stopped and looked at his watch. "No, they can't do it tonight. We can fill up with all the water we can carry; perhaps petrol and food; get away with a good start."

Tom said, "But the cliff, sir. I don't think she'll make the climb back up again. You told me it was a thousand feet, and the track very steep."

"I don't think she would, Tom. I mean to go across the Depression the whole way."

Tom should have kept quiet, not worried the girl, but he could not help himself. "But you can't risk that, sir."

"Why not? I've done it before."

The fear of it, the dangers he knew so well, made the words tumble out of him, "But that was training; you had special light stuff; there were planes spotting you. This crate's far heavier."

"I think I can make it, Tom. It's nearly the top of the summer and the crust should be pretty thick. It's that—with all the water we want, and a reasonable chance of the pump lasting—or a walk into the bag."

He made a last effort. "But these others —— Diana; you don't know ——"

"She does. I told her last night."

No one spoke. The sun caught the map board propped on the bonnet, shining on the purple-gray patch toward the bottom of the map, the shape of a pear, stalk upward and tilted over to the right; picking out the one wavering, dotted line that ran across it—words like: UNSAFE FOR VEHICLES . . . BAD GOING . . . SOFT SAND.

"Well"—Anson was looking round them—"there it is. In my opinion, a certainty against Jerry; a chance against the marsh. But there's one thing I must tell you before you decide. Once we're down there, you won't be able to change your minds. Tom's right. The cliff's too steep and high for KATY to get out again until the far end."

He looked straight at Tom. "Like a court-martial verdict, then. Junior first.... Tom?"

He had said all he could say. He just stared at his feet.

"Diana?" There was no answer.

"Zimmerman?"

The South African made an uncomfortable noise in the back of his throat and shifted the sling of the big pack. Tom looked up for a moment at the square face and wondered what he was thinking. . . . If he had known, it was of those lectures on the conquest of Egypt—how the General Staff had ruled out any thought of an encircling movement on the Delta. The Depression barred the way—impassable. Anson spoke again after the pause, "So I have to decide." Zimmerman's glance switched to Anson, sitting there, gripping the steering wheel, the skin glistening tight on his cheekbones. Perhaps for the first time he understood how they would be lost without the captain, and that he knew it. The loneliness, the responsibility of leadership.

"It's the marsh, then. And tomorrow or the day after, when we are bogged down to the axles, and the water's gone, and we're a hundred miles from anywhere, you can spit in my eye."

It was a silent party that moved off on a new bearing, almost due south now, to meet the camel road and then turn back east for the descent to Qara. Anson drove, with Tom sitting in the passenger seat; Zimmerman on the floor between them, which he said was more comfortable for his back. The girl had gone into the back for a rest.

The going was good, but they were making slower time now. Three times in the first twenty miles they had to stop and top up with water, and KATY was taking two pints at a time.

The flat-topped hills were falling away behind them; there was nothing but that flat black plain, the gravel hissing by under the wheels, the mirage closing in with its writhing dance.

As he drove, Anson kept on glancing down at Zimmerman. The long, hairy legs in their brief shorts were straight out in front of him, the pack balanced on the thighs. At one corner the canvas had started to fray. Was it wishful thinking or was that a gleam of metal showing through? His eyes went farther to the left and saw that Tom was looking down at it in exactly the same way. He swerved, and Tom's voice came quick and guiltily, "Two points to the left, sir." He kept his eyes on the plain after that.

At last a thin column was dancing in front of them, and he was afraid for a moment it was a vehicle, but it cleared to a lone conical hill.

"Qur al Laban," he said. "We pick up the Masrab just beyond it. I'm going to climb to the top for a quick look round.... Tom, will you have another go at the pump and see if there's anything to be done?"

He was halfway up the slope when he heard the girl calling from down below, "Can I come up with you?"

"Yes, if you're quick."

When she had joined him on the flat, level top, about the size of a tennis court, the older level of the desert, he had searched all the horizons and there was nothing there. He unslung the glasses from round his neck and handed them over.

"You see there—straight ahead—those faint lines? And the white things scattered beside them?"

"Yes."

"That's our track."

"What are the white things?"

"Camel bones, probably hundreds of years old. It's the old caravan route."

He saw that she had lifted the glasses farther toward the horizon. "What can you see now?"

"The edge of something—the cliff, I suppose. Then a haze, the most wonderful colors, blues and greens; then, far, far off, something yellow and knobbly, like the backbone of an animal."

"The colors are the reflection of the Depression; the other is the Great Sand Sea. The dunes head on to us. You've joined the select band of the few that have seen it."

"What is the Sand Sea?"

"Huge dunes, running due north and south, about six hundred miles down into Africa. Impassable from east to west. And we haven't the petrol. Don't want to go to the Cape." He added softly, "Even Zimmerman."

As she handed back the glasses, he saw her sway a little and then put a hand to her head. "What's the matter, Diana?"

"I've got a headache—feel a bit sick."

"I told you not to fool around in the sun with nothing on your head. Come on, I'll help you down. And you're to go straight into the back, and stay there."

As they slid and scrambled down the slope she was sagging against his supporting arm. *Not that to cope with as well*, he thought.

Tom had not realized there was anything wrong until they were quite close. Then he saw that Anson was half carrying

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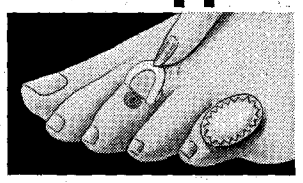

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her, then the color of her face, and he was frightened.

"A touch of the sun," said the captain. "Get her in the back. . . . Any luck with the pump?"

"No. I just packed up with the last of the grease."

"You go in with her, Tom. And keep her quiet."

Tom knew who would be doing all the driving tomorrow, who should have the rest, but he went and sat on the edge of the bunk and made a compress of the last of the bandages and tepid water, bathing her face and neck, not caring how much he wasted; sat on, wiping gently, holding her hand between whiles, not talking, not wanting to. Soon he felt the first jolt as the car hit the track, rocking as they turned along the furrows of it. She was asleep now so he went to the door for a moment, looking out at the grooves worn by generations of plodding camels, the white bones of the fallen gliding by on either side. Then he went back to his watch.

He was drowsing, nodding over her, when he jerked up to know that the car had stopped. There was no one in the cab, but ahead on the desert, two little figures where the track dipped out of sight between two spurs of rock. It must be the edge of the cliff and they had gone on to spy out the land.

They entered the rocky defile and were soon creeping, almost hanging, to the steepness of the tilted slabs of white limestone that fell away in a giant staircase over the thousand-foot cliff.

Tom took it dead slow, with eyes only for the figure walking in front, ready to twist or stop according to his signals. Zimmerman was in the passenger seat, silent as usual, and then the door opened behind him and he knew it was Diana coming to join them.

He said, "Better?" without looking round, and was relieved by the answer of "Yes." Then she said, "Oh, Tom, it's beautiful."

"I can't look. Tell me."

As they banged and bumped their way down, she tried to describe it all: the magnificent sweep to the bottom of the Depression, with the evening shadows coming up to smother the blues and greens of it; the Sand Sea behind, the humping backs of the dunes already slanting orange and purple; then Qara itself, over on the right, the palms in a hollow with the curious white rock rising from the center that swelled out from its base like a mushroom and had the mud village sitting on top of it.

As they went lower, the air seemed heavier, sticky. Then the smell of the oasis came—dank, like moist, rotting grass.

They drove straight to the outside fringe of palms, and it was a strange feeling to be under the shade of anything again.

Anson said, "I'll go off and scout round; see what I can fix. . . . Zimmerman, will you come with me? . . . You had better keep quiet, Diana, and under the shade, with Tom."

Zimmerman slung his pack over his shoulder and the two of them walked off into the trees.

Tom made her sit quietly as he put the tin under the radiator and lit the fire for their tea. When it was going, because she said she felt, and looked, a great deal better, he agreed to go for a little walk, circling the car. There was no one in sight: underfoot a coarse grass, and everywhere, between the tufts of it, flakes of encrusted salt gleamed; over them the palms rustled dryly, secretly, as the sunlight slanted through the fronds. There was no other sound—except when they were close to the ambulance, and then there was the reminder of that constant dribble of water into a tin.

Once, through a gap in the trees, they had a glimpse of the white rock, and she said, "It's like a dwarf's house on top of a toadstool in a picture book."

"The captain was telling me. It's the wind that's worn it like that. They live on the top, for fear of raids by the nomad tribes."

"But why build so high?"

"They can't expand sideways; they're up to the edges already. So, if another house is wanted, they just slap some more mud on top. Siwa's the same—only bigger, and really fertile. There's real gardens and wells. One built by the Romans—about twenty feet across—and you can bathe in it. The water bubbles up from the bottom like a fizzy drink."

"Have you been there, Tom?"

"No. But the captain told me. He has."

It seemed a long time before the others came back, but they were accompanied by a silent, ragged Siwan, riding a skeleton donkey.

Anson said, "They are pretty scared here. A British convoy came through from Siwa early this morning; probably the garrison. They went east very fast along the edge of the Depression. Must have been making for the one track up the cliff that leads to Daba. Probably sorry they tried it now."

Tom was thinking of two things: first this news—and Zimmerman standing there listening. What price was his potential harm now? Then Anson, having made the hardest decision, was so much more like the old captain, treating even the most serious things with a sharp flippancy.

He was speaking again. "We can have all the water we want, free, as is the oasis custom. But he'll charge for his donkey to bring it here, and make us pay through the nose for our own petrol that was left in a dump. And some dates—and perhaps a few eggs."

They loaded the empty water cans on the donkey and, while they were waiting for the man to come back, had their tea and food. At last the donkey appeared, laden high and followed by a procession of the curious from the village. They stood at a distance, silent, staring, while the water cans were counted, the four-gallon tins of petrol laid out beside them with a slab of dried dates and a cloth containing twelve tiny eggs.

"Will they take money?" said Diana.

"I doubt it. We can try. But it will have to be reinforced with tea and sugar, I'm afraid."

The Siwan squatted opposite Anson, wrapping his robe close, eyes dark and watchful. "Come on. Divvy up your cash." The captain was looking round at them. "We can't hurry this, but we must be away as soon as possible." They felt in their pockets and Diana emptied her bag, and the pile of notes and coins grew beside Anson. Tom noticed that when he thumbed through his own money, he pulled off three green pound notes and put them back in his pocket.

He looked up and smiled. "Beer is fifteen piasters a glass, Tom. That's sixty a round. Three rounds, with tip—two pounds. The other one for luck. We'll be drinking them the day after tomorrow."

The Siwan looked at the money that was pushed over to him and shook his head. Anson sighed. "Get out the tea and sugar, and a few tins of milk."

They put out handfuls of the first two on the cloth beside the eggs, the tins of milk near the dates. The Siwan watched carefully. All the time the sun was slanting lower through the palms above their heads. At last, without a change of expression, he made a gesture to indicate his side of the collection was theirs. Then he scraped the tea and sugar into bits of rag that he produced from odd parts of his person, stowed the money and collected the tins of milk. He got up and turned on his heel without a word, leading the donkey off through the palms, while the sightseers faded away behind him. They were alone again.

Anson looked at his watch. "Six. They can be no nearer than forty miles to Siwa. That gives us a hundred start. Don't let's waste it."

Zimmerman said, "What are you going to do now?"

"Push off for the first ten miles—to the last ridge before the marsh. Then on again at first light, without waiting to eat."

"Wouldn't it be better to push on a bit farther tonight?"

Anson just looked at him. "In the dark? I wouldn't move an inch on that stuff then, with all the hounds of hell after me."

They topped up the radiator and moved off, out from the shade of the palms. As they went east, skirting the edge of the cliff on a faint, wandering track, the air seemed to get even more breathless. At Tom's suggestion, they clipped back the rear doors of the car, so getting a little relief from the wind of their passing.

Anson's voice came back through the open front door suddenly, as Tom sat opposite Diana on a bunk in the back.

"Ladies and gentlemen: We are about to begin the passage of the Masrab Mahashash. The old camel road by which all fools since Alexander the Great have returned from Siwa."

Diana looked across at Tom and smiled. "He seems so cheerful, so different."

He leaned forward and took her hands. "Yes," he said, "we're going to be all right now.". . .

When they reached the last slope of the hard ground, it was in the grace of the last few moments before the sun went down behind the cliff and night descended like a curtain. In that little time, there was nothing to see ahead but a mysterious purple flatness that stretched to the horizon, flanked on their left by the diminishing perspective of the cliff buttress.

Anson made no bones about the next move. "As I have done it once before, and as I made the choice, I propose to do all the driving while we're on this lot. So I'm going to have a proper night's rest. I think Diana ought to have a full spell too—make certain that head of hers is right. You blokes can sleep all day tomorrow." Then he looked straight at Tom, "Let's have a look at that pump before I lay me down."

There was no point, there was nothing to be done to it, only look, but he opened the bonnet and waited till Anson came round on the other side. "I don't know there's anything we can do."

"No, Tom; I just wanted a private word with you. I must get some rest before tomorrow; I'm not feeling too good." He was almost whispering it as they bent, heads together inside the bonnet. "But I rely on you; Zimmerman must not take one of those walks tonight, whatever happens."

"But how can I ——"

"Use your head, man. Do the same thing at the same time."

Then he had straightened and said, in that mocking, half-serious voice of his, "The curfew must not ring tonight," and they had walked back to the cab; there had been a few directions, a watch to be kept for lights and noise, the eggs they had bought to be hard boiled at the first brew, and then he had gone into the back of the car with Diana.

It was a difficult, uneasy watch. They had agreed to sit on the back of the ambulance, facing the direction of Qara, so that it would be easier to watch for lights, listen for sounds. The darkness was complete now, a blanket round them, the only noise came when a breath of wind bore back the sound of the dripping water from the front. But he didn't care any more; there was plenty of water now—plenty of everything. And he didn't mind that his captain was just behind him, asleep there in the dark, close to his girl.

He thought of her like that now, had done since the moment she had whispered in her sleep and rubbed her cheek against his hand. But he didn't know what she really thought. For a moment his mind jumped forward beyond their lonely battle, to what would happen afterward. A warrant officer and a nursing sister. Too difficult—there was nothing he could say.

They sat there huddled in blankets, silent. Suddenly, Zimmerman said, "What's that?" sharply. He got to his feet and peered round the side of the car.

"What, sir?"

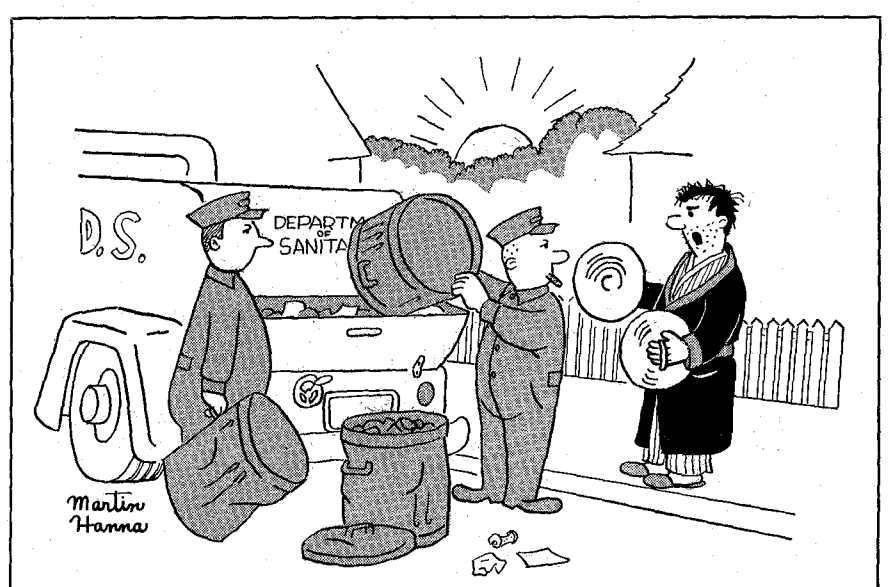
"A noise. Listen."

"It's only that water dripping."

"No, it was louder than that. You have a look your side—I'll take this. It came from the front of the car, I'm sure."

Tom walked down his side and up past the radiator, stopping to listen, but hearing nothing but the monotone of the dripping water. When he got back to the rear of the car, Zimmerman had disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Mind if I join you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Make Up Hollywood

(Continued from Page 30)

faces of the stars he works on and the things he does to solve those problems will show what I mean.

I remember no one with a more chiseled look than Grace Kelly—on the screen. By any standards she is a woman with a beautiful countenance off screen, too, but that's not good enough for a head that must be blown up two or three hundred times its natural size. Enlarged that much, mere beauty isn't good enough. A screen which stretches halfway across a theater demands perfection, and the truth is that Grace's jaw is broader where it joins her ears than it ought to be. Thrown on a screen, this gives her chin a square, blocky look—if it's not shaded first to create an illusion of ovalness.

Let's take another case. If you're a man and you look at Debra Paget, you mutter to yourself, "Brother! What a dish!" Debra is what the British call a smasher, but the motion-picture camera is not emotional. It's hard-boiled and cruel, and Debra's face viewed unretouched by its lens is too wide. If we in Paramount's make-up department didn't shade her cheeks they would photograph even fuller.

Deborah Kerr's face leaves nothing to be desired at a cocktail party or when she's being a hostess in her own home, but take that same face and spread it on a screen with VistaVision or CinemaScope or Todd AO, and it needs help. Unless someone fixes things up, her eyes look too close together and her nose seems too broad between the eyes. The answer is shading the sides of her nose between the eyes one shade darker than the over-all base we use on the rest of her face. This makes her nose appear thinner and separates her eyes.

When Audrey Hepburn is given the business by that tough screen critic, the movie camera, she seems all eyes and intensity. And she has constant trouble keeping enough padding on her bones, so far as the wardrobe department is concerned. With Audrey, the trick is to use a very light over-all base. Light make-up reflects light, thus making her face look filled out and healthier.

Mitzi Gaynor's face, while pert and animated, is inclined to photograph round and little-girlish. Carried too far, this can look babyish, which is not the idea with Mitzi, whose body is anything but babyish. She's quite an exciting bundle of womanhood, so it's up to Paramount's make-up department to emphasize any bone structure we can find under Mitzi's cheeks and make her face look more mature and sophisticated.

The make-up Anna Magnani wore for her Academy Award-winning role in The Rose Tattoo was a switch on the usual pattern. The idea was not to let her look too glamorous, too young or too beautiful. We solved that by letting her make herself up. She put on an over-all base, with no powder, no shading and no highlighting. Her skin is naturally olive, and when she put on an over-all base, it gave her the slightly greasy look we wanted. Magnani already had the circles under her eyes we wanted her to have. For that matter, most women normally have circles under their eyes which show up under a camera's searching examination. Such circles have nothing to do with age. Men and women, young or old, all have them more or less, although they may not know it. My daughter, Ann, has them and she's only twenty-four.

Shifting from women to a male star for a moment, no actor now working in Hollywood has a harder or more athletic body than Bill Holden. If you saw him without his shirt in Picnic, you know what I mean, especially if your idea of exercise is leaning forward occasionally in your swivel chair.

But Bill has human limitations, and when he's exhausted from making too many pictures in a row, the make-up artist who works on him must do a little highlighting under his eyes. Bill's tiredness shows there more than any place else. I don't say that he actually has circles under his eyes when he's bushed—let's just say his skin gets dark there.

Proper highlighting can disguise eye bags to some extent, but if the bags become real baggy and owl-like, the possessor usually must resort to a minor operation if he wants to remain a star instead of playing character parts. This operation doesn't let fluid out; the contents of the pouch below the eye are fatty tissue which makes the muscles relax, and this in turn makes the flesh under the eye sag. To remove this fat, a surgeon cuts just under the eyelash, on the lower lid, and creates adhesions in place of the fatty tissue, so that the outer skin will adhere to the inner skin.

Male stars today wear almost no make-up. In the early days of pictures, this wasn't true. Then we made men up with dark-red lips, white, pasty-looking faces and eyebrow pencil, so that by today's standards they looked phony—rather like female impersonators. A man today isn't supposed to look pretty.

Bill Holden needs a little make-up on his chin because his beard is so heavy that he must cover his five-o'clock shadow. Dean Martin has the same trouble. The dark shadow of a beard has a bluish cast, so we cover it with the spot eradicators we use to cover freckles and dark spots on a face. We can make it any shade of brown we want, so that it blends in naturally with an actor's skin.

And while I'm on the subject of masculine make-up problems, I might add that Bob Hope's snoot was once a king-size jump for me. When Bob first came to Paramount, I naturally tried to make his ski-slope nose look more normal, for he has quite a dip there. I shaded the sides of his nose with a darker base than I used on the rest of his face; then I highlighted his schnoz down the center to raise the sunken portions.

I kept this up for two or three pictures before he flagged me and told me to stop. His nose, it seems, had become not only a trade-mark but one of his and Paramount's most valuable natural assets—a beak which can almost be called a theme song in nose form. I wouldn't say that we've ever touched Bob's nose up to make it look *more* ski-nosy, but we've certainly stopped putting anything on it.

Bob has an aversion to any kind of hair piece we might apply to his scalp. Of late, I've felt that he should wear a thin front piece at the hairline, to make the growth look heavier and thicker there, but Roberto will have none of it. He says firmly that even though his hair has gone back a little, he is by no means bald, and that come what may, he is going to stay the way he is for at least two more pictures. He could be right at that, for, keeping one simple fact in mind—light color reflects light; dark color absorbs light—we figured out a way to darken his hair so it would photograph satisfactorily. This darkening made his hair absorb light in such a way that rays wouldn't leak through to his scalp and bounce back.

Approaching baldness is pretty much a male complaint. So far as I know, no actress has ever gone completely bald; and, although a lot of them have very thin hair, I've never seen any woman, actress

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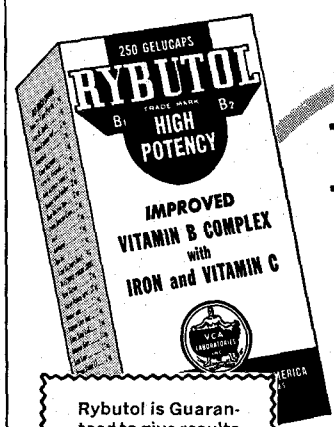

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The terrible vengeance of Joseph P. Fyffe

On a warm August evening in 1870, a footsore stranger in naval officer's uniform walked into East Haddam, Connecticut.

His name was Joseph P. Fyffe, and he was revenging himself on the Navy for refusing to advance him travel money to proceed to his new station, San Francisco.

He was trudging cross-country *on foot*. And conscientiously wiring in daily progress reports well-calculated to give his superiors apoplexy. His sixth, from Albany, N.Y., read in part:

> *"Entered Albany barefooted X Comfortable X Earning my keep as bartender X Local rum far superior that served in Navy X Am sending sample"*

At this, the Navy struck its colors, reversed its time-honored tradition, and began prepaying travel allowances.

Strangely enough, Joe Fyffe actually wound up as a rear admiral. That, of course, was years later; and he has long since passed to his reward. But his vigorous and outspoken independence is still alive and kicking in today's Americans. That's why our country is a strong, vital nation and why our country's Savings Bonds are one of the finest investments in the world.

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or not, who really was a skinhead. Women go 100 per cent bald only through illness. If an actress' tresses grow thin, all I can tell her to do is use a wig. If I knew any other answer I'd have millions.

Sometimes an actor's trouble is under the scalp instead of on it. I'm not sure that his biographers knew it, but W. C. Fields had claustrophobia. I found it out when I had to make a cast of his face to ready his Humpty Dumpty (egg on the wall) make-up for Alice in Wonderland and to make sure that the inside of his egg make-up fitted him. In those days, when we took casts of a face, we stuck soda straws up each nostril, packed cotton around them, and the player on whom we were working breathed through those straws while we poured plaster over his surrounding facial territory.

When we did that with Fields all hell broke loose. The rest of the plaster had hardened on his face before we got around to his nose—we had left that open to the last. When we filled in that area, he could still breathe through his straws, but he grew panicky. He began to claw at his face, and we had to remove the plaster in a hurry. Ordinarily it comes off in one piece; Fields' came off in several pieces, but we managed to put them back together again and make a usable cast.

Later I discovered that Fields had such a fear of being enclosed by anything that he couldn't wear a ring around a finger. He couldn't stand elevators, and it's always been a puzzle to me how he got up and down in hotels. Maybe he walked. And he would have gone stark crazy in an electric-cabinet bath.

One make-up story which sticks in my mind concerns Akim Tamiroff and my desperate efforts to make him look like a Chinese general. Akim is the kind of actor who doesn't like to play a part without adding some novel touch which will make each character he plays more unusual. If it's acting you want, Akim's got it. Akim hasn't worked for us for some time, but when he did, I almost hated to see him coming. I knew I had my work cut out for me, for he insisted that I give him the works so far as the latest latex appliances and intricately shaped beards were concerned. I don't want to make Akim seem a poor man's Lon Chaney—he's a good actor—but he's queer for elaborately tricky make-ups.

Akim was once set to play a Chinese general in The General Died at Dawn, starring Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, and before making Chinese eyelids to apply over his own lids, I took a cast of his face. Then I modeled Chinese eyelids on that cast with clay and reproduced them in rubber. I put them on Akim and they didn't look Chinese. They looked like gobs of nothing. Next I called in a sculptor to model those lids on the cast. We reproduced those sculptured versions in rubber and the same thing happened again. Nothing.

The picture's shooting schedule was creeping closer to Akim, and someone suggested that I let Jack Dawn, who was then the head make-up man at M-G-M, have a whirl at it. Since that studio had just finished The Good Earth, a film jammed with people made up as Chinese, the idea was that Dawn ought to be able to handle it one-hand easy. "Why not?" I said. "The big thing is to get going with our picture." Dawn made Akim up, we shot a test and ran it. Akim looked like a general all right, possibly a Russian one, but certainly not a Chinese general. Finally Milly Milestone, who was directing the picture, called me in and said, "Wally, I hear that you're having trouble trying to duplicate a pair of Chinese eyes. Why not get a Chinese and take a cast of his eyes?"

It was so simple that I hadn't thought of it. I selected a Chinese whose eyes I thought most nearly approximated Tamiroff's, took him into our lab and had a cast made of his eyes with his eyes wide open. (For this we use a jelly substance which doesn't hurt the eyeballs.) After that, Akim looked like a Chinese general. There was only one catch: he had very heavy black lashes, and Chinese have short, stubby, straight eyelashes. "We're dead, Akim," I said. "Your lashes are too long. The illusion is destroyed."

"Cut them," Akim ordered, and I did. He seemed to enjoy it. That Akim. He'd do anything to help a characterization along.

Then there was the time when I made him up as Napoleon. The trouble was that Akim had a receding chin and Napoleon had a strong chin. I modeled a latex appliance to make Akim's chin stronger, and put it on. Akim is naturally juicy; he sweats a lot and his Napoleonic chin was completely sealed. His perspiration had to go someplace; and it kept collecting between his chin and Napoleon's chin until it pushed the emperor's chin off. I never could cope with that problem.

Another distinctive personality I worked with is the gravel-voiced comedian, Bill Frawley, who is now appearing on TV in the I Love Lucy series. Bill was already bald when he first came to Paramount from the New York stage, and it was up to us in the studio's make-up department to make him look younger, to fit the character he was playing. We put a toupee on him in spite of his violent protests, but when he finished the picture he went to William LeBaron—then head of Paramount production—and said, "The next time you want an actor with hair, hire a lion. Lions have hair. I haven't."

One reason for Bill's bitterness had to do with two Paramount make-up men who were bragging how fast they could attach a toupee to a scalp. Frawley was in our make-up department while this boasting was going on and was due to have his own toupee anchored in place.

One of the make-up men said to the other, "How long does it take you?" and the other said, "Two minutes."

The first one said, "I'll get out my watch and time you."

The make-up man making the speed test took a brush, dipped it into spirit gum, made a pass at Frawley's forehead, slapped a toupee on, pressed it down with a towel and gave it a quick comb.

"Two minutes and twenty seconds!" the watch holder said. Then he told Frawley, "O.K., you can go now."

I was on the set when Frawley reached it, and the director said to me, "Frawley doesn't seem to have any forehead." He was right. That fast make-up man had slapped the toupee so far down on Frawley's forehead he looked like an idiot. Not only that, it was so low his bald spot showed behind. I had a talk with that speed king. After that there were no more time trials.

Paramount's make-up department is apt to get an order for almost anything, including "One Martian to appear in The War of the Worlds." With the help of my lab man, Charlie Gemora, I created one Martian to take out. Charlie has been with me for years. He's an accomplished artist who can paint in oils and can use pastels or water color. He's also a talented sculptor. I hired him from the Fairbanks Studio, where I found him working in the plaster shop. He was modeling a figure seventy-five feet high, but he can also carve a torso from a kitchen match.

Our Martian had arms three times longer than human arms, three fingers on each hand instead of the usual five, and a

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suction cup on each of those fingers. He had no head; he was like a squashed mushroom, with his body forming its stem. And he had no feet. He just slithered along. We had only to produce one life-size Martian. The producer and the special-effects department made miniatures based on our Martian to represent the other Martians.

From Martians to Mary Martin may seem a long jump, but it's no farther than many of the jumps Paramount's make-up department makes as a matter of course. One of the things I'm proudest of is that Mary asked me to "set" her make-up for two of her greatest stage hits: South Pacific and Peter Pan. When she had to shampoo her hair in South Pacific, I sent her a white-of-egg preparation whipped up to look like suds, to use instead of soap. If you saw that musical, you thought you saw Mary's suds grow out of water and soap before your eyes, but what she really did was duck down in her shower stall and pick that egg preparation up from a bowl. When her head came into sight again, it was all sudsy and she was rubbing her hair. She was playing two matinees and five night shows a week, which would have meant rubbing soap into her scalp seven times a week, week after week, month after month. Even if she'd used the purest soap obtainable, it would probably have had a bad effect upon her hair.

When I say "I set Mary's make-up" for South Pacific, I mean that I worked out the color scheme for the make-up she wore and sent her a face chart with the right colors indicated on it. We have hundreds of such charts here at Paramount. Each of them represents a female player's face. Everything that tests have proved that we ought to do to that face in the way of shading, highlighting or facial corrections is marked on it. When we indicate an area that's to be shadowed to hide fullness, such as under the chin, we do it with a blue pencil. High lights are denoted with a red pencil. We also give each base or grease a number. Cream for shading is given a number, as is the shade for the over-all face color. Any other make-up man anywhere in the world can produce the same face if he follows our charts.

Each chart bears the star's name and the words "Paramount Studio Make-up Test Chart." Below the face outline, room is left for additional remarks, such as: "Thin high light down the center of the nose"; "Use half lashes on outside of upper lids to finish lashes off and make them look more luxurious"; "Brown-pencil upper eyelid to give it a soft shadow so the eyelid doesn't look bald."

My job can vary from using half false lashes on the outside of one starlet's upper lid to the most tremendous undertaking any Hollywood make-up artist has ever faced—Cecil B. DeMille's The Ten Commandments. I am a veteran of sixteen of Mr. DeMille's wars, Biblical and otherwise. No make-up artist in Hollywood can match that record. The biggest previous make-up job was for Ben Hur. DeMille's Biblical extravaganza involved the use of more gallons of body make-up, more hundreds of yards of crepe hair and more people in front of movie cameras than any previous film. Body make-up is liquid made of dry color mixed with rose water and glycerin, and using three basic colors, we can mix any shade we want.

Among other items which had to be ordered from Hollywood's Mister Wigs, Freddy Fredericks, of Max Factor's, were eleven beard changes for Moses. According to the gospel as written by C. B. DeM., when Moses grew up he sprouted a brown beard and never trimmed it. With the passing years it began to be streaked with gray, and as he aged into patriarchhood, it became all white. This long white chin crop is the one everybody thinks of when he thinks of Moses, but it was up to us to see to it that there was gradual gradation in the graying of his beard and hair. Moses' long white beards cost $150 apiece. Other beards for him ranged down to $45 for his first tender young crop. This is the present-day minimum for a beard, although a Confederate colonel's trifling little goatee can be had for as little as $7.50.

DeMille's production took over the whole Paramount Studio. Our sound stages were so completely occupied by his sets that the whole place seemed jumping with Egyptian temples. I lined up a battery of seven air-operated spray guns, and body make-up was sprayed on hundreds of extras in two spray booths—one booth for women, the other for men. Each booth had a window, and I also installed a big fan in each window to suck out any vapor the spray guns left hanging in the air. The male extras wore shorts while being sprayed. We made them all one color from toe to head, and if I had to give that color a name, I'd call it Sunburn. The spray we gave the women was a shade lighter. We had a whole corps of body-make-up women working on the women extras, who wore only panties and bras while being made up.

It was like a Detroit assembly line. The extras came into the studio, went to wardrobe, took off their clothes, hung them on racks, went into the spray booths, got sprayed, came out and were dried by big electric driers, which are machines with hot-air-pumping fans. Then they were given their loincloths and sandals, their beards or wigs.

Those two windows in our two spray booths overlooked the Hollywood cemetery. We sprayed hundreds of people every morning, and the fans sucked the mist of left-over body make-up out into the cemetery. One day A. C. Zoulis, the Paramount Studio's head engineer, called me on the phone and said, "Wally, we've got a little problem on our hands. I've just had a call from the Hollywood cemetery. They complain that their tombstones have turned brown and they can't wash them off." I thought of all that vaporized body make-up gathering on those tombstones and soaking in, and I nearly blew my stack.

Zoulis sent studio laborers with full buckets of detergent to scrub each gravestone, and my next move was to have big canvas flumes made, attach them to the fans and run those flumes down to the ground to guide the spray there. It was a good thing we weren't hanging beards on extras in those booths and blowing scraps of crepe hair out the windows or the stones would have had beards too.

But not all make-up puzzles have to do with such human problems as sweat gathering in a latex chin or body-make-up fumes collecting on tombstones. Some pictures have animals in them.

I've been told that Metro's original Lassie was really a male dog changed into a female dog by the magic of make-up. I haven't had a problem quite that exacting myself, but I once found myself in a puzzling situation with Jack Benny's polar bear, Carmichael. Carmichael had become a familiar figure on the Benny radio program and when Jack came to Paramount to make a picture, we felt that we should have a similar bear in the cast with him. So Paramount rented a polar bear, but for some reason his fur, instead of being white, was a dirty yellowish-brown. Probably smog-exposure. When I was asked if I could do anything about it, I said confidently, "We'll bleach him."

I wanted no personal contact with our hired bear. I am not a bear lover. I am not even a bear truster, so I mixed a bucket of bleach made of peroxide and ammonia, plus white powder, and gave it to the bear's trainer. Roughly, it was the same stuff a woman puts on her hair to bleach it. The peroxide was twenty-volume peroxide—the strongest—and the ammonia made it work faster. I told the bear trainer to slosh the mix on with a long-handled brush. He did this three mornings in a row, and on the fourth morning my telephone was ringing when I reached the make-up department. It was the bear's trainer. He was screaming unintelligible threats.

I finally calmed him down enough to ask, "What's the matter?"

"My bear!" he said. "No hair! No hair!"

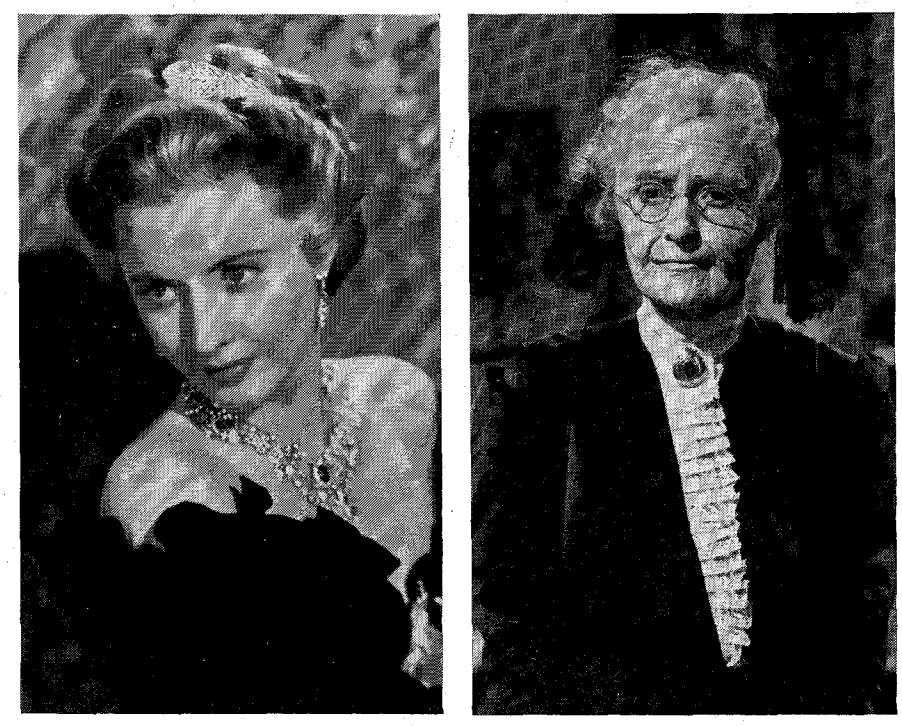
It seems that bears are like dogs; their skin differs from human skin in that it has no pores. I hadn't thought of that when I'd suggested a bleach that would work on a human pelt. The bleach made the hair fall off that bear in big patches, displaying pink skin.

The trainer wasn't the only one who was flipping his wig. Everybody connected with the picture asked, "What are we going to do?" The only thing I could think of was to send for a supply of white crepe wool and have it glued over the bear's eroded areas. But that peroxide mix must have been potent stuff. Each day more hair fell out and we kept adding more white crepe wool until, before we were through, our animal looked like a white wool muff.

It's hard for people to believe it, but I did my first Hollywood make-up job for my dad on the old Brunton Studio lot—it's now the Paramount lot—when I was sixteen. I was still in short pants and if anybody wants to know what I was doing in short pants when I was sixteen, all I can say is that in those days kids of that age sometimes wore them. My family was English, and when we first crossed the Atlantic we stopped off in Canada and lived in Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. We crossed the United States-Canadian border at Niagara Falls when I was four.

We lived all over the United States, opening beauty parlors. Dad would start one, close it, then move on. His name was George Henry Westmore, and although he ran beauty parlors, his first love was hairdressing and wig making. He arrived in Hollywood in 1919 and went to work for the Maison Caesar, a downtown Los Angeles beauty parlor. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., came to the Maison Caesar to order his beards and mustaches, and one morning when Doug came in to order a beard and mustache, Caesar wasn't on hand and dad took care of him. Later, when Doug came back to pick up those pieces, dad not only tried them on him but fitted him with a wig.

At left, the real Fredric March, in 1932, and, at right, after Wally Westmore made him up for that year's movie, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.



Barbara Stanwyck was 34 years old in 1941 when shooting started on The Great Man's Lady. With Wally's help she aged 75 years in the film.

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Cruder beard builders were dousing faces with spirit gum and sticking wool on, but dad had begun to make beards on a hair-lace base—a base like the delicate front edge of a wig. Doug admired dad's work and asked him if he'd like to come to the Fairbanks Studio and handle his make-up. When he got there, Doug's leading lady, Barbara LaMarr, wanted him to make her up, too, and because of dad's beauty-parlor work, he was away and running. Finally he was handling make-up for the whole Fairbanks Studio, and when Doug was actually shooting a picture—it was The Three Musketeers—his job was so big that he called in my brother, Perc, to lend a hand.

What gave dad the jump on everybody in his field was that he was always experimenting—and what was more important, experimenting successfully. His most revolutionary device, the hair-lace wig, has given many actors extra years of movie and stage life. There was a time when, if you lost your hair, you wore a crude wig which could be spotted a mile away, and this usually meant curtains to a career. I don't know how to count the years dad's invention has added to the acting lives of such stars as Charles Boyer, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, George Burns and many others.

Hair lace is lace made of human hair, instead of cotton or silk. It was first used to bridge the partings of wigs and toupees, but dad got the idea of using it along the front edge of wigs as well. To do this, it was necessary to tie the hairs individually into the little cross-hatchings in the lace, down the front and sides of the wig and across the parting. When this is done, the hair seems to grow right out of the skin. It takes three days, working eight hours a day, to make a full wig. I know. I've made them.

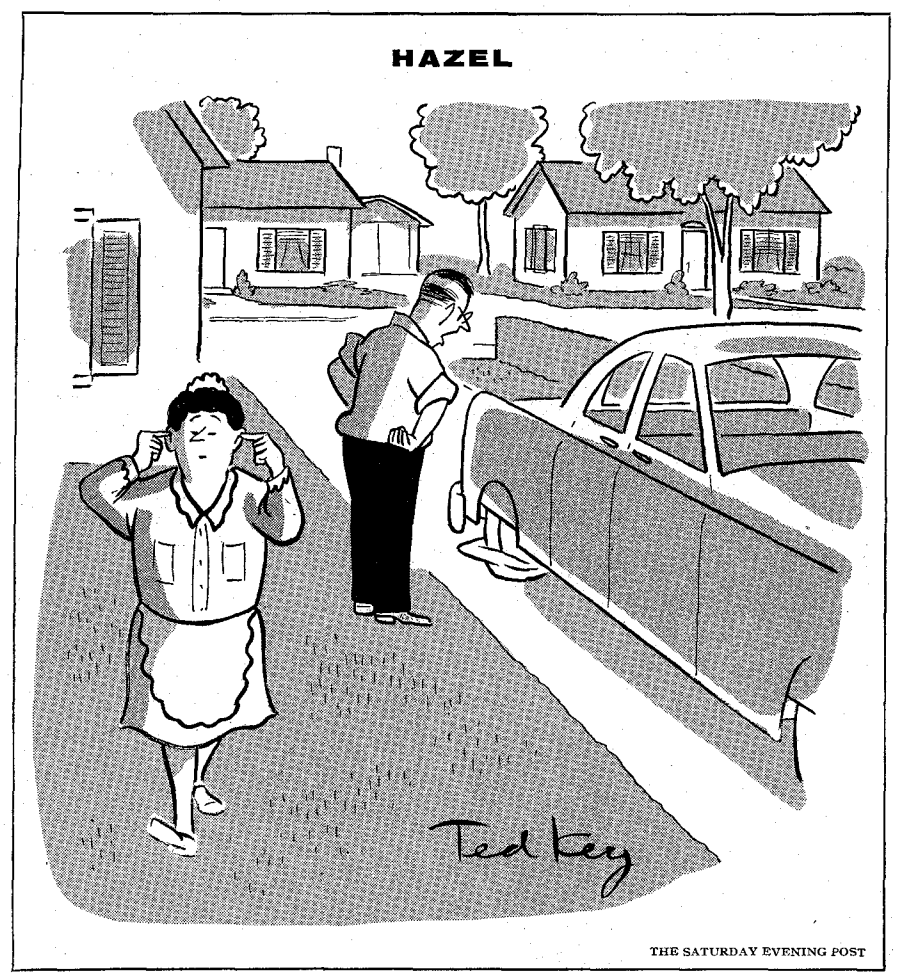
There are districts in Germany, Austria and other places in Europe where women deliberately grow their hair to be sold to a hair buyer, who, in turn, sells it to wigmakers. The buyer clips their hair off close to the head, for the longer the hair the more valuable. Human hair grows approximately half an inch a month, so a hair buyer does better if he visits a locality only once every two years.

It wouldn't be far wrong to say that my father was the founder of the whole movie-make-up business. Before he came along, the conception of make-up was crude. Skins on movie screens appeared chalk-white. Male stars had cupid's-bow lips and pasty make-up which stopped sharp at the edge of the jaw. Beards and wigs looked like tiny rugs or doormats. All they lacked was the word "welcome." To make a mustache, a little crepe wool was stuck on. Crepe wool isn't crepe hair. Crepe wool comes from sheep; it can be dyed varying colors and it's very fuzzy. Crepe hair is hair combings from a human head. The word "creped" means hair that has been crimped. A bundle of hair combings is made into a sausagelike roll, tied with strings at close intervals and boiled. This gives it a close, wavy look.

To get back to dad's pioneering in the movie-make-up field: Doug, Sr., made about only one picture a year, and dad couldn't stand the periods of inactivity between the Fairbanks productions; so, in 1922, after a few months of doing nothing, he moved over to the Brunton Studio and established a make-up department there with my older brothers, Ern and Perc. Pretty soon my brother, Mont, and I joined them, and later the rest of the Westmores came along, so, for a while, we were all on the same lot together.

I worked for dad at the Brunton Studio during my Christmas, Easter and summer vacations in 1922. Most of the work I did for him was wigmaking, but whenever the studio hired extras, I pinch-hit as a make-up man and put on mustaches and beards. The business of movie make-up was so new that we invented it as we went along, and nobody seemed to think it funny that a kid like me, in short pants, should be making people up. The Brunton Studio rapidly absorbed a number of independent companies and the name Brunton was changed to the United Studios.

My mother's health began to fail and dad left Hollywood and took her to San Antonio, Texas, hoping that that climate would help her. He opened two beauty parlors deep in the heart of, and did a land-office business because of the fame and glamour which surrounded him in the shape of autographed pictures of such



stars as Connie and Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Natacha Rambova, Fatty Arbuckle, Buster Keaton and Barbara LaMarr, whom he'd made up on the Brunton and United lot.

Mother died in San Antonio when I was seventeen, leaving two small sons, Frank and Bud. Bud was five years old and Frank six months. As a result of a family conference, it was decided that my brother, Mont—who was twenty-one—and his wife would take over the two youngest Westmores and raise them. Mont and I went to San Antonio to bring the kids back to California with us. Baby care was new to us, but we faced it bravely. Every time Frank needed a change of diapers, Mont and I walked to the end of the car, opened the top half of the door in the vestibule and tossed the used diaper out. When we ran out of diapers we used towels from the men's washroom. We had no formula for Frank's milk, but we did have one baby's milk bottle. In it we gave him water from the water cooler, and we bought milk in the dining car and poured it into the same bottle and poked it into Frank's mouth. He not only survived; he's pretty healthy now.

Dad wound up his business in San Antonio, came back to Hollywood and not only opened a beauty parlor at Sunset and Vine but headed the make-up department at the United Studio for almost seven years, until he, too, died.

Gradually the independent companies which had banded together to form the United Studio began to go their separate ways. First National went with Warner Brothers, and my brother, Perc, went with them. He was head make-up man at Warner's for twenty-nine years. Three years ago he had a heart attack; since then he's concentrated his efforts on our family's Hollywood beauty salon, The House of Westmore, and he's done this most effectively.

All my brothers have been really fabulous in the make-up field. Mont died shortly after he did the make-up for Gone With the Wind. He had a tonsillectomy, and a blood clot formed. My brother, Ern, headed RKO's make-up department for five years, going from there to 20th Century-Fox. Right now he has his own television show. It originates in New York, and its purpose is to sell cosmetics. Three years ago I hired my youngest brother, Frank, to work at Paramount with me.

Dad lived and worked before Hollywood publicity departments became geared up to high-pressure efforts. If he had had "planters" planting his doings and sayings in nationally read gossip columns, he would be remembered more. There have been times when the Paramount publicity department has even batted out a few "quotes" and has planted them in my mouth. One such series of quotes was about how tall I thought people ought to be. According to me, hero types should be a certain height, comedians a certain height, women a certain number of feet and inches high. I never said that. I don't think size has anything to do with what you are.

But at the risk of making hundreds of thousands of enemies, I will say this: too many women bleach their hair. It should not be done without long thought. It's bad for hair. Dyeing isn't so bad, but bleaching makes hair porous, burns it, steals its life, leaves no sheen; and, if it's continued long enough, turns hair to the texture of excelsior. Also, it's very expensive. It has to be done at least once a week because hair grows that fast. Which reminds me of the remark made by a brunette who was fighting with a blonde, "I'll pull each of your blond hairs out by its black roots!"

If women took as much time with their make-up as they do having a dress or a hat fitted, they would improve their appearance immeasurably. A woman will try on hat after hat, to make sure that it matches the shape of her face and her hairdo; then, when she's through, she'll whip out a lipstick, give her lips a smear, and that's that. She should get expert advice from a cosmetician on how to make up her face and the correct color powder base she should have. The idea is not to change nature, but to help nature.

Any woman can use a few of the simpler make-up techniques a movie studio uses, but she can't do this with face powder alone. She'll have to buy three different bases—one for over-all skin tone, one for highlighting, one for shadowing. She can buy them at any drugstore or at the cosmetics counter of any department store, but first she should try them out until she finds exactly the right shades for her particular need. This can be expensive unless she goes to a store where cosmetics are sold to suit any purse.

I know one Hollywood make-up artist who flew into a rage after seeing the British motion picture, Brief Encounter. He complained bitterly that the actors and actresses in it looked "too natural"; that they wore practically no make-up; that there were no elaborate hairdos. In Brief Encounter, the players lived and looked like ordinary people. Too often when Hollywood does a setting for a ribbon clerk, his home looks like a palace, his wife wears minks and a permanent, and everything is done in slickly expensive fashion.

The Hollywood make-up artist who was angry at Brief Encounter's emphasis on naturalness thought that if that concept were accepted, it would ruin his business. I don't agree. Good make-up today has advanced to the point where it's hard to tell when an actress has it on or not. At Paramount, heavy make-up, heavily mascaraed eyelashes, black brows, heavy eye shadow and dark lips are long gone.

If you saw Barbara Stanwyck in Executive Suite, you noticed that she was letting her hair turn gray without touching it up. I was hoping that Barbara would start a trend, because, to me, her hair looked good that way. I don't know why more women don't let their hair go gray naturally when the time comes. It must be that a woman thinks gray hair will make her look older, and she wants to stay young because she believes that youth and allure are synonymous. I have news for women who believe that. If they could poll the male reaction to Barbara's silvery tresses, they would find that nine out of ten masculine fans thought her more intriguing than she was when she had brown hair.

Using the minimum amount of make-up instead of the maximum is a rule women everywhere should follow. Actually, make-up is an illusion. It doesn't change physical contours. It's not plastic surgery. It's what you think you see. The Westmore brothers are in the cosmetic-manufacturing business, too, but I'd rather sell cosmetics to women to be used sensibly instead of slathering them on to cover "laugh lines"—which is what we call wrinkles because it's kinder to say, "Your laugh lines are getting a little noticeable," instead of "My, what deep wrinkles you have, grandma!"

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Wally Westmore, as told to Pete Martin.

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All Quiet on Hidden Spring Lane

"It's ten o'clock. The children are in bed. My husband has turned in early. He has a hard day ahead of him tomorrow...

"The supper dishes are done, the orange juice is chilling for breakfast. The porch light is out and the door is locked. It is very quiet—no sound except the sound of my pen scratching and the sighing sounds a sleeping house makes.

"I suppose you get a lot of letters from women, thanking you for a recipe or a fashion article or a story. But I am writing to thank you for just talking to me. My children—we have three, all under five—keep me busy and happy through the day. So busy, in fact, that I sometimes miss the sound of adult conversation. Sometimes it seems as though my whole day were spent talking baby-talk. If there were nothing to take me outside my home—into problems, interests and subjects of the outside world—I'm sure my mind would start *thinking* in baby-talk! But there *is* something—your magazine.

"In the world of the Journal's pages, I find someone who talks to me just the way another woman would, about all the wealth of things dear to every woman's heart. When I am with my Journal, I don't think that even a hurricane would disturb me!

"So I am writing to you personally to thank you for talking to me personally. For talking to every woman—for reaching out from your heart, into ours. I thought that you would really like to know how women feel about you. Because I feel that you are really interested in us...Thank you."

(This letter, a composite of thousands which Journal editors have received, may answer a question men have often asked us—why we call Ladies' Home Journal "The magazine women believe in.")

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PHILLIPS' TABLETS

Keeping Posted

Who Should Buy Food, Husband or Wife?

Husband buys food.

Harold Mehling reflects, "I think it's wrong for a husband to expect his wife to do all the supermarket shopping by herself. She should take the children with her." Mehling, who domesticates in Jamaica, Long Island, and works at writing, explains that under this arrangement he could watch the ball game and give the family the correct score when they get home. "Unfortunately," he mourns, "my wife, Alice, doesn't agree; so I shop, while she, Roddy, seven, and Linda, five, watch the ball game." Although this did bring on the story on page 32, it is nevertheless an alarming situation. The shopper describes his life as a nutritious circle; when not buying frozen peas, he writes—which pays for next week's peas, which gives him strength to write, which ——

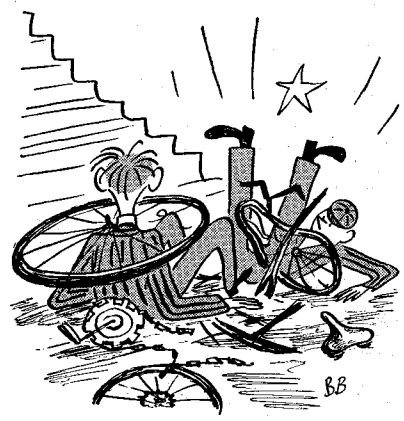
One Saturday, Mehling picked up this anecdote in a supermarket while waiting way back yonder in a long check-out line: a woman, standing next to him reading a novel, said, "I started this book while in line last Saturday; I'll finish it before I get out today."

The Tricycle That Was Not Built for Two

Beverly Smith, who writes harshly about auto thieves on page 26, confesses after a wave of psychotherapy that although he never stole a car, he did once steal a tricycle. Not a little-boy tricycle either—that would have been despicable enough of the Post's Washington editor. This was a man-size tricycle, an extraordinary old vehicle operated by a venerable archdeacon associated with England's Oxford University, where quite a few years ago Smith was a student. "I was studying, of all things, the law."

It seems that late one night, after warmly celebrating an athletic victory, Smith and a friend he refers to as John L.—now an upstanding Philadelphia lawyer—were quaffing some needed fresh air in the college quadrangle. They spied the archdeacon's tricycle, parked nearby, and were fascinated by the contraption. So Smith sprang into the saddle, and John L. upon the bar between the back wheels, and they joy-rode around the dignified premises, singing in tremendous voice, "A tricycle built for two."

Smith says, "We made one little mistake. All criminals do." They decided to ride down a flight of steps and go touring in the next quadrangle. While negotiating the bumps, the tricycle disintegrated, and everything fetched up below in a spectacular heap of scrap metal and law students. The archdeacon was deeply moved upon viewing the condition of his three-wheeler, but when the thieves agreed to have a mechanic put the debris together again, he, a true Christian, in-

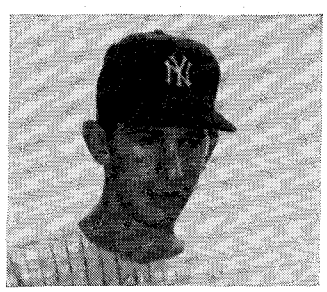


tervened with authorities to save them from penal servitude. Neither scoundrel has stolen a tricycle since.

Now for a much more serious thought. Bev Smith, in researching his article, found that detectives and FBI men, while naturally concerned about automobile stealing, are even more worried about the speed craze of teen-agers, "those hundreds of thousands of youngsters who are prematurely entrusted with cars by doting or careless parents." The roaring races with which those teen-agers frighten whole neighborhoods at night; the mounting number of horrible accidents; the increasing wildness nourished among youngsters by speed, power and reckless driving—this is bad, and it's getting worse. Smith says, "Hard-boiled police officers are shocked by the mess and blood and ruined lives they see so often." He says the police want to urge upon parents, "If you love your children, in heaven's name give them expert training and rigid supervision when they start using automobiles!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"He's Never Out of Trouble"



Who is the unhappiest baseball player in the big leagues? He could be the Yanks' Billy Martin. An interesting portrait of one of the game's moodiest stars.

It's a Small World in Pittsburgh

This item is a short serial, to be concluded in our next issue. The gentlemen beaming in the picture are Herb Depew, right, who presents a short story on page 24, and Peerce Platt, who will do the same next week, but not on the same page. They are situated in front of the U. S. Steel Building in Pittsburgh. This is because they work a few offices apart on the same floor and recently were amazed to discover that each had vended a manuscript to the Post at practically the same time. Their boss is Advertising Manager Reed Schreiner, and the assistant advertising chief is John Veckly, former promotion manager of the Post. That rounds out the Post-Steel situation, unless other parties are heard from later.

Depew, who racks up an even dozen contributions with his latest tale, says of first-timer Platt, "I'm just about twice his age, but I look much more than that, which is because I work so hard. I think it will do no harm if my boss reads this." He goes on, "Our building is made of structural steel, with stainless-steel trim for beauty and durability." Well, that's nice. Next week: Platt gets a word in edgewise.

Life Among the Authors

What has come over Burnham Carter? After years of relating the wildish doings of Tio Martinez of Havana, a gent who always has had about one foot outside the law, he turns up on page 31, writing about a decorous female named Prudence Bailey of New Hampshire. Carter says he has dwelt in Prudence's state for the past few years, doing things like serving in the legislature, attending town meetings, planting pine trees, even cautiously going outdoors on a pair of skis; and he guesses he must have become Hampshirized. As Prudence gets along fine without even making the acquaintance of Tio, Carter must indeed have had it.

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